SPY

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August 1994

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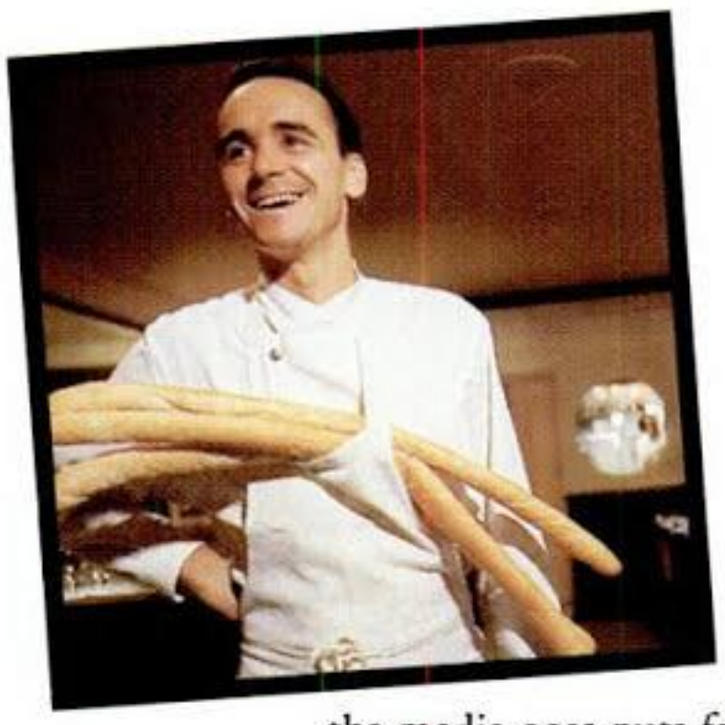
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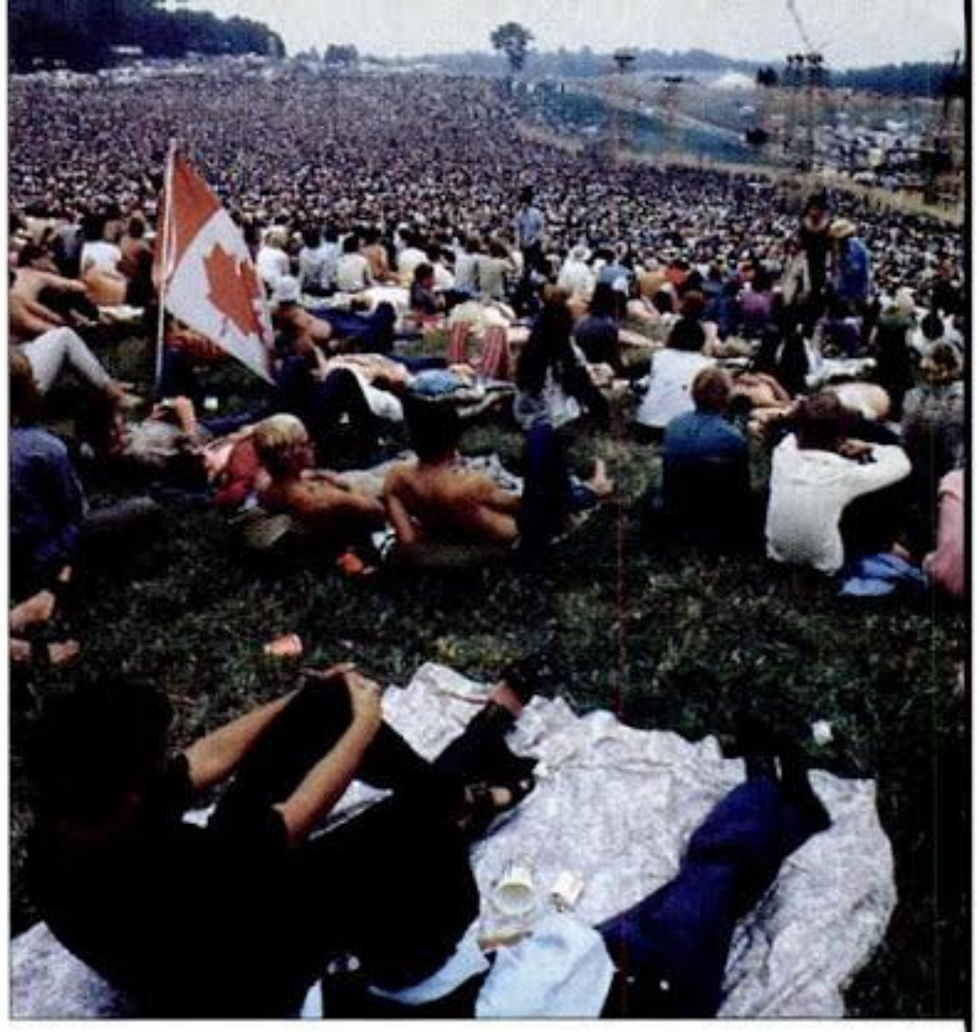
THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

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July/August 1994 Volume 8, No. 6





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SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published bimonthy by Spy Magazine, LP, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, NY 10010. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY 10010, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates for Spy: $18.00 for one year in the United States and its possessions, $26.00 for one year in Canada, and $30.00 per year foreign, prepaid in U.S. funds (CANADA GST NBR. R129021093). POSTMASTER: Send change of address to Spy Magazine, PO Box 57397, Boulder, CO 80321-7397. Copyright © 1994 by Spy Magazine, LP. All rights reserved. Spy Magazine is a registered trademark. Material in this publication may not be reproduced in any form without written permission. Permission and back issue requests should be directed to Cathy Roach, Spy Magazine, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, NY 10010. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, illustrations, or other materials. Printed and manufactured in the United States.

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SPY











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The Richness of Red. Anticipated.





Great Expectations

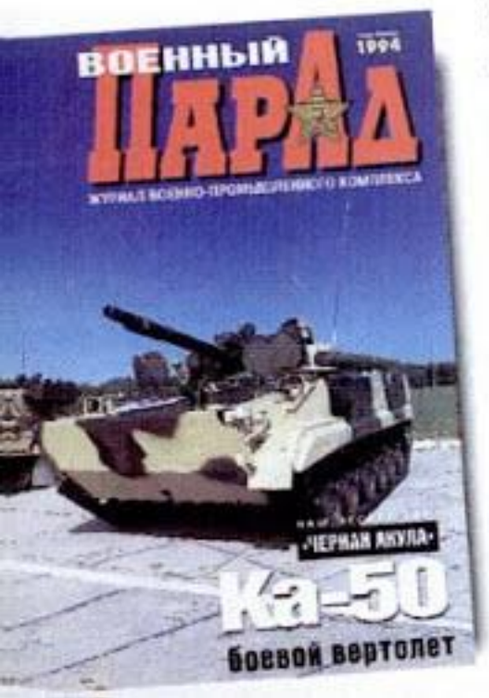
He laughs best that laughs last, so we're right now enjoying a good solid thigh-slapper—having landed on our feet despite great odds. Not to mention the gleeful suspicion and hopeful speculation on the part of our former nemeses that we had, in fact, already breathed our last. Rumor had it that the larder was empty, the magazine clip bereft of bullets. In one camp, the sound of champagne corks popping and noisemakers blowing filled the normally calm streets; in other districts, a kind of mournful chaos erupted. Not unlike New York/Vancouver after the Stanley Cup Finals.

Fact is, nothing could give us greater pleasure.

Still, we should probably get this off our chests. We have made arrangements through our contacts (phone 095-231-0049, country code 1804) to purchase a Soviet-made tank. Don't get us wrong. We are not, like certain rogue entities, snubbing our sore noses at the world community. Nor are we being carelessly provocative. We wish no one personal harm; indeed, we are only interested in self-defense.



We just can't shake that creepy feeling of former colleagues shoveling dirt on what appeared to be our corpse. What was it that Abe Rosenthal told the *Post*? Oh, yes: "I'm not weeping. SPY never had any quality but was basically for sadistic purposes...." Rosenthal's wife, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord, added: "I'm always happy to see something I consider a piece of trash go." And self-righteous, grizzled gossipeuse Liz Smith called us "cruel and inaccurate."



You'd almost think those people had something against us.

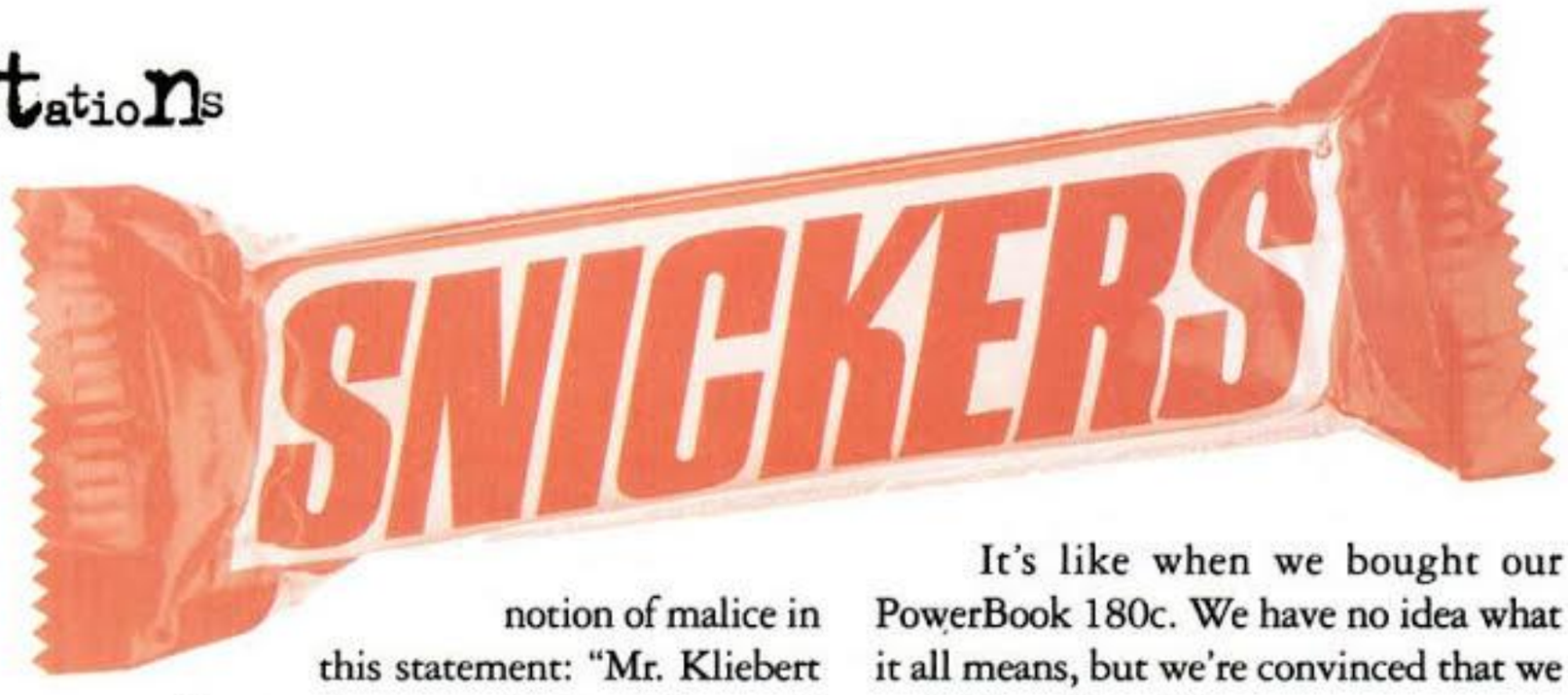
Even worse were those who we thought were our friends. They're the ones (and they know who they are) who heretofore licked our hand, took our money, flattered us, regaled us with tales of our genius, sat at our table, and drank our wine; yes, those are the people who then turned around, left us for dead, and laughed while they drafted our obituary.

It's as if we gave them language, to paraphrase Caliban, so they might swear at us.

But we understand that journalism—like politics—breeds strange bedfellows. As political bedfellow and aspiring sitcom writer Janice Berman, wife of Congressman Howard L.

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Great Expectations



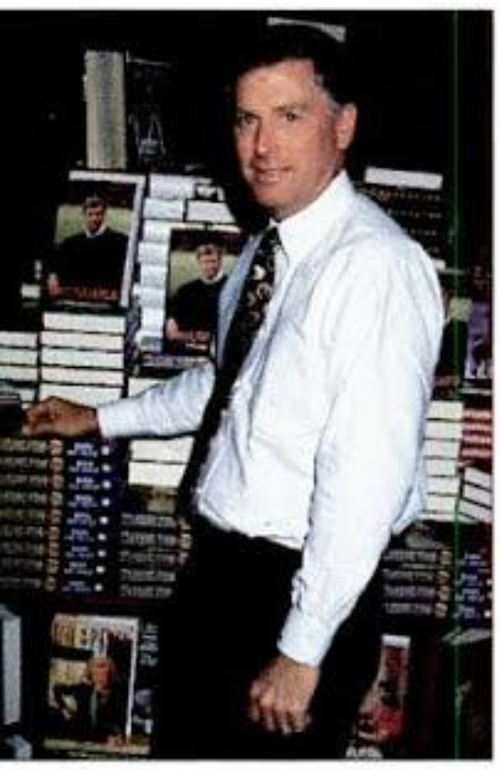
Berman (D. Calif.), said of life in our nation's capital, "Things happen here that are kind of crazy. But they're not stupid crazy, they're just ironic crazy."

We know the feeling, although sometimes we have trouble telling the difference.

During our hiatus—to use a television term—so much has happened that our heads are swimming trying to make sense of it. "If I choose to run, I have no doubt that I'll win," declared golf-enthusiast-turned-best-selling-author Dan Quayle. But was he being stupid crazy or just ironic crazy?

Disoriented as we are, how can we respond to those who mocked us in our desperate hours? Well, we can do what most Americans would, which is to say, sue. When Dr. Carl Sagan discovered that the nerdlings over at Apple Computers had named one of their new test models after him, he was less than flattered, and had his lawyers draft a letter complaining about the unauthorized use of his name. As a result, Apple agreed to change the computer's code name to BHA.

This was okay for a while, until Sagan learned that BHA allegedly stood for Butt-Head Astronomer. Claiming that he had been subjected to "hatred, contempt, ridicule, and obloquy," Sagan filed suit.



Or we could take the other all-American approach to dealing with hatred, contempt, etc. When bond salesman John Kliebert was fired from the nearly bankrupt, scandal-engulfed Kidder Peabody, he allegedly confronted his former boss outside the building and told him that he "would look good with a red splotch in the chest area."

Kliebert's lawyer pooh-poohed any notion of malice in this statement: "Mr. Kliebert has a very unusual sense of humor." Mr. Kliebert also had two rifles and a crossbow in his house, police alleged.

But where does that leave *us*? Dangerously undefended, we felt. Imagine our surprise when we learned that we can no longer stroll into a neighborhood bodega and purchase a TEC-9 or AK-47.

"Things happen here that are kind of crazy, but they're not stupid crazy, they're just ironic crazy." We know the feeling, though we have trouble telling the difference.

With this in mind, we put in a call to The State Corporation on Export and Import of Arms and Military Equipment (18-1 Ovchinnikovskaya Emb. 113324, Moscow) to talk with Victor Samoilov, Director General of the State Company ROSVOORUZHENIE. In defense of his profession, Mr. Samoilov has stated, "Let us cast aside emotions and epithets. As a professional I operate on the basis of well-defined notions. Therefore I prefer to speak about military and technical cooperation with foreign countries, rather than arms trade."

We settled on a Nona-SVK, described to us as an extremely versatile and flexible tank. "For example, when hitting an armored target by direct fire, the gun is transformed into a mortar in a matter of seconds. The firepower of subunits equipped with the 2S23 self-propelled gun is 1.7 times higher than the firepower of the same subunits equipped with the 2S12 towed mortars."

It's like when we bought our PowerBook 180c. We have no idea what it all means, but we're convinced that we can't live without it.

The price we cannot reveal—terms of the deal—but we are the first to admit that we got a bargain. Not that we're taking advantage of a once great nation's bankruptcy, jackal-like in our rapacity over the foreclosure. Not at all. Just look at what we've given them in return.

For example, at a recent exhibition of socialist realism in St. Petersburg, museum visitors were invited to write their thoughts on the glorious Soviet art form. In addition to the usual—"Russia will resurrect itself as a great power, independent from the Judean-profiteering Wild West"—were more levelheaded comments:

"Long live Depeche Mode!" wrote one wag. "Long live reforms!" scribbled another, "More Snickers!"

Meanwhile, not far away, in the former Yugoslavian town of Sarajevo, a 10-year-old boy expressed similar pro-American-product sentiments. "I like Schwarzenegger, but I hate the Serbs." Certainly stupid and ironic, but not crazy.

What we're saying is, when they are not whining about their own little problems, the whole world seems to love us (with the exception of a disgruntled few), so why shouldn't we try to give something back in the form of business opportunities for arms merchants? That is to say, a magazine.

Not to stretch a metaphor, but, in certain cases, near-bankruptcy does have its charm. It allows for an influx of fresh ideas, a time for, well, reloading. (There, we stretched it anyway.)

So where *does* that leave us? Humbled, refreshed, repentant, incorrigible—and still armed and dangerous. ❯

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letters to Spy



From the SPY Mailroom

Reports of our death were...well, let's say partially exaggerated. When the word got out that we might not pull through, we received thousands—literally thousands—of letters all sharing the same sentiment, rendered in its purest form by Pat Loiko of Cambridge, MA: "Too bad you folded. Where's my refund?"

There were variations on that theme. Some people wanted larger refunds than others. R.D. Hamilton of Campbell River, B.C., wrote, "You owe me a refund of $30 US, which is more or less a million Canadian dollars." Certain readers suggested obliquely that there was something sinister in the fact that we failed to answer our phone. The truth is—wouldn't you know it—some gag-loving little scamp stuffed tissue paper in between the hammer and the bell, and we never heard the darn thing ringing! So fear not, Sara and Karl DeBoer-Swedberg of Seattle, we have not "breached our agreement" at all. The DeBoer-Swedbergs went out of their way to facilitate our sending them a refund by advising, "You may look for our subscription in your records under *DeBoer-Swedberg*, *DeBoer*, or *Swedberg*." But the problem was, we couldn't even get the filing cabinets open to look. You guessed it—chewing gum in the locks!

Now, however, we're all cleaned up and moved into spacious new offices. Disgruntled subscribers, fear not. We'll be keeping your money and stuffing your mailboxes with thick, juicy magazines. So instead of heartbreaking letters complaining of cut-off subscriptions, we look forward to a type of mail we're more familiar with. "After reading my first

Obit Me

It was with mixed emotions that I heard the rumors, a few months back, that SPY was going out of business. Over the last several years, I'd been wondering if the downward spiral of SPY's quality was endless, or if there was a bottom from which SPY could rebound to its former glorious heights. The news that SPY was going to disappear simultaneously brought an incredible sadness and sense of relief.

Now I hear that you'll be restarting publication with new funding and a newly adjusted attitude. As a longtime reader (and frequent letter-writer), I'd like to share a few of my thoughts with you. When I first discovered SPY, given to me as a birthday present, I found a magazine that literally forced me to laugh out loud. I would burst into uncontrolled laughter on buses, in airport terminals, sitting in my living room, and sitting in a bathroom stall at work. (The last, obviously, was occasionally in need of a good excuse.)

Over the next few years, however, the joy of reading SPY began to wane. What started as a tongue-in-cheek poke at the world slowly seemed to mutate into something just plain mean. The targets that SPY leveled its sights on became easier and easier to lampoon, the parody and irony became thin, and just...well, mean.

I could cite many examples. One that stands out for me is the decline of the letters section. What started out as a lengthy give-and-take between the readers and the editors devolved into a catty series of detail-filled rebuttals and counter-rebuttals. As the articles got more serious and probing, the objects of those articles wrote (and SPY published) letters in the same vein. It turned into one giant yawnfest.

Where is Taso Lagos? Where's our five-year update on his progress? Where are the contradictory and contrasting letters from readers around the world, each seeming to make a mockery of the other? Where are the inevitable poetry submissions? Where are the running gags that develop organically over a year's worth of issues? Where is the chart of Elvis' *current* weight on each of the planets?

As the years passed by I found myself flinching more and laughing less. It seemed as if all the joy of writing and publishing SPY had dissipated, and all that was left was a growing displeasure with the world, including SPY's readership. The sense of invention was gone, replaced by a sense of desperation to maintain a position of hipness.

But what was so truly hip about SPY in the first place was its lack of concern about its hipness. SPY published what it thought interesting and funny, and with a sense of doing so for its readers. As the quality waned, it did so exactly because SPY lost the sense of actually pleasing its readers. SPY, essentially, ate up its own publicity.

I wish you the very best of luck in redefining the sense of humor that made SPY one of the funniest and most pleasurable magazines of my lifetime. I still treasure my collection, and often read an old issue cover-to-cover, just to remind myself of what the magazine world can produce, if even for an instant. As for your mission in the nineties? I can't really say. I'd be happy to see you repeat your success of the first few years—I don't think the style and sensibility you had then is played out. You can be sharp without being hateful; you can be incisive without picking on trivial targets. It's not easy, but I hope you'll try. Again, best of luck.

Eli Messinger
Oakland, California

Thank you for your insightful letter and kind wishes. Some of your questions, at least, deserve responses. The poetry submissions are in "From the SPY *Mailroom," and we neither know nor care where Taso Lagos is.*

Glock Spiel

Well, I've got to hand it to you people—your February California issue was over the top. I didn't think you could have better covers than Lady Clinton in S&M leather or Ms. Hannah as Jackie, but Nicole Eggert as the "bloodied but un-

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letters to Spy

issue," writes Andrew Nagrant of Farmington Hills, MI, "I would like you to cancel my subscription immediately." No problem, Andrew. Is that filed under *DeBoer* or *Swedberg?*

The advantage of missing three and a half months of publication is that we don't need to invent an excuse for not running Philip J. Frankenfeld's 39 Tonya Harding anagrams. (38, really, since our judges ruled out "Try again? Nod. H!" on technical grounds.) The disadvantage is that many readers seem to have forgotten our longstanding injunction against poetry. Frankenfeld included with his anagrams a short poem about, what else, Tonya Harding: "If the movie for TV/They'll soon be selling/Deliver us, God/From Tori Spelling." Fortunately, Phil, your prayer worked. But couldn't you have found a rhyme for Heather Lagenkamp? Meanwhile, Rick Mason of St. Louis sent us poetry about how he can't get anybody to print his poetry. "Your rejection/of my every word/ tastes sweet/not bitter/An affirmation/that your idea of form and style/is like that of a snot-nosed child." What can we say to such moving verse except, *Thank you for your recent submission. While it is interesting, it is not quite right for* SPY.

The reason we don't accept poetry—that is, the less obvious reason—is that we do not wish to be distracted from our primary objective of crafting the nation's finest and funniest observations. Which makes it all the more disappointing when you, our readers, reward our efforts by grousing, *There are jokes in this magazine that I just don't get.* Two readers—Andria Frost of Colorado Springs and Leslie Clark of San Diego—write to quiz us regarding our description (Party Poop, February) of "Supermodel Anna Nicole Smith with her impression of a Botero."

bowed" California girl ranks as my all-time favorite cover! Everything about her was *perfect*: her sunglasses, smile, *faux* cuts and bruises decorating a 10 body—but the crowning touch was the Glock tucked into her bikini! A dangerous plaything, indeed! How positively Nietzschean! You all are going to have a very tough time with the mail on this one, though—I predict at least 100 subscriptions cancelled. Keep up the good work!

Blair Ewing
Ellicott City, Maryland

To recap, Mr. Ewing's three favorite SPY *covers have been a half-naked Hillary Clinton, a half-naked Daryl Hannah, and a half-naked Nicole Eggert. And he enjoyed the Eggert cover because it was so "positively Nietzschean."*

The Glib Reaper

As if people with AIDS don't have enough problems, you've now put an unwarranted spin on one of their last hopes—viatical settlements.

Re your February story ["Financial Aids" by Eric Zicklin], perhaps you should have gotten a POV from one of the many terminally ill, suffering AIDS patients who has been grateful for viatical settlement companies.

Unfortunately, the AIDS pandemic has paved the way for a variety of services that at one time might have seemed abominable to the average joe. The realities of the disease are such that there *is* a need for what SPY deems "death futures" and sometimes, my clients' lives are actually prolonged when stress due to financial worries is eliminated.

While I understand the controversy that surrounds the business of buying life insurance policies, the essence of the matter is that viatical settlement companies offer ill and suffering people a last effort to finish their lives with some semblance of comfort and dignity.

Open any newspaper for a hard-luck story about an AIDS patient living on federal assistance, homeless, or with finances depleted by never-ending medical bills.

Businesses succeed when they fulfill a need. Obviously, viatical settlement companies fill a critical need for AIDS patients and others with terminal illness by enabling them to access from their life insurance to support the life they have left—not their death.

Cale "Kit" Carson
President, Life Benefactors
San Diego, California

Gosh, Kit, you do make a convincing case and you seem like a genuinely nice guy. We are sor—Hey! Where's our wallet?

Market Bull

Agreed that some Greenmarket prices are outrageous ["Admit It! It Sucks! Part II: The Greenmarket," by Joe Queenan] but some are OK, especially since the stuff lasts twice as long as regular produce, increasing its value. But was the bit about parking supposed to be a joke? What (presumably local) idiot *drives* to Union Square?

Name withheld
Brooklyn, New York

What is with you guys? Since when has where a person buys their veggies become a matter for the Nuremberg Trials?

Stephanie Kennedy
Berkeley, California

California Whine Country

Thanks so much for trashing San Francisco. ["Omnia California," by Joe Queenan, February.] I have always maintained that it's the world's silliest city located on the world's most beautiful site, notable mostly because you don't need air conditioning.

Name withheld
Sacramento, California

If the L.A. cultural scene is so good, why did Richard Gere have to fly Julia Roberts to San Francisco to see an opera in *Pretty Woman?* No real museums? Where do you think Jimmy Stewart sat staring at Kim Novak's back for hours in *Vertigo?* Why did Anne Bancroft send Katharine Ross to Berkeley instead of UCLA in *The Graduate?*

We have Amy Tan and *The Joy Luck Club*—if L.A. had a real Chinatown, I sure didn't see much of it in *Chinatown*! If we exported all our grit and squalor and homeless to Oakland, then who was Whoopi Goldberg redeeming in the Mission District in *Sister Act?* Why were Michael Douglas and Karl Malden bumping around in *The Streets of San Francisco?* And *Dirty Harry?*

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letters to Spy

"I have looked in several dictionaries, including a Spanish one, and cannot find 'Botero,'" writes Frost. "To what, or whom, does it refer?" Clark asks the same question, noting, "I've looked at all the unabridged dictionaries I could find, with no luck." As any European-history major could have told these dictionary-rich women, the Boteri were a nomadic, all-woman tribe who roamed the Italian countryside in the 19th century, posing nude for men's magazines. It is a coincidence that Clark stumbled across "Boterol, n., A toad."

Nearly as much fun as having to explain our jokes to readers is having readers rework our jokes in their own special ways. "May I start off by saying thank you for your latest attempt at a magazine," begins the cleverly named Sansome St. Stan of San Fran. Mr. St. Stan suggests a new twist on our regular Celebrity Math feature: "*The New Yorker*+*Soap Opera Digest*+*The Sun*=SPY." Naturally we resent this smirking characterization. After all, *The New Yorker* frequently runs poetry.

Everybody doesn't like something, but nobody doesn't like complaining about Joe Queenan's "Admit It! It Sucks! Part I: Jazz." [January] Toupee-festooned entertainer Steve Allen submitted four pages of thoughts on the column, which he calls "the dumbest thing I've ever read in an important magazine" (though it has no doubt been superceded this month by the Tonya Harding anagram above). Regarding Queenan's characterization of Louis Armstrong as "tubby," Allen asks, "What in the name of God does the factor of being somewhat overweight have to do with human competence of any kind? Another offensive thing about Armstrong: He was 'old.' Is comment necessary?" Yes, comment is. Allen goes on to call it "Dumb-de-dum-dumb,"

S.F. out of the "American values" mainstream? Sure, Robin Williams might have looked kinda queer in *Mrs. Doubtfire*, but he was really just trying to get his kids back, and isn't that something that plays well in Peoria?

Hey! I'm talking to you! At least you could put the goddamn TV on mute! And to think I thought all the philistines were in Los Angeles.

Peter Albert
San Francisco, California

Kindly accept this note as sincere appreciation of Joe Queenan's incandescence distinguishing the joie-de-vivre wonderfulness of L.A. and the fakey, gratuitous let's-solve-it-with-architecture provincialism of San Francisco. As one who was born in the heart of L.A. but spent many years living in San Francisco, I concur wholeheartedly with Mr. Queenan and am quite happy to see the nail hit on the head.

Jeannie Gorman
Seattle, Washington

Thanks anyway for advancing your minority view of L.A. and San Francisco. As you so ardently wish to live in truth, however, I feel compelled to attack some outright lies and obvious half-truths of your own.

First off, it is your beloved L.A., not San Francisco, that has a fitness edge. (I refer here to your disdain of our "derivative, smoke-free restaurants.") Of course, I realize that smoking in L.A. is redundant, but here in the north, folks smoke with Denis Leary abandon, when and where they want. And while Los Angelenos go out for the Penguin's frozen yogurt and protein smoothies, we San Franciscans know our way around a bar. We drink shamelessly from our our bountiful backyards: neighborly Napa's vineyards and corner pubs. (It was Fritz Maytag and the S.F.'s Anchor Brewing Co., est. 1895, by the way, not that Beantown ho-dee-hoer Jim Cook, that launched the microbrewery revolution.)

A paragraph or so later, you posit that "San Francisco...is consistently wrong about practically everything, whether it's politics, art or the importance of body piercing." Let's see, who's sick and wrong? San Francisco most recently sent Jerry Brown as a candidate for U.S. president, an individual preferable in every way to the president Hollywood begot. As for art, you prefer the Getty and MTV, eh? I save the Getty for

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when I can remember to make a reservation—for a *parking space*, and do just fine in the meantime with SFMoMA and Haight Street. The Haight *is* MTV. And your dis of body piercing suggests that you've spent too long in Hays, Kansas, yourself and don't know the special bink a pierced tongue adds to oral sex.

Mostly, you are somehow of the impression that we delude ourselves. Tell me, if the world came to your town and spent $2 billion a year to visit an empty prison and a wharf with no fishing fleet and to ride cable cars you never ride, would you refuse them? Talk about your low-maintenance industries! L.A. builds theme parks to attract tourists. San Francisco doesn't have to —it is one, and happily so.

Finally, your take on Oakland needs some serious revision. Oaktown cannot be generalized as a "smoldering junk heap," nor the destiny of San Francisco's unpresentables. (Nor compared to the Bronx. Egads!) And your lack of discretion here is particularly offensive given that L.A. owes Oakland bigtime. You might even say we hate L.A. because they stole the Raiders.

Brad Weiners
San Francisco, California

When Queenan says that all of San Francisco's blight has been banished to Oakland, I wonder if he has been here since the 1970s. San Francisco has the second-highest homeless rate in the country. If Queenan wants to see the city's problems, he might want to visit a quaint little neighborhood called Sunnydale, where folks are downright hospitable to stray out-of-towners. At the least he might venture outside of the downtown hotel district, which is like a San Francisco theme park.

Dan Kelly
San Francisco, California

If we follow your argument, San Francisco is not inferior because it has as much urban blight as any other city. A provocative point, but not one likely to endear you to your local chamber of commerce.

F.A.T. In the Fire

I loved your article about the ridiculous "Fabulousness-Added Tax" [by Carol Vinzant, February] we all fork over to support the celebrity culture. It's outrageous that we have become modern-day serfs, toiling to support a ruling class primarily composed of buffoons. Although the article shamelessly pointed out some of the worst F.A.T. offenders, you noticeably left one of them completely untouched. With his new $14 million salary at CBS, David Letterman must be costing the American public a hefty sum. Would you please calculate Dave's F.A.T? Also, I tape the show and watch it the next day, fast-forwarding through the commercials—does that change the equation?

Jesse Springer
Eugene, Oregon

We've fed Mr. Letterman's salary through the F.A.T. computer 35 times, and we always get the same bizarre result: By taping Letterman's show and fast forwarding through commercials, Mr. Springer is somehow paying Letterman's entire salary himself.

You mean to tell me that a manufacturer's advertising budget is ultimately paid for by the consumer buying the advertised product? That a portion of the money I spend for baseball tickets goes toward paying the players' salaries? I'm going to have to let that concept sink in a while.

Randall Borden
Valencia, Califoria

Other Voices, Other Letters

I was pissed off to see the disrespectful illustration of the usually very glamorous Diane Von Furstenberg fixing up her no-neck pal Barry Diller in basic plunging evening drag [Private Lives of Public Figures, illustrated by Drew Friedman, February]. What the hell are you trying to say? Hillary Rodham Clinton has instructed us that public figures deserve a zone of privacy. Have you no decency? Are we to expect more gross lapses in taste as you ridicule our cultural elite? I know you're a satire rag, but this is an outrage. You've gone too far.

Marshal Alan Phillips
Los Angeles, California

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, NY 10010. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.*

to defend *The Girl From Ipanema* as a "magnificent melody" and to correct Queenan's "error when he refers to 'The Velvet Fog' as Mel Tormé's nickname. It isn't. It's just a term that was once applied to him, with some poetic insight, by a disc jockey." SPY regrets implying that a nickname is a term applied to a person with poetic insight. Finally, the *coup de grace* of Allen's missive: "I know of no rock lyricists, by the way, who do not have enormous respect for Johnny Mercer."

Among the several others who concurred with Mr. Allen—many of whom managed to make their points on only one sheet of paper—was Willard Jenkins, executive director of the National Jazz Service Organization in Washington, D.C., who wrote, "Next time you choose to tackle a subject so fraught with pathos, heroic figures laboring in the name of true art, let alone so noble a music as jazz, perhaps you would be better served by sending someone a bit more versed in things other than the name game." The name game? Willard-Willard-Bo-Billard, whatever do you mean?

While we're letting our readers sound off about Queenan, here's Kenneth Christensen of Quaker Hill, CT: "Is Queenan's entire journalistic career going to be based on the fact that he doesn't think Barbra Streisand was a good choice for *Nuts*?" What do you mean "going to"?

Let's close our first issue from the new SPY mailroom on a magnanamous note. Lori Taylor of Highlands Elementary School in Highlands, NJ, writes that their Parent Teacher Organization "is having a fair to raise money to buy a computer for the school. If you could donate any autographed items, we would be able to have a special raffle." In fact, we happen to have a rare celebrity autograph right in front of us. Are you familiar with the name Steve Allen?

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Contributors



OUR TELEPHONE guerillas, **Alex Gregory** & **Peter Huyck** ("Shiny Nervous People," p. 20; "The Extra 'E' Is for Extra Economic Freedom," p. 25), who steadfastly refuse to submit a photo sans toupees, met at Stanford University. "We were both doing ballet," explains Pete. "Alex is very fluid as a dancer; I'm more on the rough side." Alex is a speechwriter at Piderit & Partners, while Pete produces for Ted Turner's *other* station, TNT. "We're the not-so-super station," says Pete, "the relatively mediocre station. I'm also Jane Fonda's unofficial masseur. At night I go over and rub away. The pay is right, and I'm good with my hands, so why not, right?"

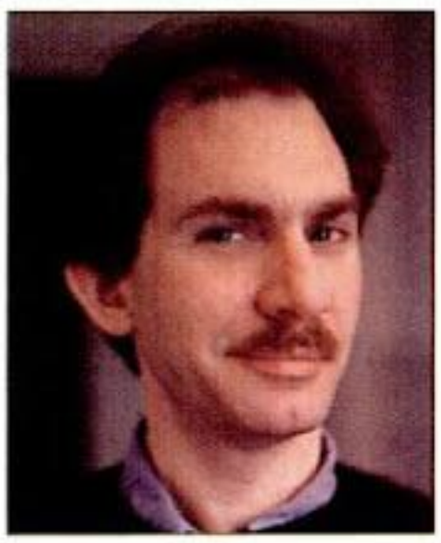


PERPETUALLY LOOKING for work, **Jennifer Pitts** ("You're Doing a Great Job, Now Get Out!" p. 24) has written for *The New Republic, Washington Citypaper, Regardies, Working Woman, Governing,* and *Lingua Franca* from her freelance lair in Washington, D.C. As a career choice, she's torn between journalism and political philosophy. "I can't decide which field has better job security," she says. "Right now, political philosophy looks like a growth industry."

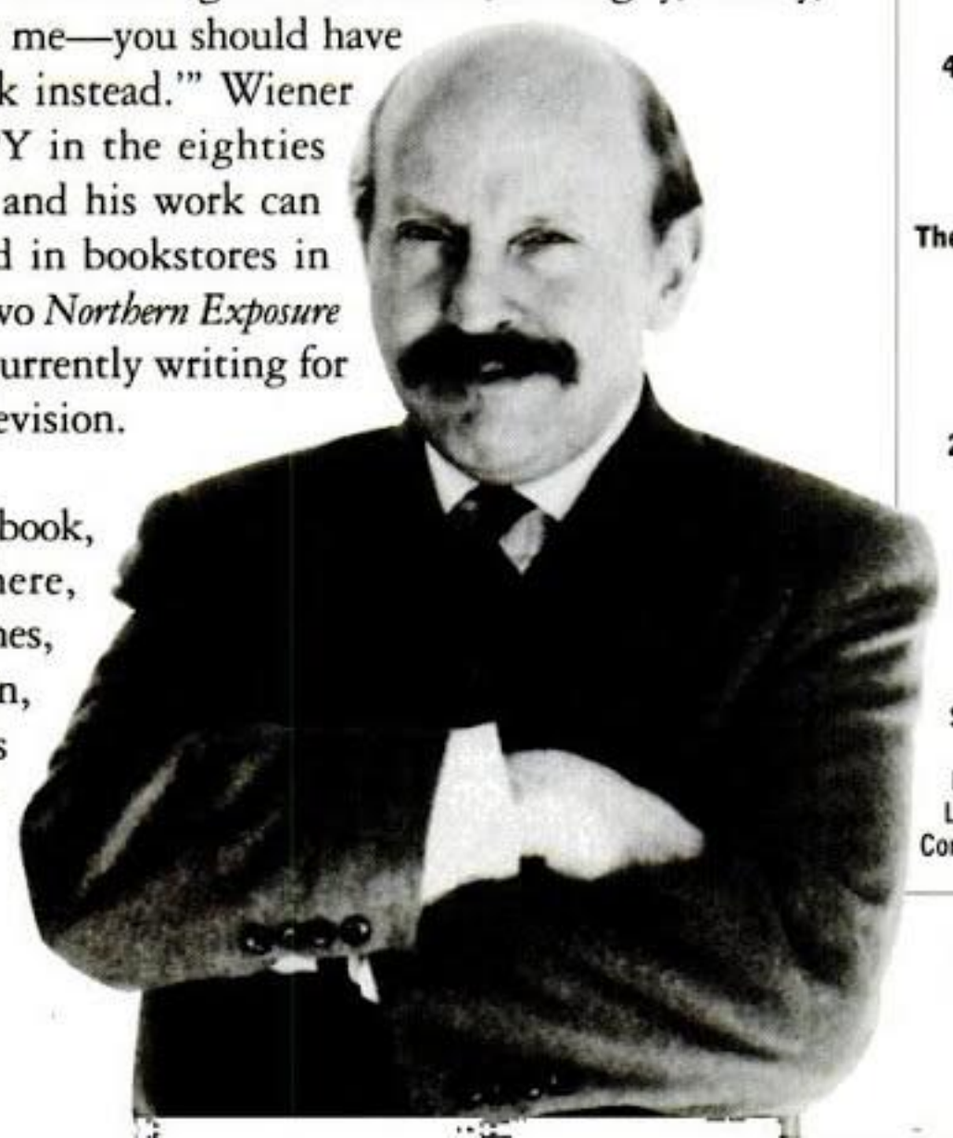
"THE INTERNET is for loiterers," says **Chip Rowe** ("Bulletin Bored," p. 84). "It's for people who have time to read their mail and contemplate long-winded responses. It's just the latest excuse for puddling around at work. What the 'Net needs is a good editor, a benevolent dictator. They need a Mussolini, someone to make the trains run on time. If the Internet is Michael Fay, what it needs is a Singapore." An associate editor of the *American Journalism Review*, Rowe also writes for *Playboy* and edits his own 'zine, *Chip's Closet Cleaner*.



"A SPARKLING *divertissement* in the pop sci-fi genre," is how contributing editor **Ellis Wiener** ("Fame & Loathing," p. 36) describes his 1986 novelization of *Howard the Duck*—George Lucas' embarrassing attempt to cash in on the *E.T.* generation. "I knew it was going to be a terrible movie," Wiener claims. "If anyone tries to make fun of me for being the *Howard the Duck* guy, I'll say, 'Don't blame me—you should have read the book instead.'" Wiener wrote for SPY in the eighties and nineties and his work can also be found in bookstores in the form of two *Northern Exposure* books; he is currently writing for children's television.



IN HIS 1992 book, *American Mythologies,* and elsewhere, **Marshall Blonsky**, our Roland Barthes, has decoded Ted Koppel, Benetton, *The Price is Right*, and Madonna, as well as other beguiling pop cultural phenomena.



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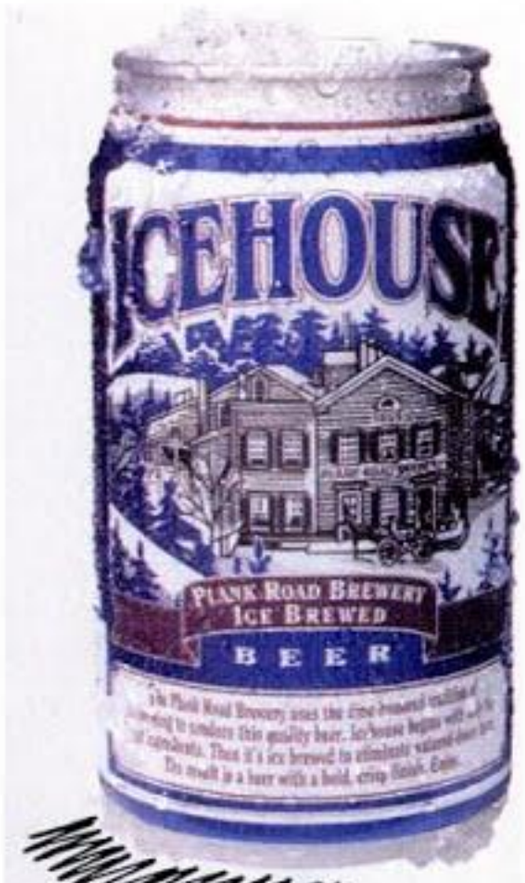
SPY is published by Spy Magazine, LP, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, NY 10010. CEO and Publisher, John Colman; Editorial Director, Owen J. Lipstein; Chief Financial Officer, Vincent O. McCann; Controller, Andrew B. Dong; Office Assistant, Lori Rucki.

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At the Plank Road Brewery we've been getting a lot of calls asking:

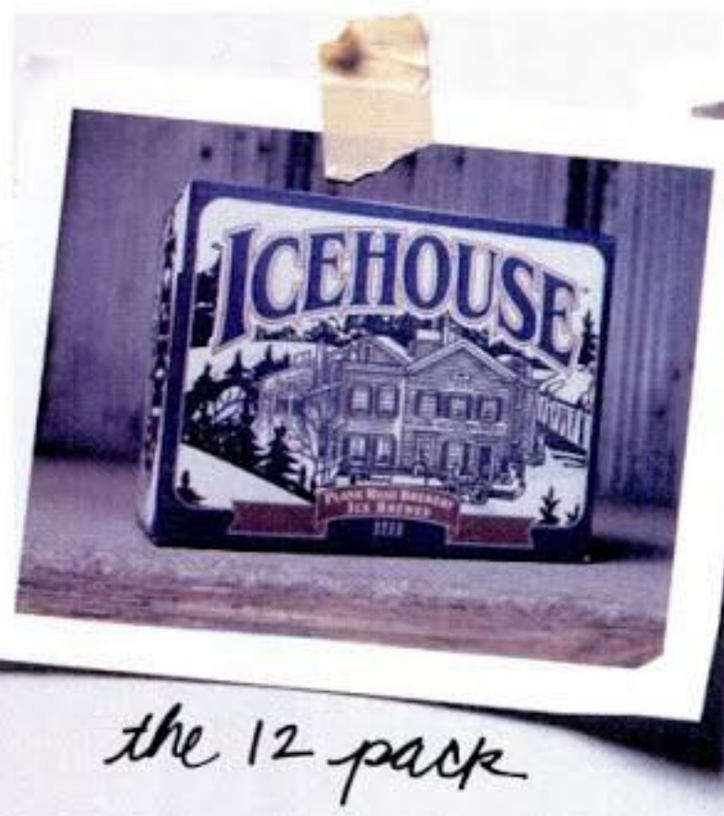
"Do you have ICEHOUSE in a can?"

"You better let it out."



So, we did.

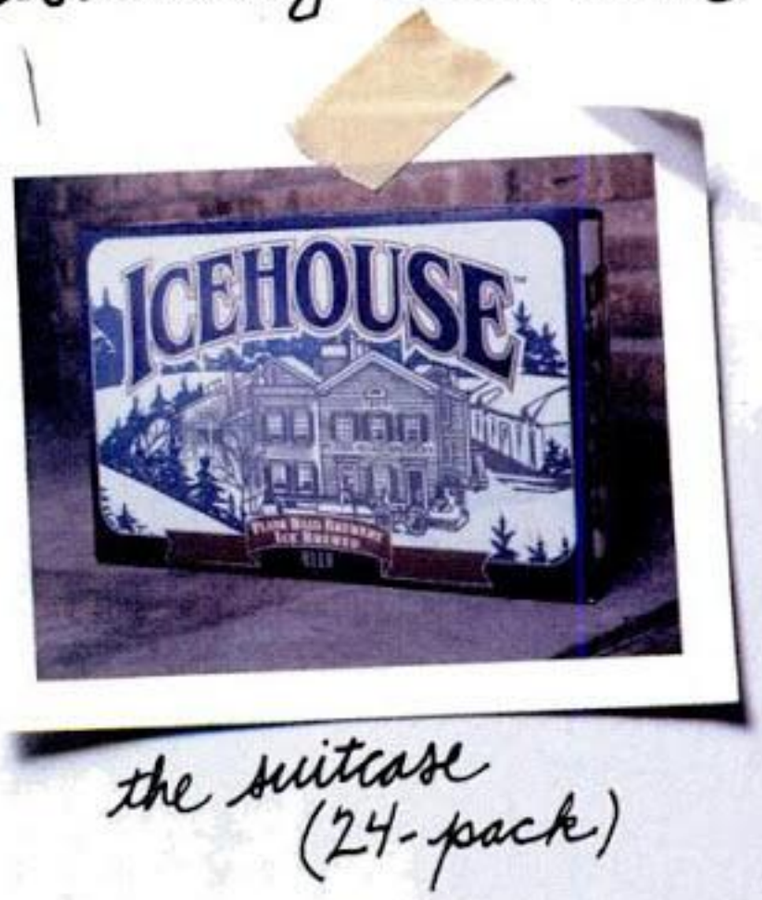
Ice brewed **ICEHOUSE** is now available in really cool cans just in time for summer. They're easy to stack, easy to hold and if you have a cooler, they're easy to keep cold. And bottle or can, **ICEHOUSE** is always ice brewed so there's never any watered down taste. Just more of what you want in a beer. Thanks and enjoy!



the 12 pack



the 6 pack



the suitcase (24-pack)

From the Plank Road Brewery, A tiny division of the Miller Brewing Co. Milwaukee, WI. Where we're dedicated to being dedicated.
P.S. We hope you enjoy **ICEHOUSE**, as long as you enjoy it responsibly. NO exceptions!

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(All packages not available in all areas.)

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naked city



Things That Are Confusing
Smith vs. Smith

Actress/playwright Anna Deavere Smith. Actress/playmate Anna Nicole Smith. Fortunately, they are unlikely to ever come up in the same conversation. Anna Deavere is the creator of *Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992*, her one-woman show about the L.A. riots. Anna Nicole has been the Guess? girl and a one-woman sight-gag in *Naked Gun 33⅓*. How else to tell them apart?—*Daniel Radosh*

	Anna Deavere Smith	Anna Nicole Smith
Media Recognition	1993 *Glamour* Woman of the Year	1993 *Playboy* Playmate of the Year
Versatility	Portrays 44 people in *Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992*	Has gone by the names Vickie, Nikki, and Cricket
Gimmick	Performs barefoot	Poses bare
Higher education	Attended Beaver College	Many college boys have seen her beaver
Early Rejection	"Agents and casting directors said she was hard to employ because of her light skin—one even told Smith she didn't 'look like anything.'"—*Daily News*	The first modeling agency she interviewed with "told me to darken my hair, lose weight, change the way I looked, and go to modeling school."
Fighting the color barrier	"I have been willing to integrate more than most African-Americans. But I, like all people of color, only get to guess what it's like to enjoy the privilege of white skin."	"Black is my favorite color."
Foreign language skills	She learned Spanish to perform Mexican characters in *Twilight.*	"Welcome to Mexia, Texas, my home town. Most people pronounce it Mex–*ee*–ah, but it's not, it's Ma–*hay*–ah."
Stated ambition	"To contribute something to the theater in terms of training actors."	"To be the new Marilyn Monroe and find my own Clark Gable."
On Laughter	"Laughter is interesting to me in my work . . . Laughter is so serious as a reflection of what we pass off."	*The Hudsucker Proxy* is "one funny movie. I was laughing so hard [on the set] they had to take my mike off."
On the significance of the prom	As *Twilight* character Diane Van Iden says, "For these kids, the prom is a big deal There are a lot of issues at the prom."	Says her breasts developed "sometime after the junior prom."
On physical enhancement	As *Twilight* character Elaine Young says, "I want to warn other women about injecting silicone into their bodies that should be in cars."	Says her breasts developed "sometime after the junior prom."

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The SPY Quiz

Because I Could Not Stop for Dykes

The Poetry of Mickey Rourke



Method actor, motorcyclist, wearer of stubble, poor marksman, and now, we discover, *poet*. Mickey Rourke's gritty, realist verse has been spotted hanging in art galleries, but has never been widely seen until now. Below are two of Rourke's verses, along with one of our own, written in our best approximation of the Rourkian style. Can you tell which is which? *(Answer below)*

1. "Drama"
Like An Actor With Amnesia
Or A Director Without A Penis
You Make Me Cry
Like An Orphaned Baboon
Chained to the Dyke Saleslady
At Bloomingdales
On N.Y.C. At Xmas Time.

2. "Life"
To Grow Is So Painful
So Cruel Is to Age
I Fight It, I Hate It;
It's the Fuel of My Rage.
I Wish I Could Go Back
And Play Ball In the Park,
But Now It's Too Late,
I'm Alone In the Dark.

3. "Hog"
Cold Is the Blade
Of My Pearl Handled Shiv
And Dark Is the Blood
Which I Gladly Do Give.
And Black Is the Leather
Which Of I Do Wear
And Powerful Is My Hog.
I Ain't No Square.



How Do You Say "Kiss It" in Korean?

Bill Clinton Speaks the International Language of Geopolitics

If President Clinton is having trouble explaining his foreign policy in English, imagine how it sounds to foreigners. To find out, we had the following Clinton passage translated from English to French, French to Japanese, Japanese to Russian, and back to English. Amazingly, it became clearer:

"[T]he world is still a dangerous place and the skill and the power and the readiness of our men and women in uniform remains a bulwark of our freedom and freedom in many places abroad. Last year we completed a sweeping assessment of what military forces we now need in order to meet these threats. We concluded that we must have forces that can fight and win two major regional conflicts nearly simultaneously."

昨年その危機に対応するために必要な軍事力の点検が行なわれた。
その結果、我々はほぼ同時に２つの地域的戦争を行なうだけに足りる軍事力が必要で

Анализ контингента вооруженных сил, необходимых для адекватной реакции на указанную опасную ситуацию был проведен а прошлом году.

"Our government's army defends the freedom of many countries in the world where the situation still remains dangerous. An analysis of military forces needed for a suitable response was performed last year. As a result, we have concluded that our armed forces must be sufficient to prevent wars in two parts of the world at the same time."

Answer: No. 3 is the faux Rourke

The Fine Print

by Louis Theroux

Michael Jackson, Doo-Doo Head

In December of last year, Lawrence Feldman, the lawyer for the young boy who accused Michael Jackson of sexual abuse, subpoenaed and deposed several of the star's household employees: his maid, his chauffeur, and his caretaker. Of all the testimony, the most revealing was that of Jackson's 38-year-old housekeeper, Blanca Francia. Which isn't to say Francia's recollections of life chez Jacko clinched the sex-abuse case against the moonwalking celebrity. But of



the more serious allegation—being a total freakazoid—Jacko seems guilty as charged.

FELDMAN: *Did he {Jackson} ever call himself "doo-doo head"?*

FRANCIA: Yeah. And he will tell me sometimes "doo-doo head," too.

He'd call you "doo-doo head"?

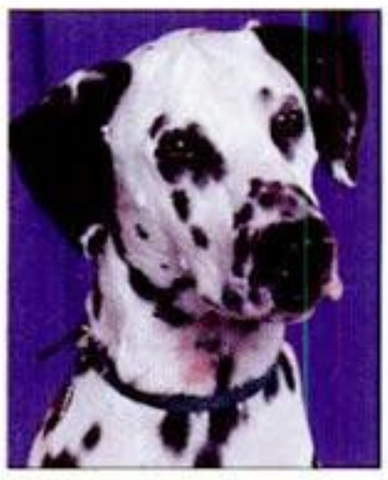
Yeah.

How about "apple head"?

No, I never hear that.

Was it a term—do you know what, like, a term, an endearment is? Would he affectionately use that term "doo-doo head," or would he use it to criticize somebody? I'm trying to get a sense of

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La Condition Canine, Part 1

The Dingo Ate My Prozac!

Mounting Evidence Reveals: Cosmetic Psychopharmacology Is Going to the Dogs—FDA/ASPCA Approved





Are humans the only ones entitled to a little relief from the stresses and strains of everyday life? Apparently not. Professional journals now emphasize the importance of animals, especially dogs, in psychiatric drug research—and the experiments have turned up some interesting results. It seems that Prozac and other medications have proven useful in treating such animal hang-ups as:

- compulsive self-chewing (small dogs), and excessive grooming of the extremities (large dogs)
- flank-sucking (seen almost exclusively in dobermans), and tail-chasing (bull terriers)
- exaggerated fear of crossing the street (various breeds)
- crib-biting (in which horses anchor their teeth on a surface, lean back, tense their neck muscles, retract their larynx, and engulf a bolus of air—resulting in, among other things, bad teeth and flatulence)

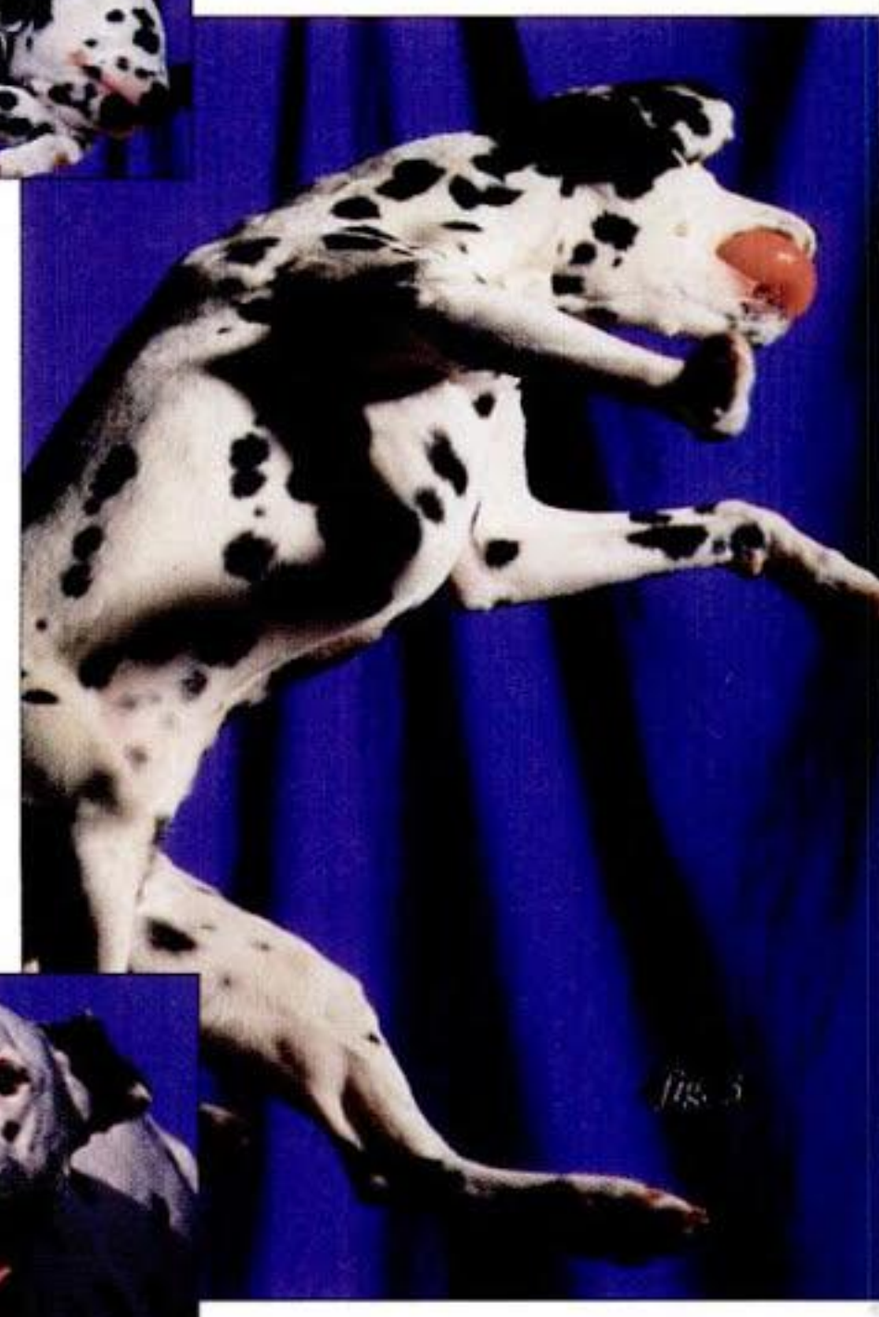
One study in particular found that two percent of beagles in a breeding colony were "withdrawn" and "depressed." Symptoms included low levels of activity and decreased appetite and sex drive. Another found that anorexia is sometimes used as an attention-seeking technique by dogs and kennelled cats. These disorders are among the many afflicting our four-legged friends now being treated with Prozac.

Question is, do the drugs not only fix the problem at hand, but also leave Fido feeling *very* happy? As in back to his old, pre-neutered, puppy dog self? With that in mind, we solicited the opinions of several experts as to whether dogs on Prozac smile more, jump higher, and have a greater WPM (wags per minute) ratio?

"They probably are a little bit more playful and flexible and they're a little less irritable," says Mt. Sinai's Eric Hollander, M.D. "They're less distressed. Obviously it's a problem when they lick their paws over and over again." But after Prozac, "they're spending less time doing this, and they can get on with other kinds of things." Like Frisbee catching?

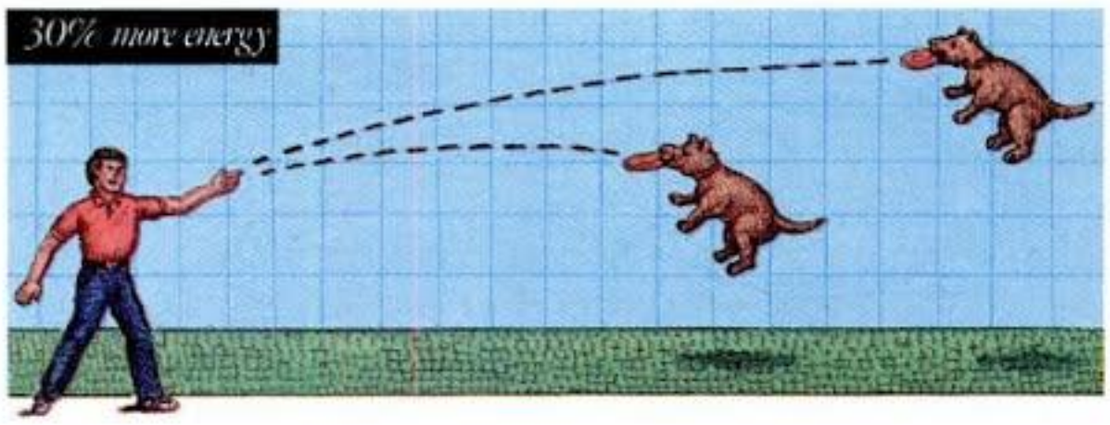
Others are not so thrilled with this method of treatment. "Animals, like human beings, have feelings," says Peter Breggin, M.D., whose book, *Talking Back to Prozac*, rails against the evils of the drug. "Unfortunately, the animals are always involuntary patients. Perhaps they, too, should be protected by laws that limit involuntary psychiatric interventions."

And how does the ASPCA feel about all this? According to public relations spokesperson Bobbi Keene, "I honestly doubt if any of our vets are prescribing Prozac to any animals here. I may be wrong in that. They may be doing that, and that's just not something that's widely known throughout the organization.... If it's working and it's helping the animals out, I can't see why we'd be opposed to that.... You know, something else to help the animals get through their lives a little easier. Great! If it works, it works. That's wonderful!"—*Jim Mauro*



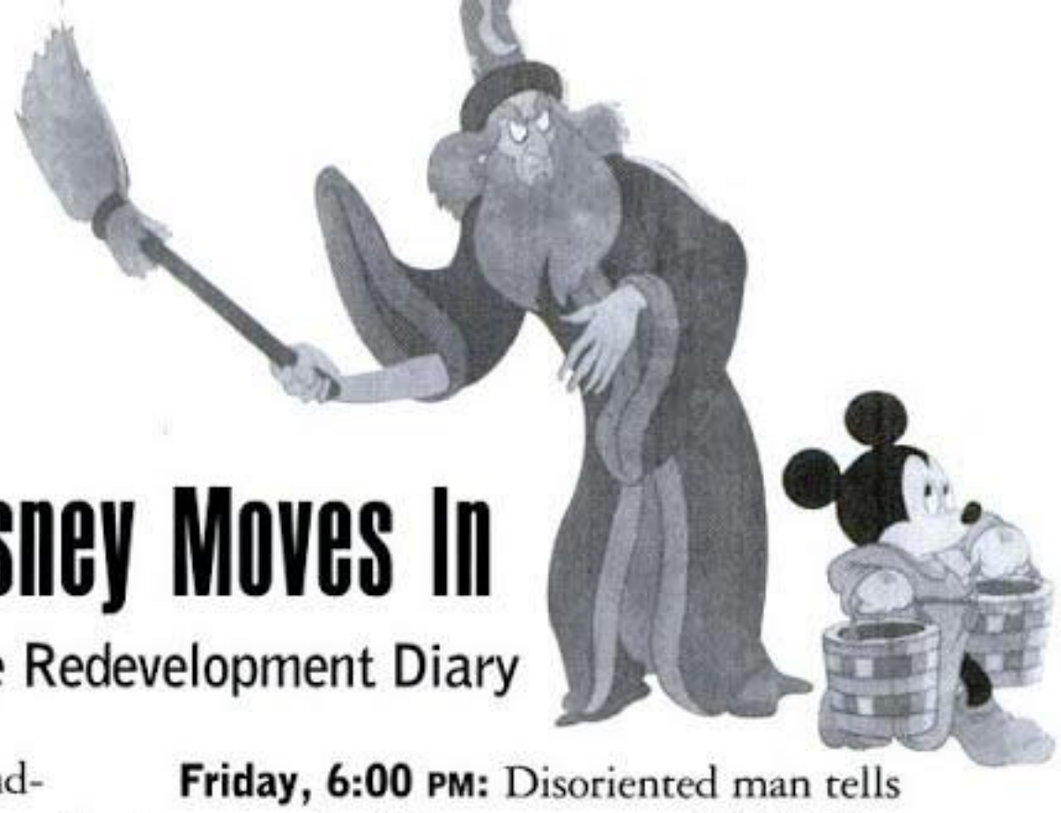
Simulated reenactment of four classic stages of canine uplift:
1. Lethargic, depressed.
2. Blissful, poised.
3. Bursting with unfocused energy.
4. Happy, peppy, and bursting with love.





Meaningless, simulated graph shows improvement of Frisbee skills.

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But Just Wait Till Disney Moves In

SPY's Authentic Times Square Redevelopment Diary

Tuesday, May 17th, 10:00 AM: Groundbreaking ceremony marks the beginning of renovations at the 94-year-old Victory Theater.

Wednesday, 2:30 PM: Megaphone-toting sidewalk preacher admonishes, "Sorcerers, fornicators, lesbians, drunkards, apologists—Jesus is waiting for you."

Thursday, 3:00 PM: Two picketers outside the Harem video emporium are outnumbered by police, who occupy their time ogling the store's window display.

Friday, 6:00 PM: Disoriented man tells passers-by, "Computers are $100,000. They're making a mint. I've gotta leave New York; it's becoming too much like Istanbul."

Saturday, 5:30 PM: Man urinates in doorway.

Sunday, 8:30 PM: Caterers spill banquet-sized fruit basket on sidewalk. Some fruit is recovered and dusted off.

Monday, May 23rd, 10:00 AM: Homeless man huddles in doorway chanting, "Bow down to Jesus."—*Corin See*

SCK-PL8S

Censorship on Virginia's Original Information Highway

In many respects a conservative people, Virginians have unaccountably emerged as would-be First Amendment trailblazers in the field of personalized license plates. Last year there was the rebel whose plate, GOVT SUX, was squelched by the Virginia DMV. More recently, a Virginia pastor sued the DMV over its "no-deity policy," and won the right to be issued with the tag GODZGUD. What other wry suggestions have frisky Virginians offered up? Below are selections from the DMV's 109-page list of forbidden tags, helpfully broken down by us into categories.

Sexually Prodigious, Male
ABIG14U
EJAQL8
GR8PNOS
MULEDK
9INDONG
BRSTLVR
WELHNG

Sexually Prodigious, Female
AHOTBOX
EZ2GETN
MTYMUF
SGRPUSS
36DCUP

Sexually Prodigious, Non-Gender-specific
IM1EZLA
INHEAT
JUICY4U
LV24Q2
RAWBUNS
SEXINXS
XESVULI

Gay
ACDCNO1
AGAYLAY
BGAY
GAYRU
IMBI
SODOM

Sexually Adventurous
AMUFDVR
BEVRETR
CLTNBLR
IB6UB9
DOU69TO
TUNGME
FEL80
BTFKR

Political
A4QDMV
FKIRAN
FKTAXS
F55MPH
I95SUX
NONUKY
GEOPEE

Racially Provocative
ADEGO
NOJAPS
DUMWOP
BIGJUE
BIGNIG

Ornery
ADIOSMF
AIM2KIL
DTFKWME
FAHCU2
FCOUGH
UPYABUM



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

how he would use the term "doo-doo head."

Yeah. Like—like he will say, "Oh, I'm hungry and I don't know what to eat. Maybe some doo-doo." He will say that and—or he said to me, "This is doo-doo."

When you'd see them {Jackson and an unnamed boy} together—forget what you've already told us about seeing them in bed and stuff; but when you'd see them together, would you see {the boy} on Michael Jackson's lap?

No.

Would you see them hugging or holding hands?

Holding hands.

Were you uncomfortable with that when you'd see it?

JUDGE COCHRAN: I don't think that's relevant material, but go ahead.

Go ahead.

I feel funny about—

Were they holding hands in a way that made you feel funny, or were they just kind of holding hands as a man and—you know, as a dad and a kid might hold hands?

COCHRAN: That calls for some kind of rank speculation, and is argumentative, the term "funny."

Tell me how they were holding hands.

They would walk around the house holding hands.

Just walking around the house?

Yeah. Walking in the room.

Now, the children that you saw in bed with Michael Jackson, were they always boys?

Yes.

Did you ever see any little girls in bed with Michael Jackson, I mean young girls?

No.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Did you ever see any adult women in bed with Michael Jackson?

No.

Did Michael Jackson have a monkey?

Yes, he had a monkey.

And was the monkey in Encino?

Yes. Bubbles.

Bubbles? Where did Bubbles sleep in Encino?

In his bedroom in a cage.

In his bedroom?

Yes.

And did Bubbles wear any kind of diaper or anything?

Yes.

Was he bare-chested, too? {to Jackson's then-attorney, HOWARD WEITZMAN:} Find out for me.

WEITZMAN: I'm sorry. That's naked, bare-chested for the monkey.

COCHRAN: Oh, I see. Naked for him. Excuse me.

WEITZMAN: That's what they wear. The fur is their clothes.

COCHRAN: I see.

WEITZMAN: Diaper.

FELDMAN: *Now, Miss Francia, you told us before that you would buy Mr. Jackson's underwear for him, right?*

Yes.

Did there ever come a point where you started realizing Mr. Jackson was missing underwear? Would he be losing it someplace?

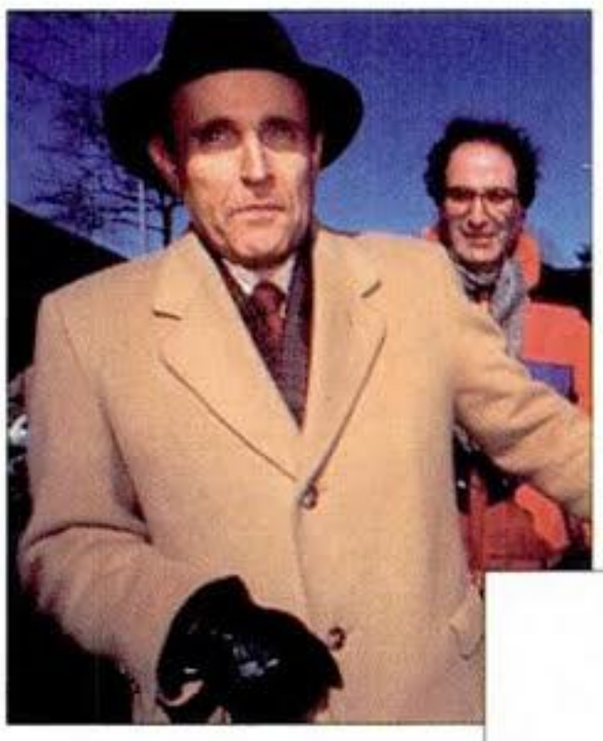
Yes. I keep buying and buying a lot of underwears, and sometimes he will have so many. Sometimes he would have like 60.

60, six-zero?

Yeah. 60. Fifty or 60 underwear.

In his drawer?

In his drawer. And it was like a lot. And then I say, "You have a lot of underwears." And he say, "Well, because sometimes they get too tight."



La Condition Canine, Part 2

Rudy Giuliani's Puppy Love

New York City's Frustrating Search for Qualified, Inexpensive Animal Killers



We know you. You are a busy person with your own problems and you have probably not given a lot of thought recently to New York City's unwanted or unattached animals. If you have, and you are not Brigitte Bardot, you are probably among the approximately 44,000 people each year who bring an animal into an ASPCA shelter. Or you have reported or witnessed the pick-up of one of 10,500 strays. Or you have adopted one of 6,520 pets from the ASPCA.

At this point the mathematically inclined among you are saying, *whoa*. Fifty-four thousand, five hundred go in. Six thousand, five hundred and twenty come out. That means, uh, 47,980 animals (kittens, puppies, and a few baby ferrets) are unaccounted for.

Since 1894 the job of receiving, capturing, adopting out and—as they say in the business—euthanizing animals in New York City has been the purview of the ASPCA. Late last year, however, they decided that their reputation for puppy-killing was obscuring their good work in other areas and, consequently, hindering their fundraising abilities. They quietly told the city that after December this year, they would no longer perform animal control services. Somebody else would have to be found to do the job.

The Department of Health put out the word for a qualified replacement. Among the responsibilities of the job:

▶ "[T]he routine, early morning roundup of straying animals...."

▶ Seizing "vicious and threatening dogs, stray and owned dogs and cats that have bitten, exotic and wild animals and venemous reptiles and bats from schools, playgrounds, vacant buildings, parks and highways...."

▶ "[H]umanely euthaniz[ing] animals (using sodium pentabarbitol injection) [and] properly dispos[ing] of the animal body by incineration or burial."

Only one serious candidate applied: The Dewey Animal Care Center, which handles animal control for Las Vegas. Co-director Dr. Eugene Kirshbaum told SPY he is confident that Dewey could improve on the ASPCA's work, despite a certain naiveté about the Big Apple.

"When we went out to look at the shelters we were appalled," said Kirshbaum. "The Brooklyn shelter should be torn down. The Manhattan shelter is incredibly ill-conceived. When they told us that it was only a few years old, we were shocked." Why shocked? "When you think of New York City, you think of the Kennedy Center—not the Kennedy Center, *Lincoln* Center—and all these great things." The ASPCA shelters, Kirshbaum felt, were not of Lincoln Center quality.

Oddly, the Department of Health rejected Dewey's bid without comment.

So who is left to take over the ASPCA's unenviable, not to mention corrupt and ineffective, animal control program? Department of Health spokesman Steven Matthews says it is possible that the city itself will take on the task. Rather than put together a new animal management program, however, the Department of Health will likely hire the current ASPCA staff and use ASPCA facilities and strategies. Meanwhile, although the ASPCA will not officially be doing animal control, it will not guarantee that it will stop killing animals altogether. By this time, however, it's all so confusing that you'll probably forget the details when the ASPCA's fundraising time comes around again. We told you we knew you.—*Daniel Radosh*

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Happens to us all.

Uh-huh.

Did you ever—did Michael Jackson tell you—did Michael Jackson ever tell you when to buy his underwear?

No.

Did there ever come a time where Michael Jackson was missing underwear?

Yes.

Where the supply would go down?

Go down.

And you'd have to go buy them?

Yeah. There were times when I notice that he only wear—like only five he will use, and the other ones were put aside. He would look for the special ones



that he wanted to wear. And I remember this time—well, I don't know if I'm supposed to say it.

What? Go ahead.

No. That he had one with a little pocket in the front, and he asked me what did I think about that, that—

And what did you say?

—that expression. And I say, "Well, I don't know." And he say, "Well, it's just that I use it for a special dance."

The underwear with the pocket?

With the little pocket.

COCHRAN: This is a pocket or a puppet?

A pocket.

COCHRAN: Pocket?

Uh-huh.

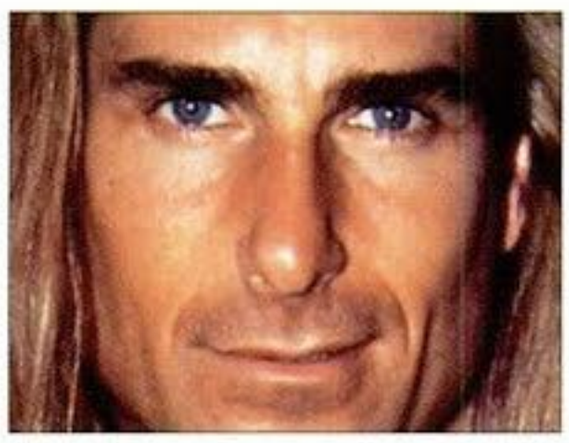
FELDMAN: *Did he tell*

Bald Ego

Shiny Nervous People

We Make Celebrity Handlers Very, Very Anxious

Image is a tricky business. Managing a celebrity requires tact, ingenuity, flattery, cajolery and an iron will. Posing as editors of a nonexistant "bald pride" magazine, we called three publicists to test their skills. How, we wondered, would they contain the potential PR catastrophe of their clients being revealed as less than fully follicled?



Fabio

SPY: *Hello, Mr. Paul? I'm the editor of* Cue Ball—The Bald Men's Pride Magazine.

PETER PAUL: How'd you get my number?

I was notified that you represent Fabio.

He's not bald.

I suppose not as far as most of his photos go, but we have a shot here of Fabio with no hair on the top of his head. It's a pretty grainy shot, not particularly flattering, and he's sitting by the side of a pool. I was wondering if you might have another, better shot of him without hair for the cover of our premiere issue.

But Fabio's not bald.

As far as I had known I thought that Fabio had hair, but apparently, according to the photographer, he is wearing a hairpiece most of the time.

Oh, that's bullshit! It's all his hair.

Okay, that's why I wanted to call and check this out. The photographer insisted that this is the real thing. See, Cue Ball *is basically a magazine about bald pride.*

Yeah, I understand that. I'm bald. It's all his real hair. I can attest to that. And if you say anything else, that's libel. If I were you, I wouldn't touch that.

Okay, but the point is that the photographer assured me that this is a real photo of him. I have it here on my screen right now.

Let me tell you something! If the photographer's willing to indemnify you and hold you harmless and put a bond up, then go ahead with it. But if it's not true—and I'm telling you that it's not true—and you print this in wanton and willful disregard of an allegation that we're making about the truth of this thing—and we can establish this—then that's true and you're in trouble. I wouldn't do it if I was you.

Okay, so there would be no other photos of Fabio without his hairpiece that you could provide?

Let me explain something to you—*the guy doesn't have a hairpiece*! It's all his hair! The next time he has an appearance, go by and see him and pull on his hair, okay? It's all his hair.

I understand...we're just trying to get men who hadn't previously admitted to being bald to...

If he was bald, I can imagine we could say something about it, but he's not. Do you want him to go bald just to say it for you?

Oh, no. Definitely not. Absolutely not. We're just trying to make people feel good about being bald, and Fabio is such an object of women's affection, that if he were to come out, that would be fantastic. I watch Acapulco Heat. *I watched his Valentine's Day special. I'm a huge Fabio fan.*

That's fine, but he's not bald.

Dean Cain

SPY: *I'm calling about a photo we have here of Dean Cain without hair that we would like to run on the cover of our July 4th issue.*

JILL LESSARD: So what are you asking me?

We were wondering if you might have a better shot without his hairpiece.

A picture of Dean Cain without his hairpiece?!

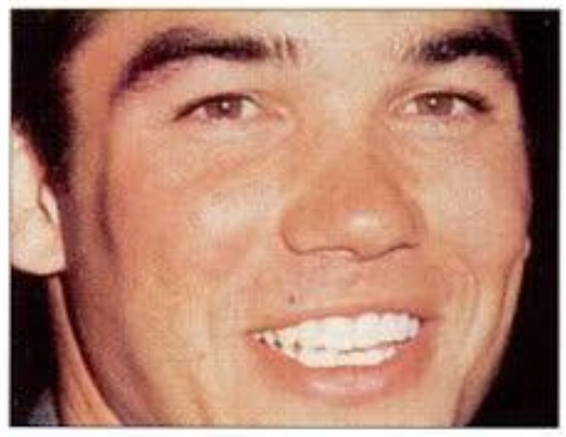
Exactly. We're trying to raise bald awareness and we think it would be great to get a sex symbol like Dean Cain on the cover of our premiere issue. It would send the message that "I'm young, I'm bald, and I'm proud of it."

Well, you are telling me something that is complete news to me.

That Mr. Cain wears a hairpiece?

Yes. All the shots that we have of Dean...he definitely has hair, and lots of it.

Right, and that's why we were



wondering if he would have any pictures without the hairpiece.

As I told you, you're completely taking me by surprise. I have no information about Dean Cain's hair situation. I don't know...that it's even true. I can't be of any help, because we don't ask personal questions of the people that are on our shows. We get their height, color of hair, color of eyes....

But you don't ask if the hair is the real McCoy?

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No, no we don't. I mean, that just seems like a very personal thing, and that's something we just don't get involved in. In any case, this isn't the kind of thing I could see Dean or myself wanting to pursue.

Why, do you think there's something wrong with being bald?

Oh, no, not at all. It's just not something I would feel comfortable asking Dean about.

Sylvester Stallone

SPY: *We have a paparazzi picture of him...and he's bald.*



MICHELLE BEGA: Are you sure it's Mr. Stallone? It would seem very unlikely. And I'm just speaking to you from someone who has worked with Mr. Stallone now for so many years.

He definitely does have hair?

Yessir! Absolutely! And it's his. Of all the clients we have, he definitely does have hair! Are you sure that it's Sly, and are you sure that they didn't doctor it?

I would be very, very upset.

I would, too. Do you know who the photographer is?

Umm, I probably shouldn't reveal that.

Oh, I see.

I'll get in touch with him.

Well, let's not be too aggressive to the gentleman.

Oh, of course not.

[2nd call]

Okay, I called him and he swore that the photograph was not doctored.

It makes no sense! It's nonsensical!

I understand the position you're in...these things cannot leak out, but...

Okay, wait a minute. Just a minute. Are you saying...you're meaning "leak out" in terms of that Mr. Stallone is really bald?!

Or that his hair is thinning and he has weaves.

Absolutely, positively not! No. He has a full head of hair. [To woman in background:] I know! Can you believe I'm having this conversation? He says that he's got a paparazzi shot in which—

WOMAN: Maybe he has a swimming cap on.

Hey, that's a good thought. Does he have a swimming cap on?

No, no. Definitely not.

[To woman:] He wants to put Sly on the cover of this magazine as a real bald man.

WOMAN: Oh, my God!

I mean, baldness is nothing to be ashamed of. Sylvester Stallone is, for lack of a better word, a hunk. And for someone like that to come out from under the toupee—

Oh, my God!

—would be a big boost to the bald men of America.

That's exactly right. However, it is something to address when somebody is bald, and when they're not, it's not fair to put them on a magazine that has nothing to do with them. Don't you agree?

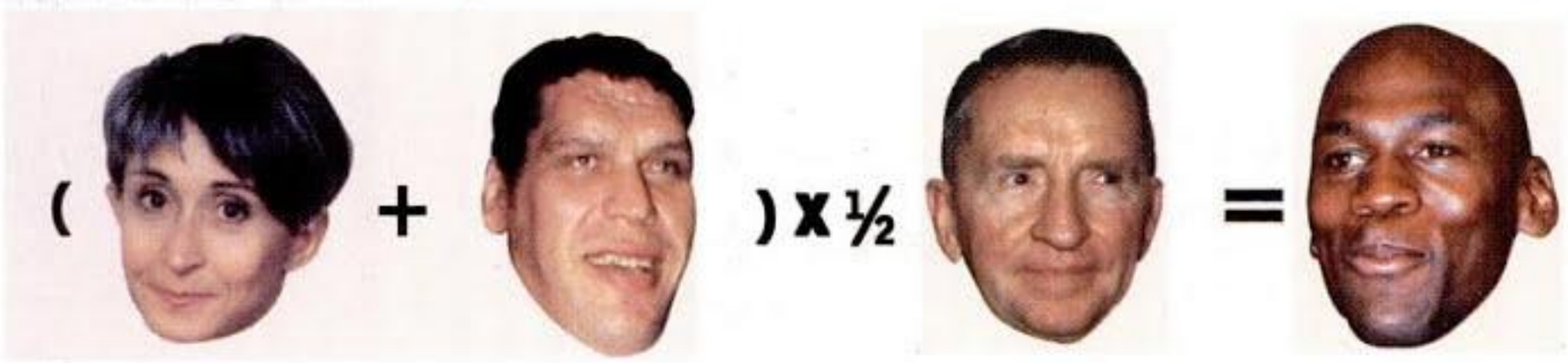
Let's just say it's "men who live in Virgina." It doesn't pertain. He doesn't live in Virginia, he isn't bald, his name isn't Bob. In other words, "men whose names are Bob," doesn't pertain to Sly, even though somebody may have overheard him being addressed as "Bob," and he answered to it. Do you see what I'm saying? And again, this is a conversation, it's not an argument.

—Peter Huyck and Alex Gregory

Celebrity Math Chapter 12



Sam Lefrak · Sally Kirkland · Al Sharpton · Donald Trump



Twyla Tharp · Andre the Giant · Ross Perot · Michael Jordan

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

you what special dance he was doing?

No, no. I didn't say it. And he say—he say sometimes he will throw them away.

So sometimes literally the underwear would disappear?

Yes.

And he would tell you he threw them away?

Yes.

And then you'd go out and get new ones?

Uh-huh, yes. And he says—one time he says, "Don't get surprised if you see any dirty underwears, because sometimes I can't hold go to the bathroom and I will just go in my underwear."

So you'd see his underwear stained sometimes?

Yes. That's why he—

And it would be stained in the front or in the back, his underwear, from moving his bowels or from urinating kind of stain?

From urinating, yeah.

Could you tell whether the stains in the front were from urine or from maybe semen?

COCHRAN: That calls for speculation, conclusion.

FRANCIA: I wouldn't—

FELDMAN: *Would you know? Could you tell?*

FRANCIA: I can't tell the difference, because I saw—I just picked them up and put them with my dirty laundry, and that's it. I just don't want to—

So are you saying—

Don't want to find out.

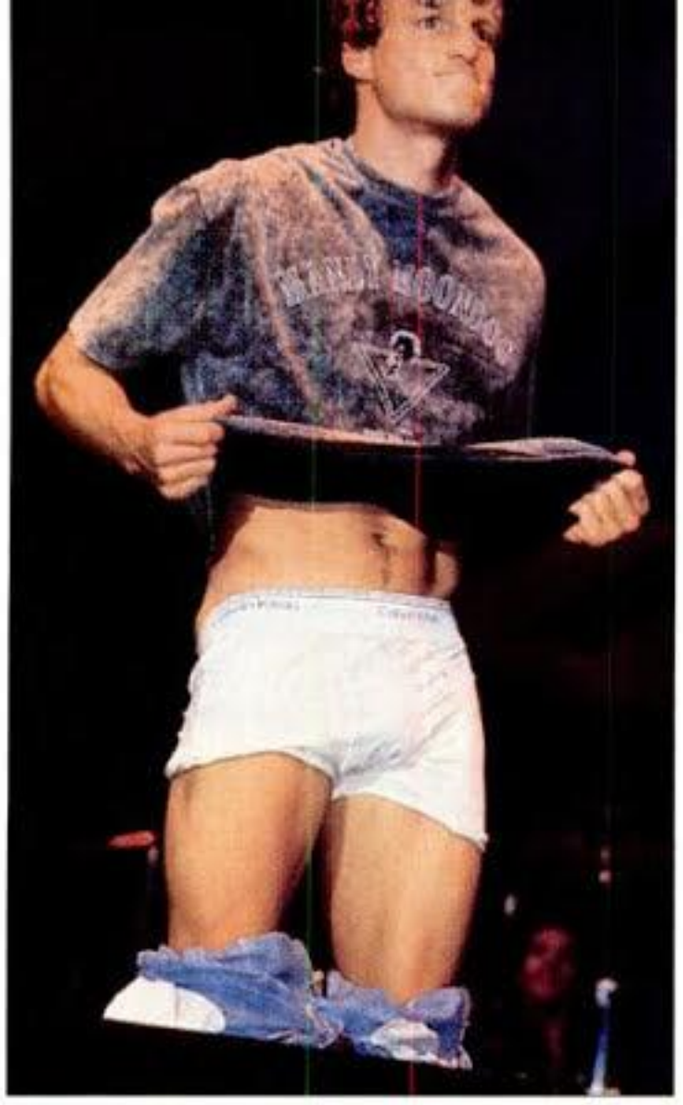
You don't want to find out?

Yes.

You would know the difference, but you never tried to find out?

Yes.

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Hollywood Canteen

And the Woody Goes to...

Natural Born Killer Summer Movies and Their Sequels

Now that New Line Cinema is topped by **Ted Turner,** here are some items on how they've been spending "The Mouth's" dollars the Hollywood way:

When unrulyweds **Geena Davis** and **Renny "Mr. Scary Personality" Harlin** initially formed their new production company and shopped around their overpriced selves, there were surprisingly few takers. What with *True Lies* way over budget (Jim Cameron & Arnold Schwarzeneggar—go figure), Fox just couldn't picture themselves saddled with another notorious spendthrift like Harlin.

Other studios like Carolco didn't want them for a long-term deal either, and MGM passed even though they've got Davis signed for two more pics—they're already in way too deep with future flop, *Tank Girl*. So naturally, the preternaturally tall couple leased their nonexclusive services to New Line.

Speaking of *Tank Girl*, its miscast star, **Emily Lloyd**, walked off the set just days before shooting was to start, though not for the usual "creative differences." To wit: she wouldn't shave her head for the futuristic adventure about "a tough-talking, post-apocalypse Australian who drives around in a tank with her mutant kangaroo boyfriend, Booga."



MEANWHILE, New Line's failure to lock **Jim Carrey** into an *Ace Ventura* sequel drove up his price beyond belief. Two weeks before *Ventura* opened, the head of Business Affairs called **CEO Mike Deluca** and warned him that they hadn't closed the Carrey second pic deal yet.



At that time Carrey's people were reportedly asking a mere $750,000 – $1 million. So dealmaker Deluca shot back: Don't sign off on a high figure yet, that movie [*Ventura*] is gonna bomb, and we'll get Carrey for nothing.

Well, that "bomb" blew up in Deluca's face. New Line ended up paying Carrey $7 million for the aptly named sequel, *Dumb and Dumber*. When Ted Turner's boy/New Line head Bob Shaye called Deluca and demanded an explanation, Deluca blamed it all on Business Affairs.

He should be shot, but he'll probably get promoted. Wonder if as much creative thought goes into executive titles as it does in those prophetic movie titles...

SOMEWHERE between Heaven and Earth, iconoclast **Oliver Stone** gonzo road-tripped from Winslow, Arizona, to Chicago, shooting *Natural Born Killers*. This **Quentin Tarantino**-scribbled film is being produced by rumored ex-arms dealer Arnon Milchan's New Regency Pictures.

Plot: **Woody Harrelson** and **Juliette Lewis** play relentless serial killers who wind up in prison in Illinois, where they are interviewed by a Geraldo-like reporter played by **Robert Downey Jr.** Downey is taken hostage amidst a prison riot and winds up getting killed in a gruesome scene captured by his own video camera. The killers get away.

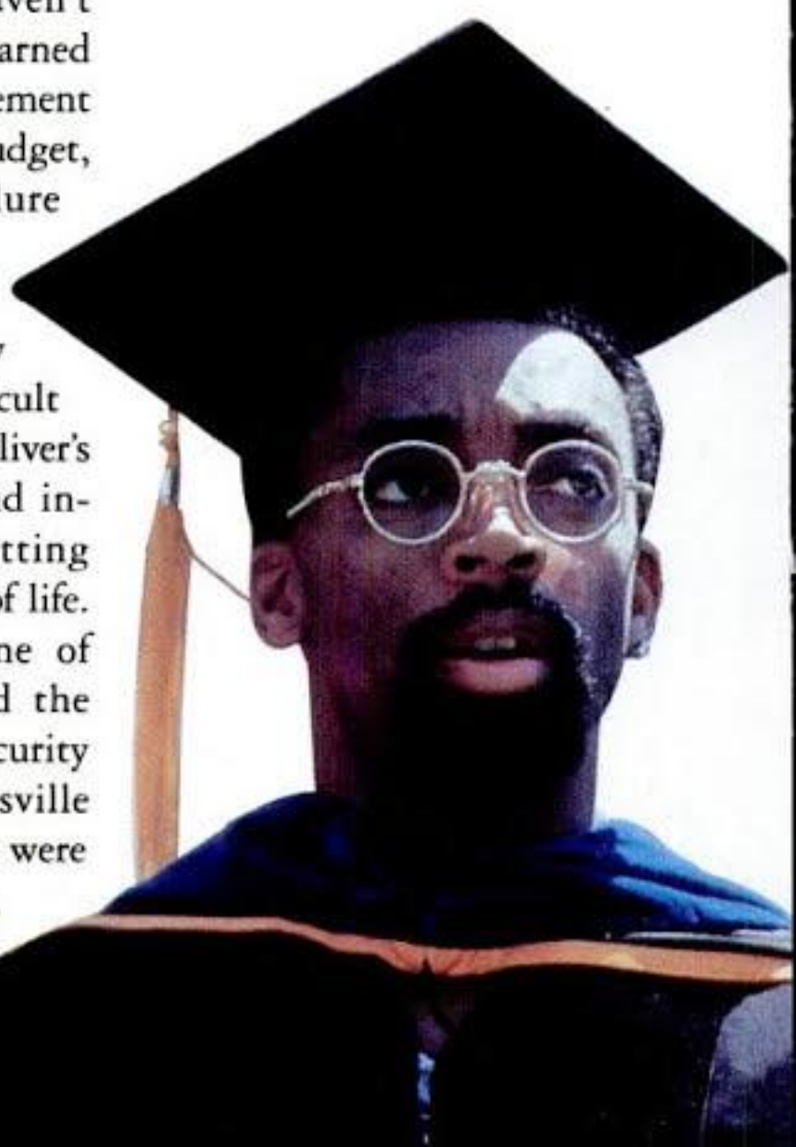
Originally budgeted at $20 million, *Killers*' costs more than doubled before the film was halfway through shooting. Interesting... Didn't the Belgians make basically the same film (*Man Bites Dog*) for pocket change? And haven't Juliette Lewis' people learned anything from her involvement in the disgraceful, low-budget, same-themed failure *Kalifornia*?

Ah, well. Nothing taught in school can pry creative minds from the cult of debauchery known as Oliver's World—where chaos and intimidation rule and getting high is reportedly a fact of life.

The climactic scene of *Killers* was shot behind the walls of two of the top security prisons in Illinois, Statesville and Joliet. Real prisoners were used as extras in the film, and it's reported that a near riot ensued, and production was shut down for a while. They kept on going even after the director yelled *"Cut!"*

Perhaps out of guilt, Stone showered gifts on the prison, including exercise equipment, metal detectors, and an autographed poster of *Salvador*.

UNIVERSAL is being rather tight-lipped about **Spike Lee**'s *D.R.O.P. Squad*, which forecasts bad news for the low-risk ($3 million) insult Lee is foisting, as producer, into movie houses this September. *D.R.O.P.* (acronym for Deprogramming and Restoration of Pride) *Squad* is described as "a movie about taking 'Buppies' back to their collard-green roots." The concept, involving the emotional beating-down of a collection of African Americans, may have "found funny" if they had cast Ted Danson at his PMS (Pre-Minstrel Syndrome) finest, but unfortunately it takes itself way too seriously.—*C. C. Baxter*



COMING TO SAVE YOUR BUTT!

DAMON WAYANS

BLANKMAN

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS

A WIFE N' KIDS PRODUCTION A FILM BY MIKE BINDER STARRING DAMON WAYANS "BLANKMAN" DAVID ALAN GRIER

ROBIN GIVENS JON POLITO AND JASON ALEXANDER MUSIC BY MILES GOODMAN CO-PRODUCER JACK BINDER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DAMON WAYANS STORY BY DAMON WAYANS

SCREENPLAY BY DAMON WAYANS & J.F. LAWTON SUMMER PRODUCED BY ERIC L. GOLD · C.O. ERICKSON DIRECTED BY MIKE BINDER

SOUNDTRACK ON EPIC SOUNDTRAX

COLUMBIA PICTURES

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The Art of Outplacement

You're Doing a Great Job, Now Get Out!

A Post-Industrial Primer For the Busy Executive

Frances Lear tells her *Lear's* colleagues how much she will miss them, then leaves boyfriend/henchman Peter Foyer to break the bad news about the magazine folding. Dallas Cowboys' owner Jerry Jones clumsily reveals to a bar full of reporters his intention to fire head coach Jimmy Johnson. Bill Clinton decides to replace Les Aspin, and openly solicits replacement advice days before Aspin is informed.

Our nation's CEOs don't seem fully prepared for the ultimate leadership task. As a public service magazine, we thought we really ought to provide some instruction. So we asked Robert T. Quinn, who is president of Gateway Management and considered an expert in the field of firing, for advice on the proper etiquette.



SPY: *What's the best way to fire someone?*

QUINN: No ceremony. Never say good morning—it's not a good morning. And bring a clean handkerchief. People lose their composure, and you don't want them rubbing their nose on their sleeve, because they will. Guys don't like to cry, but in this situation they do.

While the boss is talking to the person, you want somebody to be talking to the secretary. You don't want her to get on the phone with the guy's wife and say, "Gee, I don't know what's going on, but the CEO's been in there a long time and I hear crying."

[Do it] as early in the day as possible. You don't want to rush him out the door. You don't want this guy to have an accident on the way home, or step off a moving train. I buy a lot of limo rides home for executives. I don't want them to hit a flagpole.

What should the boss say exactly?

The meeting lasts no longer than five minutes, because there are only two things to tell the person. First is, "Today's your last day." The second is the severance package. There is nothing you can say to make it pleasant. You don't want a debate: *the decision is made, I've delivered it, you're history.* It's got nothing to do with how much I care about the individual; it's a business decision. Do all you can to save them, and when it comes time to cut them, cut them.

What should people who have just been fired tell their kids?

"Daddy's gonna be changing jobs. For the next couple of months you're going to see more of me than you usually do. I'm going to be able to get up later and maybe I'll drive you to school. This is going to be tough for us, so I'm probably going to be a little testier, but you know, I'll try my best."

Do a lot of companies arrange for therapy for employees who are being laid off?

Frequently, they do—for the people who need it. You want to identify what the outplacement industry calls brittle people—people who are likely to have extraordinary reactions to the news. They've had some personal tragedy in their lives in the last year, they've got a known medical condition like high blood pressure, or an emotional problem. You want to spend extra time with them.

Have you ever faced any violent outbreaks?

Once this guy walks into my colleague's office, opens his trench coat, puts a revolver on the table and says, "I've been thinking about it all night long; I'm going to shoot that son of a bitch. [He] had no right to fire me. I've been a good, loyal worker for 23 years; he has to go." The counselor, white as a ghost, spends an hour and a half talking him out of shooting his boss. Then the guy says, "I've brought this thing in, I've got to shoot someone—*maybe I should shoot you.*"

How should the company deal with a lawsuit?

Draw it out for a long, long time. People get angry and they talk about suing and they may even engage an attorney, but when it comes down to it what they really need is a job and they need to get on with their lives. The common move is to say, "We need a delay, then we need an extension, and I'm going to be on vacation, Your Honor, for the next three months."

How do you keep someone whom you've fired from taking all of their good people with them?

Golden handcuffs: provide financial incentive to the people who remain. What companies also usually do is talk to the next-in-commands, the deputies, and say, "You know, we really want you to stay, and tell you what we're going to do. You know that parking space under the tree? You got it."

What about all of the euphemisms for firings? Don't people see right through them?

Layoffs, downsizings, outplacements, restructurings, there's probably a vocabulary that runs the length of your arm. I get a chuckle about all of them, because the reality is, *José got fired.* Usually what you find with executives whose jobs have been eliminated is, "He's left to pursue private interests," or "to spend more time with his family." That's a good one... Everybody knows he was fired.—*Jennifer Pitts*

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The Extra "E" Is For Extra Economic Freedom

Phone Sex Operators Tackle the Big Questions





▶ *Is love a biological or spiritual phenomenon?*

MY SISTER DOES IT LIVE (011-373-999-9865): I think it's biological. I don't think it's chemicals. It's just like, you need it. You have a feeling. You feel good. You get a little horny. It's natural.

1-800-WET-MAMA: I think it's more spiritual. There is a biological connection—don't get me wrong. I just think the spiritual connection is more important. I don't believe in love at first sight; I think a real relationship just takes time. Friendship and caring has to come first before there can be love.

▶ *Would you agree with Milton Friedman's thesis that economic freedom and political freedom are the same?*

I NEED A SPANKING (011-188-444-9797): I don't think anyone's going to be economically or politically free in this country. I really don't.

BOOBS—PINCH THEM, SQUEEZE THEM, WATCH THEM BOUNCE (212-864-6436): Give me a break! What are you talking about?

SPY: *You have no opinions on Milton Friedman's economic theories?*

Who's Milton Friedman?

An economist.

Uh-huh. Well, tell me about his economic policies. I'm really interested. Tell me about Milton Friedman. He makes me hot.

Are you making fun of me?

No, seriously. You sound very intelligent.

▶ *Does art lead society or reflect it?*

1-900-408-WETT: I think it kind of reflects it. I don't think it changes the future.

LEZBO LINE (212-970-LESB): I think it's a reflection.

▶ *Do you think that Hillary Clinton is being treated fairly by the media?*

1-900-937-BUTT: I think the media treats everyone badly. Extremely bad. I don't think anyone deserves to have their private lives butted into, and what they do behind closed doors is private.

▶ *With the recent cancellation of funding for the Supercollider, do you think that science is moving in a more practical, rather than theoretical, direction?*

SHOOT IN THE MOUTH (1-800-550-UCUM): I think science is moving in the right direction. It's not really theoretical, because it's an exact thing. One thing I know is that it's keeping people alive a lot longer, but at the same time I think it's very wrong to keep someone alive that should die.

▶ *So you support euthanasia?*

SHOOT IN THE MOUTH: Yes I do, I support euthanasia. I don't believe in making people suffer.

▶ *When do you think the U.S. should intervene in foreign conflicts? Why did we get involved in Somalia and Kuwait, but not Bosnia and Rwanda?*

PLEASE—DON'T HURT ME (011-373-999-9855): I live in the Caribbean Islands—I know nothing of these things.

SPICY HOT PHONE SEX (1-800-WILD-SEX): The way I look at wars, is that I don't worry about them unless they're on my front lawn.

▶ *Was the bombing of Nagasaki necessary?*

MY SISTER DOES IT LIVE: No. It might have helped some, but it killed a lot of innocent people.

▶ *Is the American Dream dead?*

1-800-937-BUTT: The classic American Dream with the white picket fence and a house in the country and all that? I love that kind of dream. That's the kind of life I live. I have a really nice cabin on 25 acres with a sun deck, and I lie out and I sunbathe nude all the time, and I have a garden and a backyard and I do a lot of horseback riding.

▶ *How can we get back to traditional family values?*

ALL MALE PARTYLINE (212-550-6338):

Straight people are too quick to divorce and in gay relationships they're just too quick to dump each other. Like they could be in a relationship, and they see another hot ass out there, you know?

▶ *Does the fashion industry have a positive or negative impact on society?*

BUILT TO BANG (212-977-SLUT): I don't really know, honey. I don't know much about fashion.

▶ *Whose responsibility are the homeless?*

1-800-853-KINK: I don't know, but I'll tell you something right now. Did you know that the people who commit these crimes, these robberies and murders and rapes, are getting three meals a day, air conditioning, cable television? They get visitation rights and showers. You got all these people living it up.

▶ *Do you think the sexes will ever be equal?*

1-900-GAY-BOYZ: I think men will always have the upper hand. Women may know how to manipulate heterosexual men, but I think men will always come out on top. I really don't think women should have the upper hand anyway, because they're too crazy. I totally respect women, but I think if they had control it would be screwed up. They get on their periods and they go crazy. I don't think they're chemically balanced.

DIRTY HOUSEWIVES (212-970-7436): No, not completely. Not at all. No matter what anyone says. —*Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck*



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Howie at the Superstore

Literary Backscratching

By Howard Kaplan

"I am impressed by its historical sweep and its strategic vision. It represents strategic thinking at its best."
Zbigniew Brzezinski on Richard Nixon's *Seize the Moment*
"Global in scope…profound… brilliant analysis…absolutely must reading."
Nixon on Brzezinski's *Out of Control*

"What an intriguing novel! I was dumbfounded by Korda's deep understanding of what goes on inside of an actor and an actress."
Kirk Douglas on Michael Korda's *Curtain*
"*The Gift* is about courage and grace—and who would know better than Kirk Douglas, whose life and career have exemplified both for so many years!"
Korda on Douglas' *The Gift*

"There are poems of love, fear, grieving, connection, identity, but they are always from a particular life and for us in the best sense poems can be for the reader, to enlarge us as we interact with her wise music."
Marge Piercy on Adrienne Rich's *An Atlas of the Difficult World*
"As always, Piercy writes with high intelligence, love for the world, ethical passion and innate feminism."
Rich on Piercy's *He, She, and It*

Eventually, all celebrities write autobiographies, and what they say about each other is an interesting guide to status. Occasionally, however, famous friends of equal status will both write autobiographies and devote equal attention to one another. Here are a few examples.

Jim Lehrer on Robert MacNeil:
"He was a well-spoken, well-traveled Canadian.... His father had been a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman who loved words and the sea.... He knew the difference between Bordeaux and Burgundy and between a Bordeaux and a Burgundy."
—*A Bus of My Own*
MacNeil on Lehrer:
"His mind is like a laser.... It is a very American mind, totally free of cant and pretension."
—*At the Right Time and in the Right Place*

Terry Waite on Terry Anderson:
"I could spend hours talking to Terry; he is an excellent communicator. We speak late at night and early in the morning. I feel guilty at times as I seek information from him with the urgency of a thirsty man looking for water. He is very patient."
—*Taken on Trust*
Anderson on Waite:
"Terry cannot seem to understand that there are things he does that drive the rest of us crazy.... Often, each of us just wants to be alone and undisturbed with our thoughts... TW wants to talk all the time, no matter what."
—*Den of Lions*

Kirk Douglas on Lauren Bacall:
"I went out occasionally with Betty Bacall. She was a junior at the Academy, not more than 15 or 16 years old. I was a senior, and had been in summer stock, so Betty looked up to me and I think had kind of a schoolgirl crush. She lived near the Schrafft's where I worked, and she would come over, usually alone, sit at one of my tables and nurse a cup of coffee for an hour."
—*The Ragman's Son*
Bacall on Douglas:
"I had a wild crush on Kirk.... He became a busboy at Schrafft's on Broadway and 86th Street, then a waiter. Of course I'd drag a friend in, or my mother, and we'd order one thing, as we couldn't afford much in the way of extras."
—*By Myself*

G. Gordon Liddy on Timothy Leary:
"Handsome, articulate, and charismatic...."—*Will*
Leary on Liddy:
"[O]bviously a stand-in for Inspector Clouseau."
—*Flashbacks*

Books We Stopped Reading After the First Line or Two

"She had never really believed love could be like this. Her whole being sang."—*The Back of Beyond*, by Barbara Bickmore (Kensington Books)

"Was it the bourbon or the dye fumes that made the pink walls quiver like vaginal lips?"—*Suicide Blonde*, by Darcey Steinke (Atlantic Monthly Press)

"A slender hand armed with blood-red fingernails reached out from a narrow niche in the dimly lit corridor and dug into Miguel Cardiga's muscular thigh."—*The Gift*, by Kirk Douglas (Warner Books)

PAT HARBRON

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"Bartender! Another shot of redeye for my friend."

You may have heard people say they dislike bourbon. I think I've figured out why.

When this nation was wild and woolly, men coming off the trail were not in the mood for a mild-mannered whisky.

Back then, if it didn't "blow your ears off," it just wasn't considered fit to drink.

Well, my father wasn't interested in making bourbon the way it was supposed to taste. He wanted to create a good-natured, mild-mannered whisky.

Maybe that's why, even today, a lot of folks tell us they don't like bourbon, but they sure do enjoy the taste of Maker's Mark.

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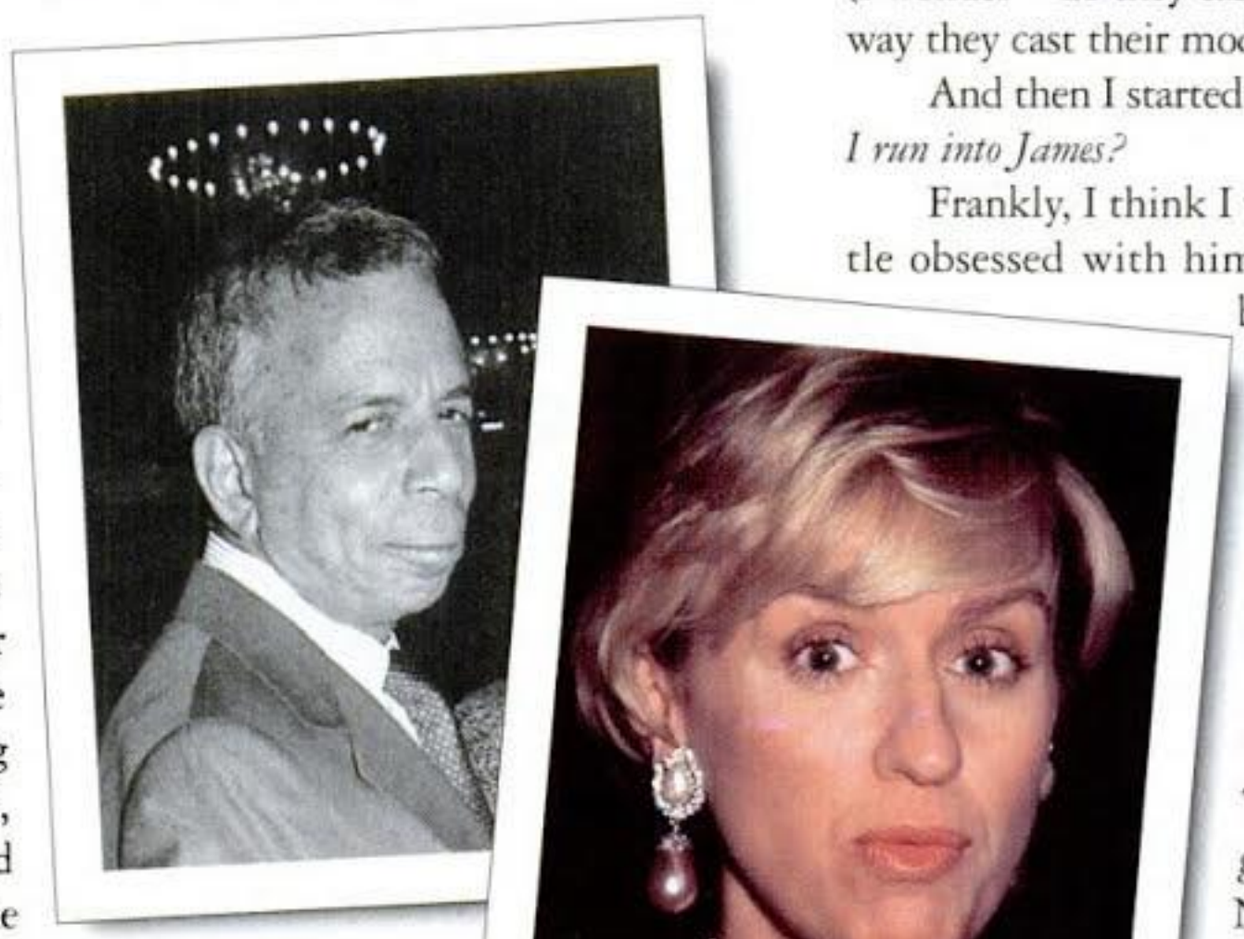
Condé Nast—The Novel



Dear Diary:

This is kind of embarrassing, but I think I'm becoming obsessed with James Truman. Yes, I know everybody is these days, but this is different. My father the psychiatrist (and absolutely the smartest man I know) tells me I should use this journal to vent some of my confusion, frustration—yes, even anger. It will also serve, hopefully, as the rough underpinning for my novel-to-be and the subsequent miniseries—the one that's going to get me out of here.

So why on earth would a college-educated, 26-year-old woman be so passionately addled? Simple—just be an assistant editor at Condé Nast for four years.



It's always been something of a love and loathing relationship but, after all, did I spend that year in Florence—studying Renaissance poetry, no less—just to keep track of my editor's leg-waxing appointments at Elizabeth Arden? (They don't call this place Condescending and Nasty for nothing.) What kind of journalists are these people? There must be something about six-figure clothing allowances, round-the-clock limousine service, and lunches at the Royalton's 44 that make you believe you're royalty.

And what was that TV commercial all about? The one that aired during Game 3 of the Knicks–Rockets finals? "At Condé Nast Publications, content comes first." Right, and people buy *Playboy* for the articles. Do any of these editors really believe that line about conveying ideas? But then, I guess if I were bought off, and forgot I had been, I'd call it Magazine Heaven too.

Okay, so I was a bit cranky this morning, walking towards *Self* editor in chief Alexandra Penney's corner office, carrying a "hot new" book by a "hot new" writer that my own prima donna editor commanded me to hand-deliver.

There must be something about six-figure clothing allowances and 24-hour limo service that makes you feel like royalty.

Even my low-fat cappuccino from New World didn't perk me up. Going to the *Self* (dubbed *Vogue* with high-tops) floor at any time of the day is pretty depressing, but first thing in the morning it's positively wicked.

The problem, specifically, is those mirrors in the reception area. I don't normally think I look bad in my official Condé uniform (bob, miniskirt, DKNY blazer—all bought at Saks Fifth Avenue), it's just that having to share my reflection with all these blonde giantess-cum-volleyball-player types…well, insecurity crept in. (I wonder—do they cast their visitors the way they cast their models?)

And then I started thinking, *What if I run into James?*

Frankly, I think I was actually a little obsessed with him even before his big move uptown (literally and figuratively) to become Condé Nast's head honcho, top dog, big shot—the editorial director of all the magazines. That's right, the great King Si Newhouse's crown prince (bugles flourish). He's just such a babe.

Anyway, when I walked into Penney's office I noticed that at least she'd ditched the gauche glass table and velvet chairs for her new homey, Shaker-style wooden desk. Penney's done nicely for herself, courtesy of her best-selling *How to Make Love to a Man*. Her elegant Sutton Place apartment even made it into the last issue of *HG*, which, sadly, King Si exterminated when he bought *Architectural Digest*.

I wonder if it's true that Si has an understanding with Veronis, Suhler &

ASHTRAY, MATCHES, AND RECEIPT PHOTOS BY DAVID COOK

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Associates—those power brokers and investment bankers of the magazine industry—that when it comes to magazine auctions, he'll pay $X million more than the highest bidder. Is that how he got *Architectural Digest*?

"Hi, Pam! Great look."

Amazingly, Penney acknowledged my humble presence even as she was on the phone with her then-publisher, Larry Burstein, plotting seating arrangements for some function or other. It's gratifying to know that at this stratospheric level of journalism the professionals are focusing on core issues. I mean, it's not that I'm insensitive to the allure (sorry, couldn't resist) of the bottom line; it's just hard for me to understand how the holy divide between edit and advertising stays intact when the editor regularly goes to The Four Seasons with the publishers and the guys at Chanel.

So Penney finally hangs up and, of course, her assistant buzzes her again immediately.

"Hi, Tommy!"

It's Tom Tisch, a *Self* contributing editor and son of *that* Tisch. Penney, like the rest of the editors here, can't be bothered by anyone but New York's A-list—but don't think for a minute that the son of Larry, the billionaire deconstructionist of CBS, isn't earning every cent of his six-figure salary. I'm sure Mr. Investment's advice on how women can improve their inner and outer selves while trimming inches off their thighs is a *must* read.

My 15-second audience with Penney apparently was up, so I placed the book on her desk and slipped out of there, fast. Poor Alex—her elegance does not extend into her real life, as they call it. She's considered something of the crass, adopted child in the Condé Nast family, though I hear Si likes her dirty jokes at cocktail parties.

On my way back, you guessed it, I ran into James. He was, of course, wearing that devastatingly subtle monochromatic black suit/gray shirt ensemble. Did I mention he's a babe? But what does he *do* all day long? These editors don't seem to think they need a tutorial; somehow I don't see them lining up for instruction.

I mean, what are Truman's conversations like?

"Hi, Tina. This is James. How's 'Talk of the Town' going? Can I help? Well, next week then."

"Graydon, James. Leslie's piece, it's a little obvious, right? I mean, she's playing 'gotcha' with the First Lady...What?! Already gone to press? Okay. All right. Catch you later."

When Gabé was Anna's secretary at Vogue, she quickly went from being coffee girl to editing features. No climbing up the ladder for her.

"Hi, Anna. What's new in fashion? Life at *Vogue* still fabulous? Free for lunch? No? Okay, no problem."

"Si, it's James. Si, (sigh), I don't think they like me."

And there's a more important question about him, too. I hear he's been married, but that doesn't tell me anything. I mean, what is this about writing in his farewell letter to *Details*' (male) readers, "I'm sorry we never got to sleep together"? I understand boys think it's cool to be coy about their sexuality, and *Details* certainly isn't shy about courting a gay audience—well, not usually. There's an open secret that they had to fudge the results of their first sex survey because too many of the readers turned out to be gay for advertisers' tastes. But does his cagey little sign-off mean something? Or is it just a pose, like that guy from Suede?



Still, I heard from a friend that last summer James had a fling with a woman he met in San Francisco. She was the editor of a certain edge-culture magazine and it seems he knew her initially only by phone. But when they met and he had a few too many martinis... Word is he's supposed to be good.

Now *that's* cheerful.

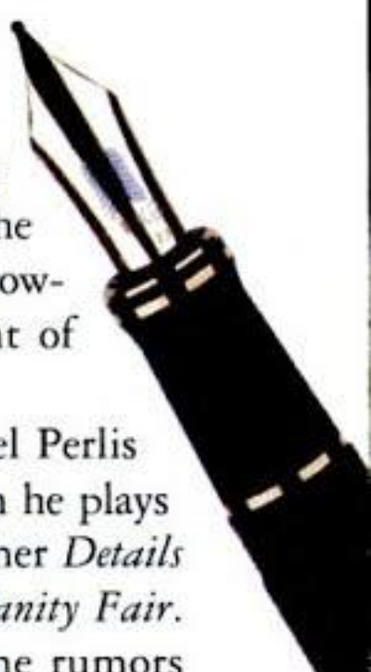
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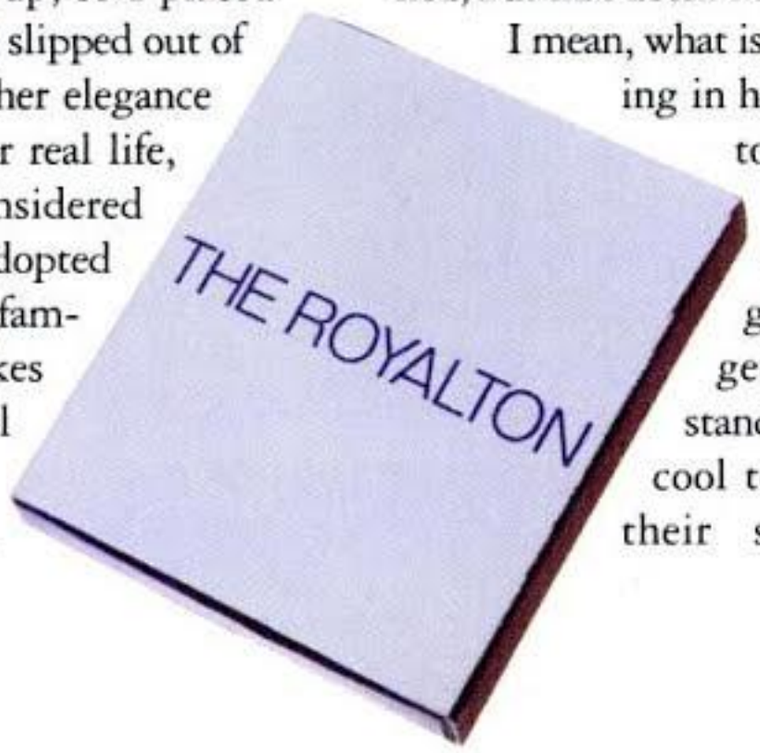
Dear Diary:

Steve Florio (sans pinky ring these days) is making sure his publisher minions know he's the grand poobah now that he's been anointed Condé Nast president. Now that he doesn't have to play courtier to Tina at the *New Yorker*, Steve can start throwing his considerable amount of body fat around.

First, he imports Michael Perlis from *Playboy* to *Details*. Then he plays nice to James, elevating former *Details* publisher Mitchell Fox to *Vanity Fair*. (Fox cheerfully planted some rumors about *VF*'s Kathy Neisloss Leventhal getting the boot. Why else would *Women's Wear Daily* publish the news weeks before the announcement?)

After the item ran, dashing and sincere Florio pledged in a *VF* sales meeting that Kathy is staying put. Right. His case is equally compelling in the memos he's





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been circulating about needing to trim costs like limo and taxi expenses. Just don't touch my Mangia lunch money, Steve. King Si knows us lowly assistant editors need to eat something at our cubicles. How else are we going to digest all these shakeups?

People around here were still getting used to the return of Ron "I'll Be Nice This Time" Galotti, who spent a couple of melancholy months in exile at *Esquire* after being fired from *Vanity Fair*. Now at *Vogue*, word is the salespeople are worried that Ron will repeat his threats to fire them for not getting their nails manicured. Classy.

Ditto for Ron's dominatrix-style-leather-clad wife, *Ladies' Home Journal* publisher Donna Galotti.

Theory: Editors have to reflect—in age, lifestyle, and attitude—their magazine audience. Look at Tina. During her tenure at *Vanity Fair,* she said something like, "If you don't like me, you won't like my magazine."

Here's a little joke about Tina: Despite the rapid ascent of her career, she still has her fear of heights. Apparently, she was being photographed once for a story, and they wanted a shot of her high above the city. But when she stepped out onto the balcony, she let out a horrible scream! The photographers and their assistants were all summarily dismissed and sworn to secrecy.

So, back to my theory about editors. Si apparently applied the same kind of logic to *Mademoiselle*. Gabé Doppelt was young (30), hip, and modern—a demographic older sister and, not coincidentally, good friends with Tina and Anna. (When Gabé was Anna's secretary at *Vogue,* she quickly went from coffee girl to editing feature sections. No working up the ladder for her.) But she did seem a natural to take over the stagnating *Mlle*. Everybody really liked Gabé, and it was a fun, cool atmosphere. So of course it couldn't last.

When Lucy Sissman—*Allure*'s art director—called it quits, Alex Liberman talked her into taking on *Mlle*, probably with the intention of turning it into *Allure*, Jr. Lucy, of course, was given carte blanche, and set about spending a fortune—even by Condé Nast standards. (The fridge in the art department was reportedly kept well-stocked with Perrier.) She also ripped everything apart, creating internecine warfare among her, Gabé, and fiscally responsible managing editor Dana Cowin. But the staff kept themselves entertained by watching the huge fights—complete with screaming and flinging papers—through Gabé's courtyard window.



I mean, what is this about James writing in his farewell letter to *Details'* (male) readers, "I'm sorry we never got to sleep together"?

None of which would have mattered terribly if it weren't for some of the media directors. You know the type: sophisticated, 50-plus-year-old men with deep tans and gray bangs (the ones who opine so knowledgeably on the tastes of young women). They voiced disapproval on certain of Gabé's editorial choices—such as lesbian twins and masturbation. Which translated, *naturellement*, into lost advertising revenue.

So, with the vigor King Si reserves for moments like this, he banished Gabé from the kingdom. Whack! She's now hawking jeans on MTV's new home-shopping thing.

I can almost see him, shorter than me in my flats, sporting his usual outfit—leather slippers and Armani sweatshirt—stepping out of his limo and scampering up to his office at 4:30 A.M. And that tiny voice of his—I guess when you get to be that powerful, you can speak in a whisper and still be heard. And of course Lucy ("I'll never work for Condé Nast again") Sissman gives up, too—though I hear she's working on a documentary about Liberman.

See, these people don't have employers, they have benefactors. Sort of like Miss Havisham. Why can't I be so lucky?

JUNE 16, 1994
Dear Diary:

Okay, here's an opposing theory: professional editors are professional editors. They don't have to be their audience, they just have to be professional.

Enter Elizabeth Crow, the 40-something CEO from Gruner & Jahr. When Si introduced her to the staff at *Mlle*, she boldly announced her vision for the magazine: *To teach and talk about relationships*. Furthermore, she told her hip, young employees, she wanted most of her staff to be married, so that they would know what good relationships were like. Needless to say, the staff was largely unmarried.

It was not long before they were calling her "the old crow." And things got worse when her first editor's letter was passed around the entire office and openly laughed at for its cluelessness.



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(Was there any mischievous zeal when, for the accompanying photo, the art department retouched the hell out of her face, getting rid of every line?)

The subsequent mass exodus included the entire art department, half of fashion, and Elizabeth Salzman—the rich-yet-cool socialite editor who was well-connected in New York and Hollywood.

Someone said Salzman called Crow a "frumpy old maid." Then again, according to my friend's mother, who knew Crow as a Germanic technocrat at *New York* magazine in the seventies, she was always a frumpy old maid—even when she was 30.

Mlle may have been a mess under Gabé, but under Crow it is once again predictably boring. Crow apparently sees herself as a one-woman crusader against the waif look—fine, but her obsession with bland, middle-American models ("meaty girls with healthy cheeks" she calls them) is just dull. So far, her major contributions to the magazine are five, count 'em, five Q&A sections. Clearly, she doesn't know the questions and she sure doesn't know the answers. But who am I to complain?

Just, say, her audience.

P.S. I was just thinking about the piece on James that *New York* did a while back: "While editors at Condé Nast live in constant, fearful awareness of their instant disposability, Truman has tenure: The job, Newhouse says, is intended to be a position for life...."

You might have a job-for-life, but you don't actually have a *job*. (A small "detail.") James, I know you're just getting a highly-paid tutorial with Alex Liberman, and that *Glamour*'s grande dame, Ruth Whitney, is advising you, too. (Just keep in mind, she is 65, and friends tell me that if you don't schedule story meetings before one of her occasional naps, you're screwed for the day.)

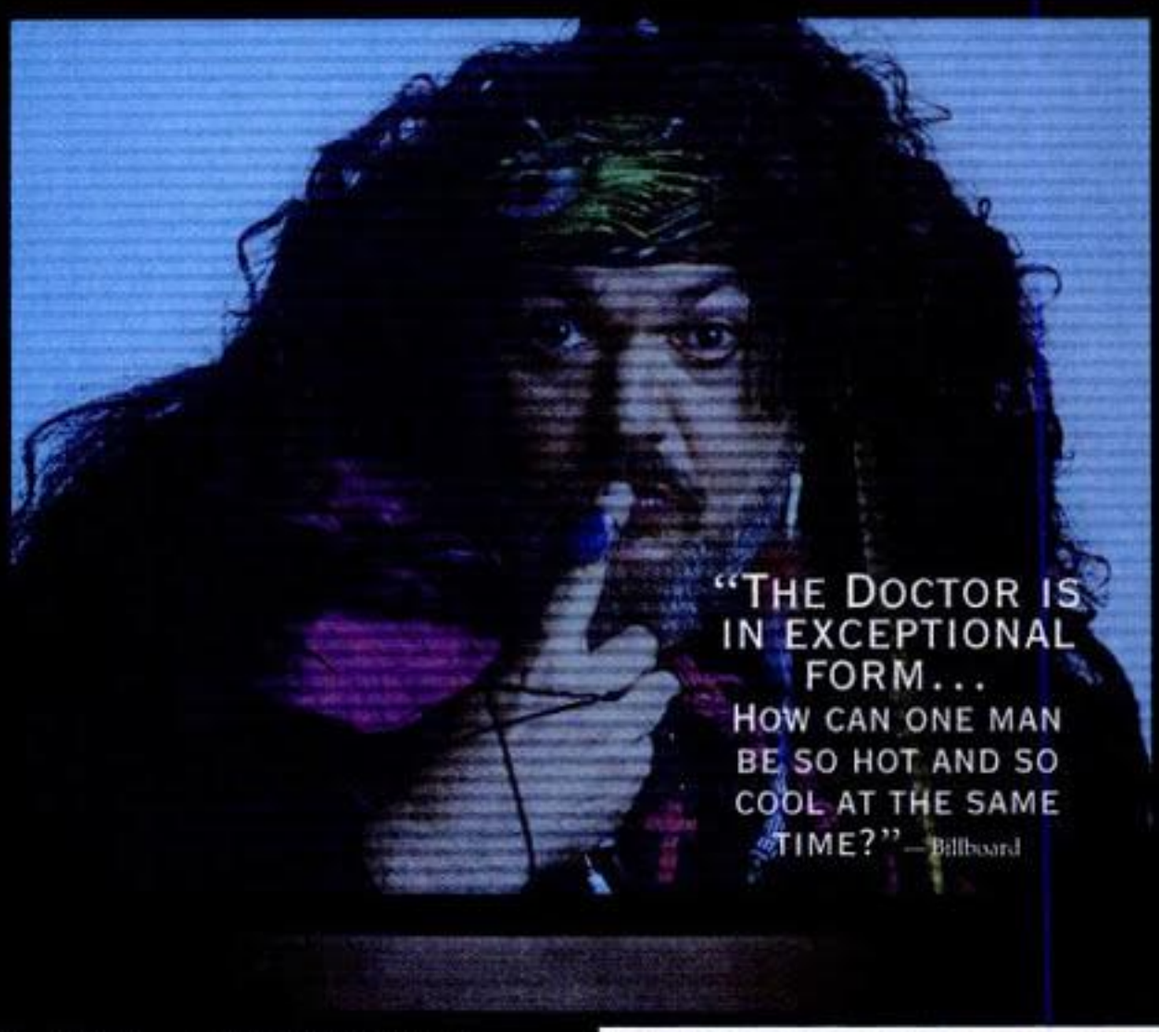
Oh, James, don't let me be an outsider, too. You seem to have a wry sense of humor. How else could you be so cool amid all this madness? Let's get to know each other. I can be trusted. *Really*.

—Pam Hunter

"PROFESSOR LONGHAIR'S WITTIEST PIANO HEIR... HIS ORIGINALS SIZZLE" —Rolling Stone

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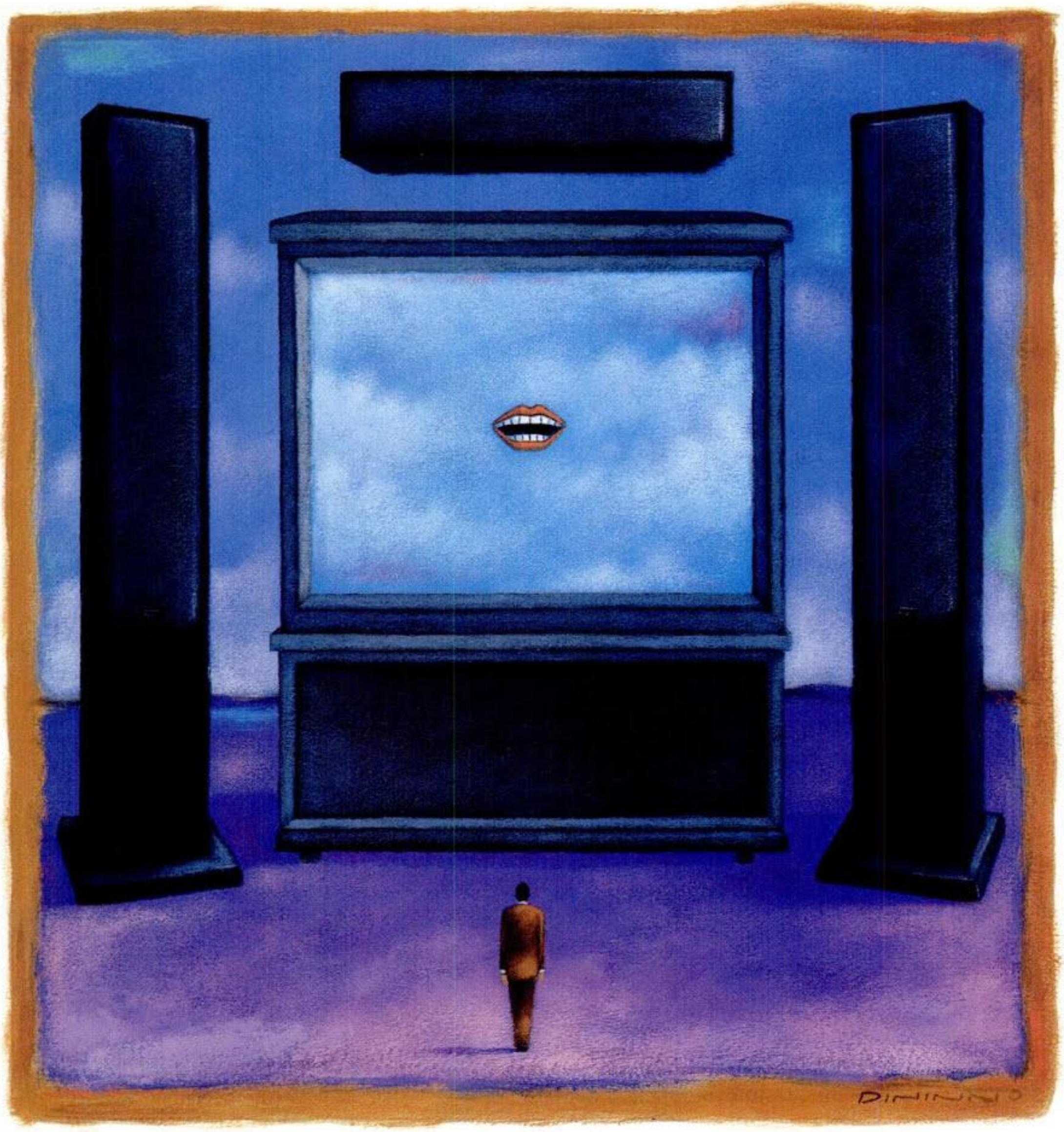
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The Law of Averageness

A few years ago, I was asked by the *Washington Post* to do a profile of Tom Cruise. I made the mistake of telling his publicist that I was a semiologist. She instantly backed away. She said I would *define* him, and that, in the pages of the *Post*, I might bring along the other journalists to my point of view. Which could end his career.

"Thank you for your interest," she said. "We prefer to deal with the second-tier press, the dumb press." And that's my take on why, just as flesh is excised, so the actual L.A. is excised from *Melrose Place*. Thou shalt not know Cruise or L.A.

The scenography of *Melrose Place* is supposed to be glamorous West L.A. But it's not West L.A. at all. Hollywood/L.A. is not about women. Don't think, as you follow Amanda's machinations, you're anthropologizing the place. Hollywood is a men's club, and everything is accomplished by its players with utterly silken manners. It is not about *Melrose Place*-like insipidity. And it is not about Amanda-like backstabbing.

Hollywood is in the business not only of manufacturing those images called films, but also self-image. It simultaneously hides from you its opulence and its ruthless intelligence, its ruthless male intelligence. Hollywood is about males in their 40s, 50s, and 60s *dealmaking*, using Heather Locklear and Andrew Shue as fronts.

Hollywood is about the finest material wealth our country can offer. But *Melrose Place* cannot show the American public that which is the goal of West Coast ambition, this sybarisis (the condition of being addicted to pleasure and luxury). Why? Because the American public is too downwardly mobile in these times. Because the lords of L.A. don't want to draw you there to be a screenwriter. Hollywood doesn't want you to move to L.A. It wants you to be caught in your averageness, in Toledo, Ohio.



se•mi•ot•ics/
sē-mē-ˈät-iks\ *n.* The study of **signs,** their signification, and the **codes** that produce those signs.

Iphone Izzy, a thoughtful 13-year-old fan, who breaks open the show for me—Gen Y on Gen X: "I like it because everything that happens is so utterly unrealistic. Your fiancée dies, then your ex-wife's sister blackmails you to marry her. And your fiancée comes back, and your ex-wife's sister gets framed."

What she's telling me is, the problem is reality. She also tells me that she thinks the characters are all "idiots." Which they are. They utter nothing but clichés. Look at this dialogue between Sydney, the hooker, and Michael, the doctor. The two are walking in their bathrobes on the sand at Malibu. It's clearly post-coital.

MICHAEL: Makes you feel like you could take over the world.
SYDNEY: You've already done that…I've been thinking you're right.
MICHAEL: I'm always right.

Utter vapidity, utter mediocrity. In his 1978 essay "The Image," Roland Barthes writes that stupidity is "being-there, completely naked, in its splendour." He's describing existence without mind, fact unirrigated by idea. Trivial pursuits are stupid. All of *Jeopardy* is stupidity. Merv Griffin told me he created *Jeopardy* for the average, for those who hadn't been to college—who would look on the show's facts as ideas. And the average, forgive me, are stupid, filled to the point of vomiting with facts, just the facts.

Look at Umberto Eco's recently published translation of "The Phenomenology of Mike Bongiorno" (Mike Good-day or Mike Hello). Mike Bongiorno has, for eons, been host of *Wheel of Fortune*-like Italian quiz shows. Eco writes: "Television does not propose *superman* as an ideal with which to identify: it proposes *everyman.* Television's idea is the absolutely average person."

That is, in quantitative terms, the median. "A man who possesses all the moral and intellectual virtues to an average degree," he continues, "immediately

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finds himself at a minimal level of development."

We call such a person a mediocrity. Rejecting the idea that a question can have more than one answer, Mike Bongiorno, who drives clichés to their extreme, "is an ideal that nobody has to strive for," says Eco, "because everyone is already at its level. No religion has ever been so indulgent to its faithful. In him the tension between what is and what should be is annulled. He says to his worshippers, 'You are God, stay exactly as you are.'"

Well, that's what the bimbos of *Melrose Place* say to its viewers—save Amanda, the only one with *some* intelligence and *plenty* sexiness.

Take cutie Allison. She's talking to her man-to-be, Billy. Her parents are going to foot the bill for the wedding. They've hired a Beverly Hills caterer, but Billy doesn't want a big ceremony. Allison says, "It'll make me happy, and when I'm happy, you're happy."

As with Mike Bongiorno, there's not the slightest pretense to rhetoricity here, not the slightest shame for uttering the cliché.

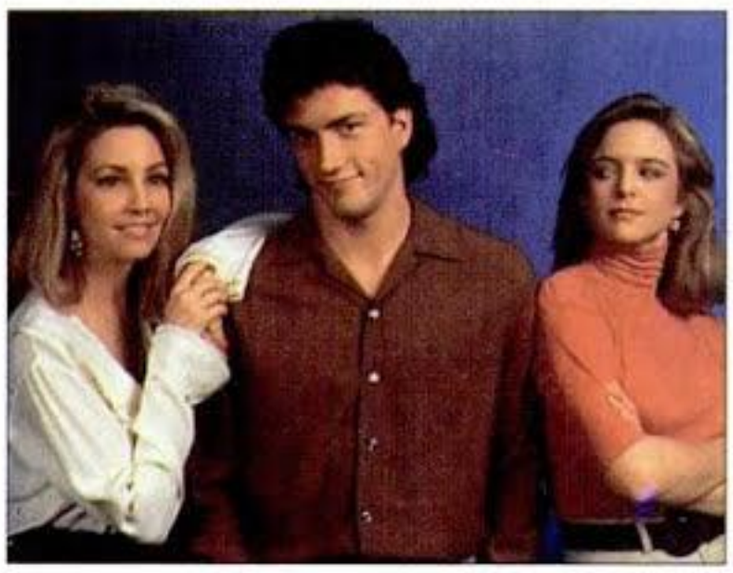
You are God. Stay exactly as you are.

This is outrageously important, because if there's no need for the viewer to be ambitious, then he or she doesn't have to strive. They can look at their Mike Bongiorno and already know that they have arrived where they need to be. The average viewer is laughing, utterly unaware of what averageness does to you, that it makes you feel superior to the averageness that you are watching. That it annuls the desire to be *un*average. That it kills ambition.

Aaron Spelling is probably not conscious of this, but he has created a work of ideological deception, whose victim is Generation X. Mediocracy by telecracy, by the power of television.

In *Melrose Place*, as in life, relationships come and go, but there is always The Group. The Group is worth more than any individual, including one's lover, who is always on the verge of being a transient anyway. The Group friendship is a survivalist friendship because relationships do not last. It's only The Group—not love—that can provide the toolkit for survival.

Amanda, played by Heather Locklear, is at once the leader of the pack (as in wolf pack) and the outsider. She's not part of the twentysomething crowd—she's 35. Amanda is allowed to do things that the others are not allowed to do. She is allowed a permanent scowl. She is also allowed to own Melrose Place. Amanda is not among the constrained, but at a price: she's also not afforded the general group empathy.



The average viewer is laughing, utterly unaware of what **averageness** does to you: it makes you feel **superior** to the average; it annuls the desire to be *un*-average; it **kills** ambition.

What's also fascinating is that Amanda's mother, played by Linda Gray, looks great. (Linda's gotten a set of new lips, or so it looks to me.) As a matter of fact, the mother doesn't look any older than the daughter. Guess what? The oldest that you get in the world that's being promised these people is 35. You're never going to get unbeautiful. You're never going to age. And more than that: when you do get to get old, you get what Linda Gray gets now—a new show, a spinoff called *Models, Inc.*

It's the American dream to be given a spinoff.

Melrose Place grabs the collective unconscious in another way, as well. Every fad in America finds itself sooner or later pastiched on this show. The fad du jour is false memory: Daddy, abuser. So what do we have in the marriage sequence? Allison has flashbacks of her father sexually molesting her.

We've got homosexuals in the military in the news and, there's a gay naval officer. Hell, you don't need to read the newspaper, just watch *Melrose Place.*

There's another cultural site that pastiches the culture—the pornography industry. In its thematics, it is often a parasite industry. Howard Stern's *Butt Bongo Fiesta* begets *Butt Bongo Babes*. The Lorena Bobbitt trial begets *Use It Or Lose It. Beverly Hills 90210: Beverly Hills 90669*. And so on.

When the culture belched up Heidi Fleiss last summer, *Melrose Place* of course made Sydney turn a trick or two, even as porn master Ron Sullivan (aka Henri Pachard) directed *The Heidi Flesh Scandal*.

I've become utterly convinced that the show is an ongoing porn video—with all the good parts excised. This isn't even hotel porn; this is sub-hotel porn. Billy says to his fiancée, "Allison, I thought you wanted to wait until we got married." Allison says, "I don't think I can wait another minute." And she climbs on top of him.

But guess what? Cut-cut-cut. Not once do we see flesh. For the Melrose audience, the body is unusable (AIDS and other maladies); therefore, the desire for the body has to be rechanneled into superficiality, surface, image.

Melrose Place is not a soap opera. It is a hyper-whirligig. Witness its hyperventilated use of the proairetic code. Proairetic code is, very simply, the code of actions. *And-then-and-then-and-then.* We human beings do a number of things. We make careers. We ask questions. We seduce. We love. We create. We go on outings. We knock on doors and so on and so forth. The fascinating thing is that we don't know why we do the different things we do. We've never

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been able to figure it out, although we speculate. (Boy, do we speculate, with all the frailties of speculation, otherwise called hermeneutics).

In his canonical book *S/Z*, Barthes found Balzac's short novel *Sarrasine* brilliant, in part because Balzac introduces a number of strings of action, producing an almost biological need to get to the end of each string and frustration of that need.

Let me explain. Say you start a string of actions: going to the theater. Your character enters the building and takes his seat. But his seat is between two fat clergymen, and they're squeezing him. This is a new narrative string: what's he going to do about his discomfort? Then he realizes he's also close to the front of the stage—a third string: taking pleasure. Each string is frustrating the other, and that's *Melrose Place*—far superior to anything Balzac could produce, dare I say. Each scene is the running of two or three or four action-proairetic sequences.

What that's producing is the head whirligigging. Even my Izzy, the diehard fan, couldn't get all the names and actions straight. "Is this the one that got kidnapped?" And that's not Izzy's fault. That is the product called "Izzy's cognition" of Aaron Spelling Productions. That is utterly new in the history of American television.

Melrose Place is about story, but not about story as we have known it—a tension leading to a denouement, an epiphany of knowledge leading to the famous catharsis. This avoids catharsis. That's because we do not want a resting place. We want a perpetually charged population, always ready to go shopping.

If there are not very good jobs for people in their twenties; if they are not going to be able to truly enter the second industrial revolution (the one in which creativity and ideas, not terrestrial riches, constitute wealth); if love is going to be unavailable to them; if they're going to be blocked in so many different ways, then why not drug them? What are we supposed to do—enable a vast population to understand its dead-endedness, its lost generationalness, its doom?

Cultural critic Paul Virilio said to me in Paris, "You're going to hallucinate the spectator instead of installing him in long duration, explanation, narration. You're going to fascinate him, hallucinate him by images that flow too rapidly. The tele-spectator is no longer a spectator. He's inert matter like plastic matter. Duration itself becomes more and more difficult to endure. People find it fatiguing, stressful. We are hooked on speed, both kinds."

"Why drug our people?" I asked.

"Because we no longer have need of them," he answered. "When we had need of people, there was prohibition of alcohol, of drugs. There was prohibition on sex, because we needed men to work, to make war. When you no longer need people to work nor to make war, you stockpile them."

We live in a meritocracy, where the finest rise to the top and the rest go bottom-feeding. In the post-industrial world, this meritocracy becomes an aristocracy of ideas—needing very few others, except as instruments. Also some as consumers, and some—not many—as voters. This is a formula for disaster, this dooming of most of the population. It's a formula for what Bill Moyers calls the Second Civil War, which will be fought along economic lines. It is outrageously inhumane to doom, by giving doses of averageness, by making it laugh at averageness, an entire generation. It's an outrage, it's immoral.

So for me, *Melrose Place*, while seen as the culmination of the Aaron Spelling oeuvre, is radically different from *Dynasty*, by virtue of the concentration of stupidity and the mininess of the action strings, getting in one another's way. If I can allude to another adventure of my beloved Barthes: Roland went to Tokyo not knowing a word of Japanese, and said there, referring to Paris: "To the foreigner what a rest! I am protected there against stupidity, vulgarity, vanity, mundanity, nationality, normality." Boy, that's *Melrose Place*, not Paris.—*Marshall Blonsky*

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Fame and Loathing

Is anybody still famous? It doesn't feel that way. Oh, sure, there are movie stars, and politicians, and persons-of-renown, and so forth. One has "heard of" Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi and what's-his-name from Pearl Jam. We still have Michael Jackson to kick around, and Andrea Dworkin to kick *us* around.

But the thrill is gone, the glare and the heat and the sparkle I'd hitherto associated with famousness ("hitherto" meaning "up until about 1981"). Prior to that year, I thought fame—at least as embodied in some people—gave off some compelling gamma radiation of the personally admirable. Now, though, fame seems like what a college degree was in the fifties: a credential deemed an end in itself by a society too busy, or greedy, or stupid, to care about what it meant. Once you obtained it (regardless of how), you got "a good job."

Fame itself isn't as famous as it used to be. Why, back in the bad old eighties, fame was so well known and revered that even a nonentity like myself was moved to ask myself, in all boneheaded seriousness, whether—as though choosing either the house creamy Italian or the blue cheese for my salad—I'd rather be rich or famous.

Sure, it's a contemptible question, but some of us just happen to be hardwired to ask the contemptible questions and not flinch when confronted with the often startling, meaningful, contemptible answers. My response at the time was a clear-eyed, sober, "Geez, I'd rather be famous."

I was, you see, in the grip of a sort of fear, i.e., an insecurity about whether I was, or ever would be, *important*. "Of use to someone or in the service of some cause" was, I think, almost certainly what I did *not* mean by "important." Rather, I think I meant, "known to and admired by strangers."

I know. How unevolved. Worse, how *eighties*, to seek the validation of what I laughingly call my self out in the marketplace of egos. But that's how we were back then—mad and carefree and unevolved and ravenous for something, anything, so long as it helped us not feel like a nobody. How could it have been otherwise, when nobodies—and their opposite ("celebrities")—formed the two poles between which ran the current of American culture? Popular media celebrated celebrities, while defiantly no-fun literature "explored" and "took seriously" and "unearthed important truths about" the vast Nobody population between the coasts.

Fame promised redemption from nobodihood, and, indeed, it seemed to offer automatic entry into an actual *community* of the famous, where everyone, regardless of their actual association, knew and admired and air-kissed everybody else. In that realm of existence there was—or so it appeared—light, warmth, and a perpetual sense of triumph. By which it sounds like I mean: glamour.



The eighties started off glamorous, but by the end had stripped fame of its glamour by soliciting too many people to be famous.

Inevitably, in such discussions, one is reminded of Sally Kellerman, who, I think, said in some interview or something during the eighties, "Glamour is the ability to sexually intimidate someone." This from the woman whose name is synonymous with insufferably affected commercial voiceovers.

Nonetheless, it's wrong.

I should know; the last time I remember being sexually intimidated, glamour had nothing to do with it. I was overwhelmed by sheer largeness.

It was in a chic men's casualwear shop on once-trendy Melrose Boulevard, in once-trendy L.A., where I suddenly found myself mere inches from a woman so big 'n' busty 'n' va-va-voom gorgeous that I felt instantly transformed into the hesitant, insecure adolescent I secretly always am anyway.

"You are not man enough for my magnificent breasts, and neither is your bank balance!" cried her *Mad* magazine-

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worthy cheesecake body, which was softly swathed in a pink sweatsuit.

She ignored me utterly.

I skulked past—or, really, under—her, and tried to stare unnoticed from my refuge among the astronomically priced cotton pullovers in hatefully disingenuous pastel shades. Heartbreakingly/hilariously, her companion arrived: big and absurd in *his* pajama-like gray sweats, arrogant, rich, homely as a camel—what else could this jogging-ready duo be but an aspiring starlet and her producer boyfriend? The perception infused me with a bracing mix of intellectual superiority and sexual humiliation.

If these two Hollywood cartoons are what Sally Kellerman meant by glamorous—and they probably are—then, triumphantly, and speaking as an actual intellectual who possesses a Bachelor of Arts degree, I rest my case.

To me, glamour contains a dimension of awareness—the sort of quality hinted at in the slightly antiquated description of a woman's outfit as being "smart." Glamour denotes success in the (wicked, fallen, corrupt, bad taste) public realm while hinting at private reserves of good values, good taste, good personal qualities. To be famous is to be public property; to be glamorous is to (at least seem to) be on loan to the public in one's profession, but to be privately owned by oneself.

The eighties started off glamorous, but by the end had stripped fame it of its glamour. It did this by indiscriminately soliciting too many people to be "famous." It flooded the market with cheap celebrities and drove down the value of renown itself. Fame used to discover worthy people doing worthy things—or at least it seemed so. The bestowal of fame's racy, hot-cha attentions upon its deserving subject created glamour.

Now, though, fame will chat up, go out with, and sleep on the first date with anybody. Of course there will be those literal-minded souls who contend that fame itself confers glamour. It used to, perhaps, when it was selective, but it does no more. (All it confers now is fame.)

How can it be otherwise, when the vehicle of fame is the media, now the battered wife of the advertising industry? With the exception of my favorite newspapers, magazines, and TV shows, let us say it plainly: The media are stupid. No, better, the media *is* stupid—which renders stupid those appearing within.

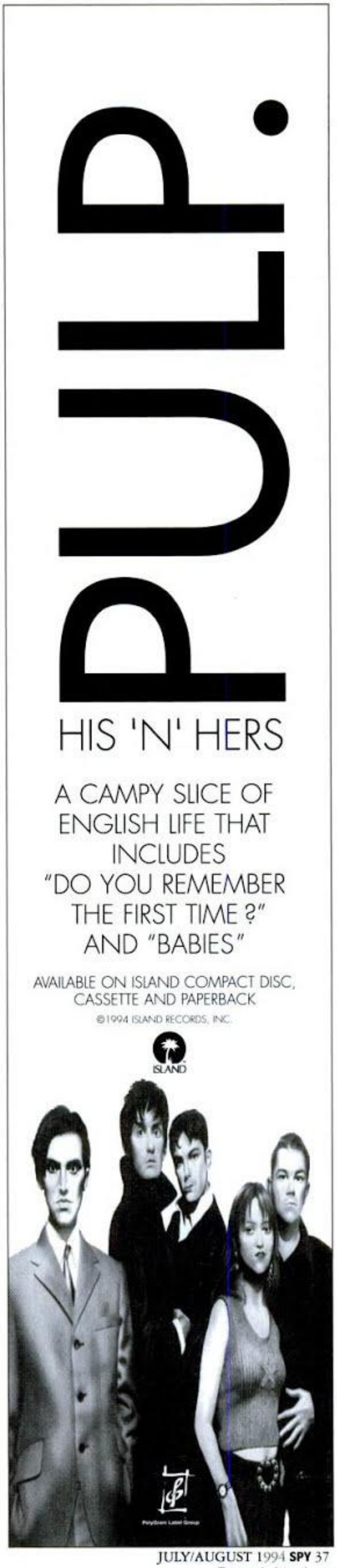
It's the reverse of the Richard Gere Effect. Just as Richard Gere makes any movie he appears in at least *seem* to think itself smarter than it really is, so—albeit in reverse—with the media, which make anyone who appears in them seem stupider than he or she might really be. The old phenomenon used to be, If you're in the (meritocratic, objective) media, you became famous, and, therefore, glamorous. The new phenomenon is, if you're in the (meretricious, sleazy) media, you must be "famous," stupid, and therefore, unglamorous.

The media are **stupid.** No, better, the media *is* stupid—which **renders** stupid all those appearing within.
It's the reverse of the **Richard Gere** Effect.

Yes, fame is no longer glamorous! What a thought. It's like saying money doesn't buy happiness, i.e., what, for God's sake, then, is the POINT? A golden prize in the public realm has been stolen and secretly replaced with an electroplated simulation. What is there to live for? Oh, sure—all the rest of life, the private realm, the kids, the hobbies, regional beers, travel, and so forth.

But if I ever accomplish something and become famous, I will be unable to convince myself that I'm important. I won't even be a celebrity. I'll still be a nobody (albeit a famous nobody), with at best the famous nobody's apotheosis to look forward to: answering Barbara Walters' fake "probing," pseudo-enlightened questions on a very special Special. Did somebody say "fear?" *That's* scary.

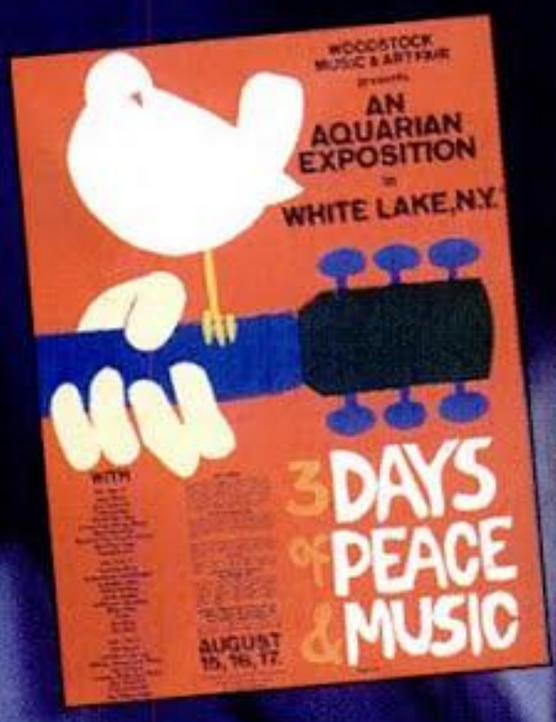
—*Ellis Wiener*



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THE ENDLESS BUMMER

Woodstock...



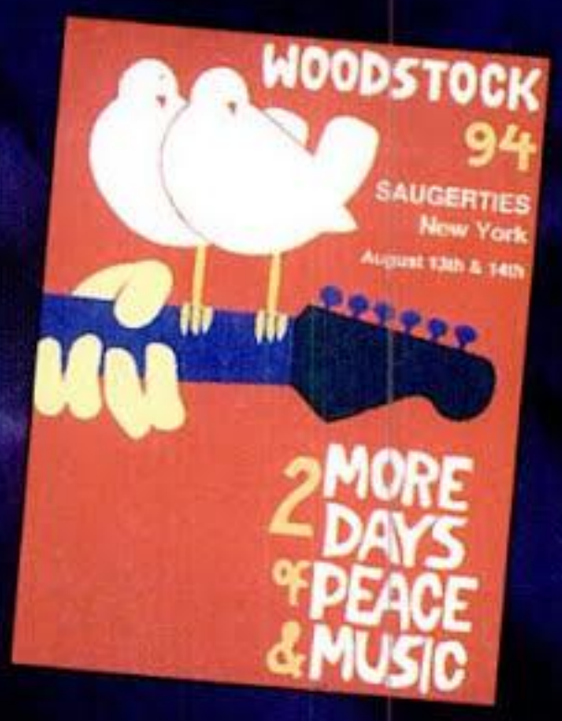






'69

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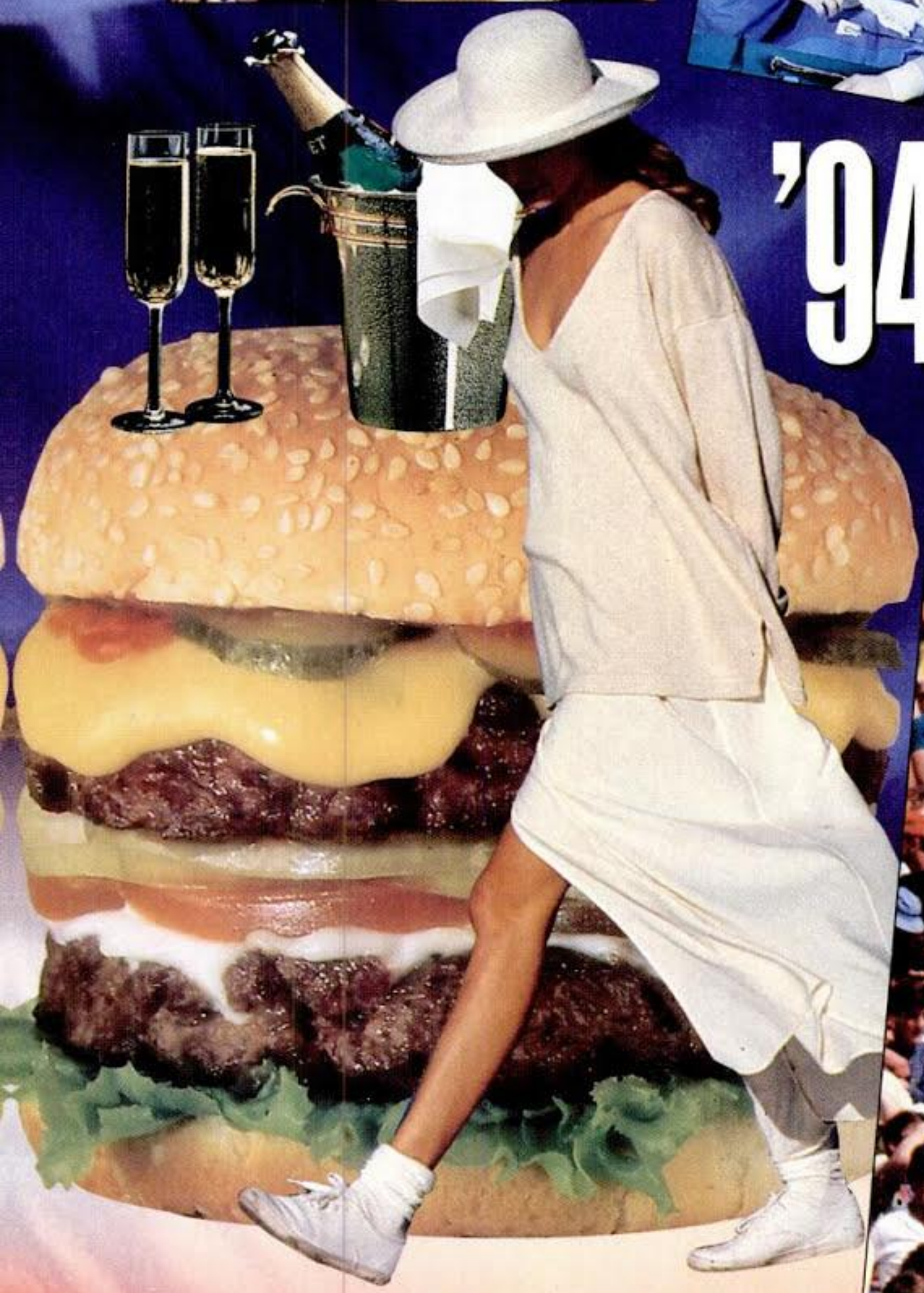
Back in August, 1969, a young SPY pulled its first major prank. That's right, we were the ones passing out the brown acid. So when plans were laid for a big Woodstock reunion—make that two big Woodstock reunions—we decided to get in on the fun again.

Redux

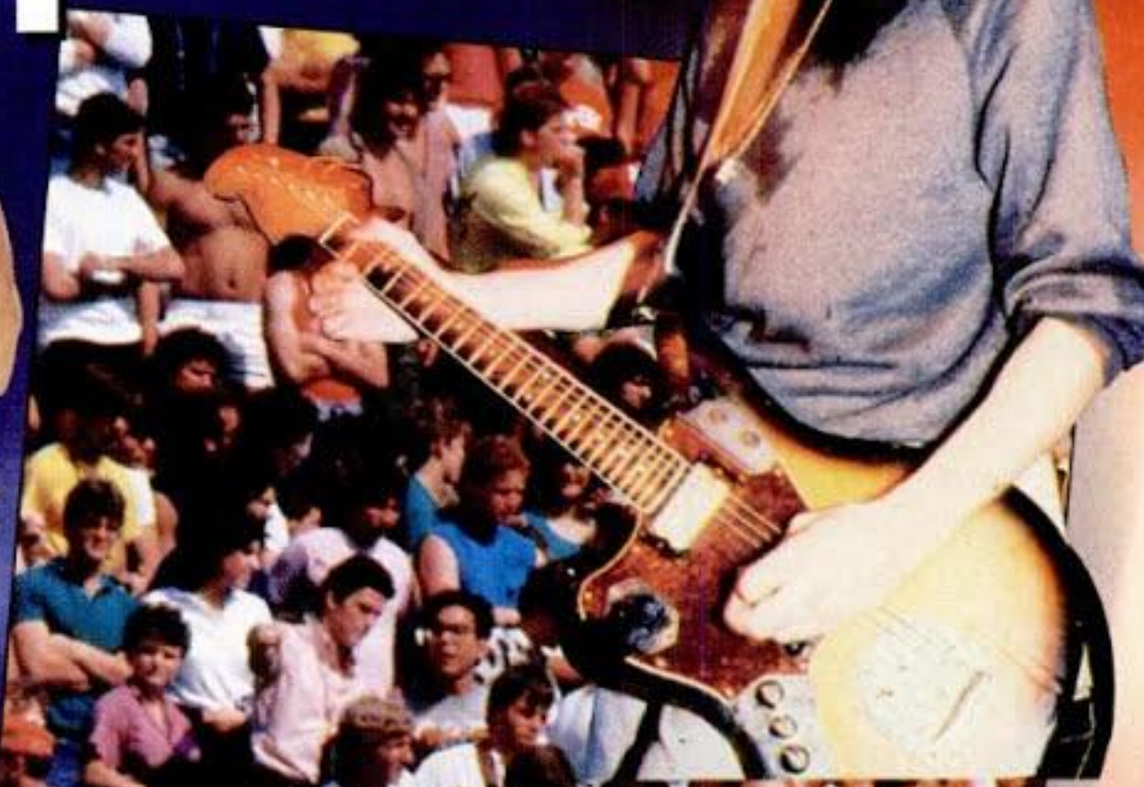








'94





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If one word can conjure up acres of mud, sleepless nights, rain-drenched days, bad drugs, and crowds of filthy strangers, it is surely Woodstock. You don't have to have been there (or even alive) when it happened. If you've seen the pictures, you know. If you've listened to the record or watched the movie—God help you—you know. By Daniel Radosh, Michael Applebaum, and Alan Abel

And now, as we've been hearing ad nauseum, comes the 25th anniversary celebration. *Why?* One wouldn't normally think of celebrating the 25th anniversary of such a national trauma. Did we pop the champagne in 1989 for the 10th anniversary of the Ayatollah's ascension? Will we one day celebrate the 25th anniversary of Amtrak train wrecks?

But nostalgia is in play here, and nostalgia has become an American cottage industry. So all year we've been hearing about the two competing festivals—not to mention Freedomfest, Groove Fest, and other spinoffs. We know, once and for all, that the town of Woodstock has nothing to do with all of this, that Bethel '94 has the original site and Woodstock '94 has the original name. We have learned, finally, where Saugerties is.

We know how much the tickets cost, and we've heard how the mantra has changed from peace/love/music to greed/greed/greed. We've heard about the ridiculously expensive hotel rooms, and we know that we couldn't get one if we wanted to. Which we don't. We remember who Michael Lang and Sid Bernstein are, though we're still not sure why. We know how many people attended the original, and that statistically most people who *say* they were there have to be lying. We know that it was an *experience.*

We remember the music, sort of. We know the Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young song about Woodstock and we know that it was written by Joni Mitchell, whom we know, *we know, WE KNOW ALREADY,* was not at the original event. We recognize the old lingo and the old fashions. We haven't seen this much tie-dye since 1987.

With all this knowledge, how could we resist getting in on all the fun?

Part One: Wordstock Notion

As an entertainment concept, we have never understood spoken-word performances. Now more than ever, we fail to see how this putative art form has been successfully dubbed "cool" by the likes of MTV and *Sassy* magazine. Sitting in a dank, basement-like hole on the Lower East Side while listening to squatter poets mutter calculatedly-outrageous names for their genitalia is just not our idea of a good time. In fact, it ranks right up there with sitting in a muddy field for three days with nothing but rainwater for nutrition.

So naturally, we decided to combine the two, and create our own festival—Wordstock '94.

For our featured performer, we wanted someone who represented the spirit of Woodstock for the nineties. Someone deep, spiritual—and wealthy far beyond his talent. So we called author James Redfield, whose novel *The Celestine Prophecy* "offers a path of greater awareness and spirituality by showing us how to find the power within ourselves to come to terms with our lives, and with the world around us."

A turgid mess (originally self-published after being rejected by a string of small publishers), it has been at the top of the *New York Times* best-seller list since April 3rd.

Introducing ourselves as the organizers of Wordstock, we spoke first with Redfield's wife, Sally. But before we could even explain the premise of our festival, Mrs. Redfield suggested an idea of her own: "I lead some meditations," she volunteered. "I would absolutely love to have that many people meditating at the same time. Could you imagine what it would do for the environment?"

We spoke with Redfield himself, who told us what he would like to do onstage:

REDFIELD: Well, I would probably talk about the theme in the book. And then we'll probably do a couple of meditations aimed at sending peaceful energy out into the Earth, which I think is very important. We create images of ecotopia and of peace, sending peace radiating out to the problem areas on the Earth.

And what it does is, it not only creates a oneness and kind of euphoria in the group, but we're convinced it actually does a lot of healing in terms of sending love energy out and permeating the areas where there's a lot of hate going on.

SPY: *This is not similar to what Oral Roberts used to do, is it?*

No. This would come more from New Age spiritual consensus, which is



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non-doctrinal and non-guilt-oriented.

Is there any chanting involved?

Well, we have never done that, but it might be fun. The audience would love it.

That would be great. And that is part and parcel with primal screaming, I suppose?

Well, not really. It's more a centering experience and a euphoric, mediated experience.

Have you ever done any hang gliding?

No, I have not done much of that.

We thought you might fly onto the stage. Come in dramatically. Maybe not by hang gliding. Maybe by parachute.

That's too sensational for me. I would rather just show up on stage.

Okay. Now, what about reciting one of the songs from Woodstock. Something like John Sebastion's "I Had a Dream"?

Probably more John Lennon stuff would be appropriate to my theme.

Okay. Maybe you and your wife might do a rendition of "I Want to Hold Your Hand." Is that possible?

No, I don't think that's possible at all.

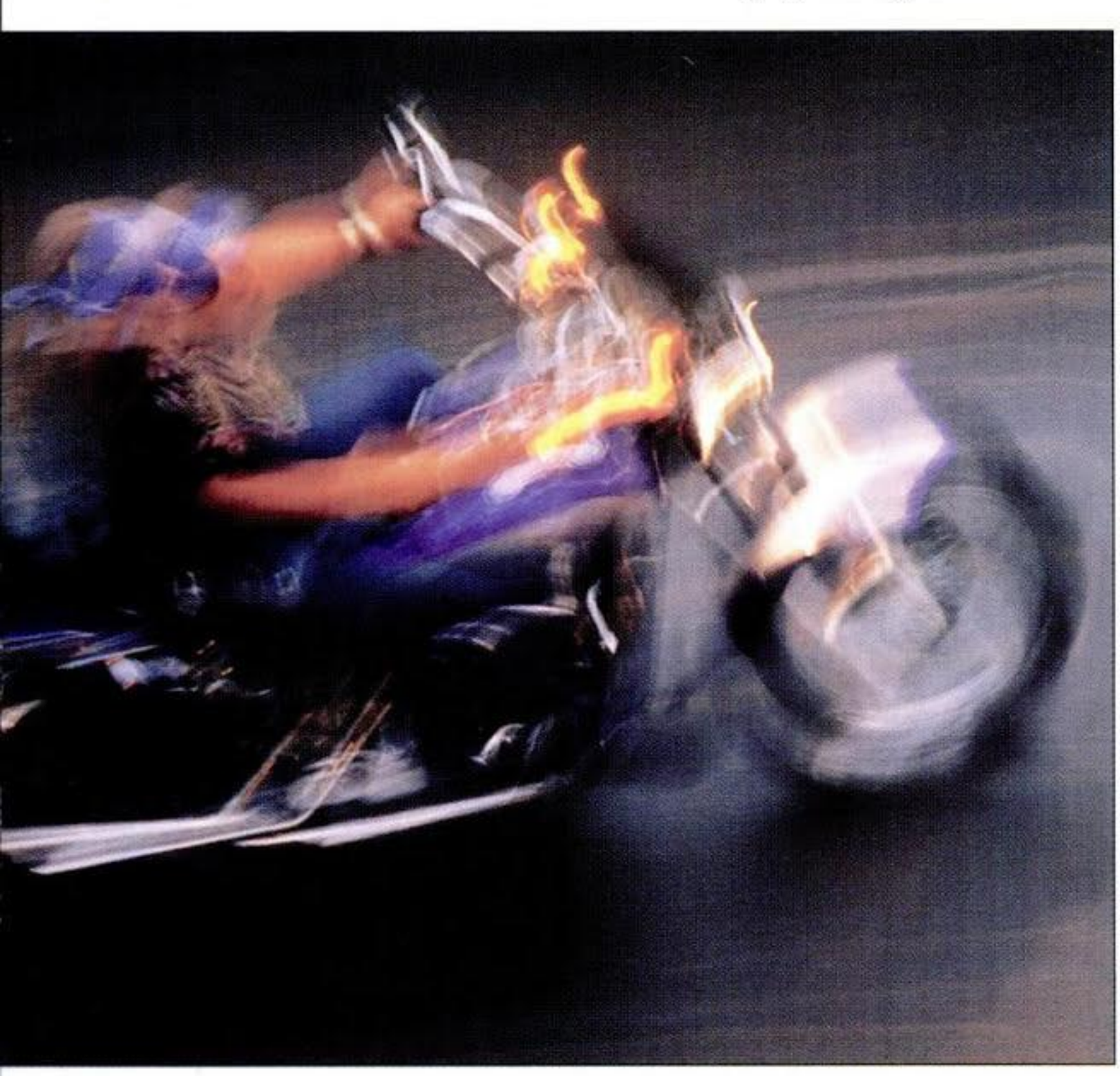
PART TWO: KEEPING THE PEACE— A SPY FORUM

Much of what we've heard about Woodstock '94 involves how different it is going to be from Woodstock '69. Specifically, we are told, everything will be supervised. There will be no chaotic crowds. But how to really insure order?

Posing as representatives of Woodstock '94, we contacted three security experts: Martin Holloran, Vice President of Wackenhut Securities; Bob Jonas of Jonas Aircraft and Arms Co., Manhattan-based police-equipment exporters; and Brother Franklin of The Fruits of Islam, the famously-disciplined Nation of Islam security outfit. (Their separate responses are edited into a roundtable discussion.)

SPY: *Here's our situation: two days, one night. 250,000 people on 840 acres of farmland. Two stages, a midway area, plus some perfomers who may need to be helicoptered in. Also, we've been getting death threats against Crosby, Stills and Nash. {This last part is not, to our knowledge, true, but it helped liven up the conversations.}*

MARTIN HOLLORAN: 250,000 people. Something's gonna happen.



BROTHER FRANKLIN: The first thing we do is, we make sure that the people who come into the facility area are clean, 'cause we search everybody that comes through. Including females. Full-body searches. Not strip, but basic full-body.

BOB JONAS: Maybe you should put up metal detectors at the entrances. You can use walk-throughs, or even hand-held ones that you can go around with.

FRANKLIN: Where you're gonna have a problem with is people on stage. In this day and age there are a lot of weapons that can reach long distances. So we'll have to find out high points in the outlying areas and see if we can secure them.

JONAS: You can also put in a machine so they can screen the bags like carry-on luggage. If a woman has a great big bag of clothing with a knife or a gun in there.

What about crowd control?

JONAS: You might need some pepper gas. It's very effective. It's legal. It's made out of nature, so to speak. You could buy tear gas if you wanted to. [For that] what you need is launchers on shotguns.You might also want to consider side arms.

Is there anything we should have instead of side arms?

JONAS: Yeah. Riot shields, batons, helmets, handcuffs.

Do we want to have a show of force?

HOLLORAN: Yeah, you gotta have a force that's gonna provide some sort of psychological intimidation, if you will, to get a warm and fuzzy feeling.

JONAS: You want to have a uniformed presence, but not too menacing because I think the crazies get pissed off at that.

How do we know who the crazies are?

JONAS: You should have someone there who can pick up body language or certain types of expressions. Psychiatrists, people who know crazies.

We were thinking about hiring this sort of grass roots security team. They say they'll work for beer.

HOLLORAN: You mean like the Hell's Angels?

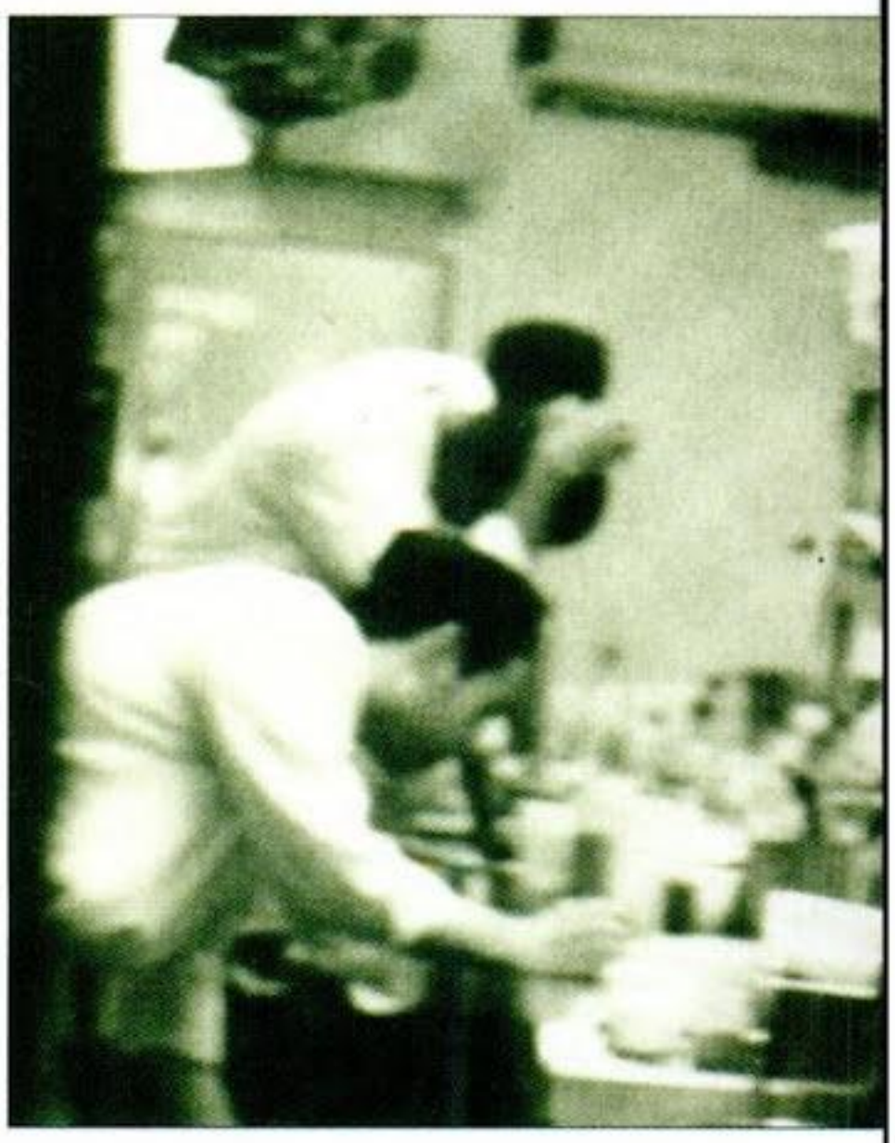
JONAS: If you're gonna have the Hell's Angels there, geez, let 'em use their own chains. That might be a mistake, though. They might get carried away with their power.

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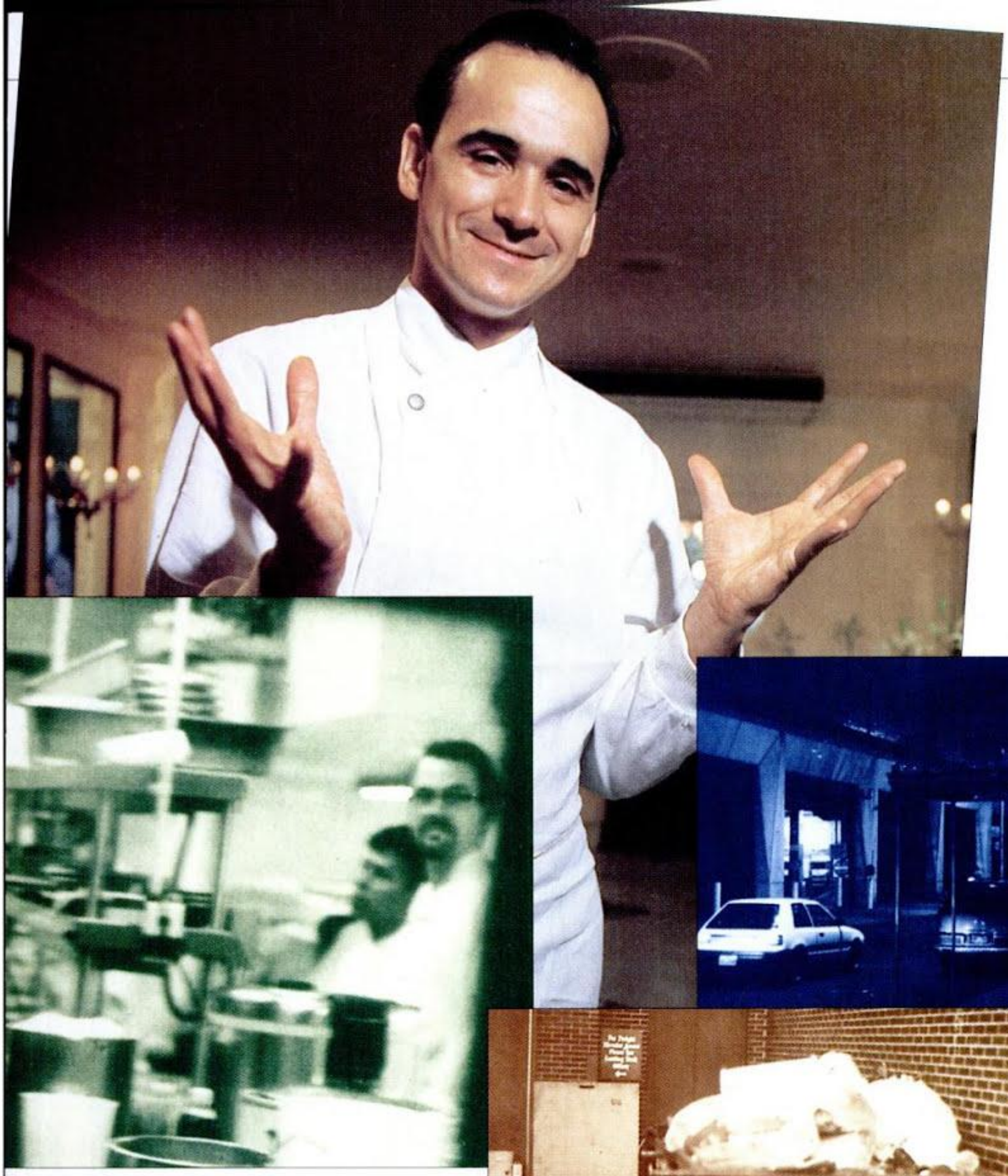


THE ELEGANT DINING ROOMS OF NEW YORK'S FINEST RESTAURANTS ARE CULINARY MAGNETS FOR THE RICH AND FAMOUS, THE ESSENCE OF CLASS. BUT ONLY BECAUSE THE FLYING COOKWARE, SEXISM, GAY-BAITING, AND OBSCENE EGG ROLLS ARE HIDDEN SAFELY BEHIND THE KITCHEN DOORS. AND THE FOOD COULD BE BETTER, TOO. BY DAN BURROWS

HELL'S (three-star) Kitchens



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Chef Vongerichten welcomes patrons with a smile. In the dining room you will hear a gracious "Bonjour," but behind the kitchen doors, you are more likely to hear, "I'm going to kick your ass."



It is late, about 11:30 P.M., and service at Vong, Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's brilliant Thai-French bistro in midtown Manhattan, is slowly winding down. The noise and the crush of customers in the slick, trendy dining room has dissipated, and the waitstaff begins to relax a little as the last of the evening's 400 patrons lounge agreeably over cappuccino and poached Asian pears with licorice ice cream.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the kitchen doors, a skinny blonde woman puts a tape in a small pink boom box, and tinny music fills the kitchen. Hesitantly, she begins her striptease. A circle of 10 to 12 men, Vongerichten included, crowd around, whooping it up. Back in the dining room, a patron orders a glass of port, another asks for the check. The stripper is down to her G-string...

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Welcome to New York's elegant world of multi-star restaurants. Vong regularly draws the likes of Mick Jagger, Michael Keaton, David Bowie, and Elle MacPherson. Behind the kitchen door, though, the atmosphere is "like a sixth-grade boys' locker room," as one of the few female staffers puts it. "I have never met such obnoxious people in my entire life," adds another. "All they do is belch, talk about sex, [and] grab their crotches."

This, remember, is the kitchen of one of the best chefs in New York.

Jean-Georges epitomizes the nineties celebrity chef. He's rich (calling estimates that he makes close to $1 million annually "not inaccurate"), he's internationally famous and respected, and he gets plenty of press. His two restaurants, Vong and Jo Jo (which he co-owns with restaurateurs Bob Giraldi and Phil Suarez), are considered among the best in the city, receiving three stars each from the *New York Times* and top ratings from the Zagat Survey. Vongerichten has also been nominated four times for the coveted Beard Award, the food industry's Oscar.

His innovative approach to food moved Molly O'Neill of the *New York Times* to call him "the *enfant terrible* of modern French cooking" and his influence is tremendous. If you've ever wondered what happened to butter and cream in French cooking, you can partially blame Vongerichten. He would rather cook with carrot juice, lemon grass, and flavored oils, and he's developed a large following.

As *New York*'s Gael Greene wrote, "He has changed the way we eat.... His arty presentations are mimicked across the nation, and his infused oils have become a nineties cliché."

Like Wolfgang Puck—the ultimate celebrity chef of Spago fame who made pizza into haute cuisine in the eighties—Vongerichten even knows how to franchise. He's licensed a Vong to open in Mexico City on September 1. Vongerichten also plans to open a New York seafood restaurant with Eberhard Muller, former executive chef of Le Bernadin, a four-star establishment and probably the best seafood restaurant in town.

So everyone should be happy, right? Vongerichten gets rich and famous; his patrons stay comfortable, well-nourished, and tastefully titillated.

But everyone is not happy.

The idea that a career in cooking could be something alluring, even chic, has not always been with us. Rather, it seems to be, as much as anything, one of the many lingering legacies of the eighties. More than half of the 36 professional culinary schools and programs in the United States were created in the last 14 years, 86 percent of them since 1970.

Today, thousands of graduates emerge from these institutes each year with dreams of celebrity-chefdom, and a job at Vong or Jo Jo is considered to be a major score. But those crisp young graduates who expect cooking in such a place to be glamorous, to be an art form, will feel as comfortable and at home in the kitchen as



A Vong cook on his lunch break: In a 10-hour workday, the staff is allowed one meal—and it's not sautéed black bass on herb-smashed potatoes.

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The idea that a career in cooking could be something alluring has not always been with us. Rather, it seems to be one of the many lingering legacies of the eighties. But those crisp young graduates who expect cooking to be glamorous will feel as comfortable in the kitchen as a slacker on Parris Island.



a slacker will feel on rigorous Parris Island.

Since Jean-Georges, like many chefs, was trained in the French tradition, it is customary for him to treat his staff...well, like shit. As part of his effort to keep his kitchen immaculate, he runs it, according to several former (and current, at least temporarily) employees, as strictly as a military outfit. Meaning that you never question an order, a request, or an obscenity-laden admonishment/outburst. You simply say, "Yes, Chef," and you do what's asked.

"If you're peeling carrots and a peel falls on the floor," explains one former cook, "he will take note of it and tell you. He'll come up to you and say, in his thick French accent, 'We do not cook on ze floor, we cook on ze table.'" But if it happens again, watch out. "He will state, more emphatically, 'You people are pigs! It is like a pigsty in here!'"

Every time Vongerichten walked by, continued the cook, she would "look around and make sure everything was just perfect. Because odds were he was going to lash out at me."

"If he doesn't like you, you're dead," explains another cook. "If he likes you, he's easier. He'll yell at you only a couple of times."

What we have here, apparently, is a failure to communicate.

"Communication is the most difficult thing," Vongerichten says in a nearly incomprehensible mumble. "You have to force people to communicate. I have to repeat the same thing everyday to everybody, because they do not communicate." Vongerichten, who, like many master chefs, rarely does any cooking himself, insists that he never yells at individuals: *When I scream, it is only at the kitchen as a whole.*

He must be excepting the time a cook misunderstood him and brought him the wrong kind of apples ("I'm going to kick your ass!"), and the time another staffer brought just one roll of paper towels up from storage rather than a whole box ("Are you fucking kidding me?").

Of course, all this shouting would leave a man hoarse if he didn't have a loud lieutenant. Fortunately for Jean-Georges, he has an able-bodied bellower in the form of Tom Dimarzo.

Dimarzo, Vong's daytime sous chef and Vongerichten's self-described "ax-man," puts it this way: "It's a daily struggle of combat with people to maintain consistency." Rhetorical weapons in Dimarzo's valiant battle for "consistency" include various combinations of *I don't give a fuck what you think!*, *Are you retarded?!*, and *Just fucking do it!* Occasionally, Dimarzo punctuates these outbursts by hurling pots and pans—or whatever else is handy—across the crowded kitchen.

In fact, the kitchen at Vong used to be equipped with a cordless phone, until Dimarzo threw it—and broke it—once too often. Soon after, a wall phone, with a long cord, was installed.

Dimarzo's anger, however, is not always limited to inanimate objects. Once, according to several who were present at the time, he caught someone snacking at their station. Apparently upset at this lack of consistency, he communicated, "There is to be no eating in this kitchen! I don't want you people eating anything at all. You're served one meal a day and that's it! I don't care if you starve."

Vongerichten—appearing somewhat Napoleonic, his arms crossed in front of his chest—stood next to Dimarzo, nodding along in agreement with the tirade until Dimarzo got to the "starve" part. All of five-foot-four-inches, Jean-Georges looked up at his six-foot-two-inch sous chef and admonished him with a nearly comical, "Tom, zat ees a beet much."

But it's true that in a 10-hour workday, the staff is literally served one meal—and it's not sautéed black bass on herb-smashed potatoes. In fact, rarely does the staff even have the time to *sit down* for their meal, which is often repetitive at best, repulsive at worst.

"For the most part, we make Chinese food," says a staffer. "For a while there, we had duck legs four times a week. And sausages. It would be totally sausages, all

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the time." Another adds, recalling the steady diet of oily tuna fish sandwiches and fatty ribs, "I would throw up if I had to eat that food again."

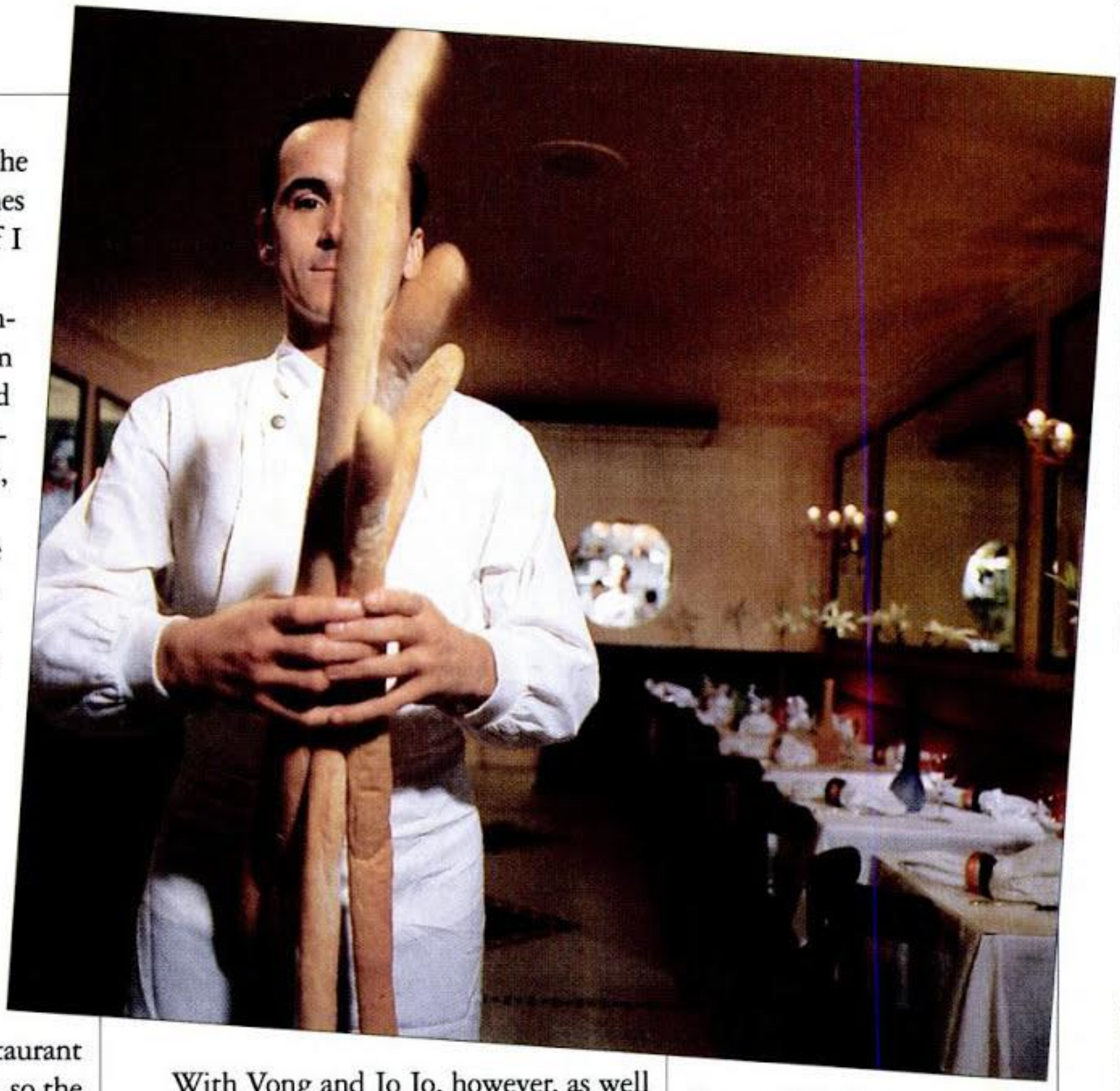
The food is prepared with the understanding that only a minimum amount of energy is to be expended for this particular meal. Often, cheaper cuts of meat, such as flank steak, would be used.

Seemingly removed from the sting of his staffers' comments, Jean-Georges has had a charmed and exciting career. In his early twenties he cooked at the ultra-ritzy Oriental Hotel in Bangkok, where he developed his obsession for Asian ingredients. From 1980 to 1985 he opened hotel-based restaurants for Swissôtel in Singapore, Hong Kong, Osaka, Geneva, Lisbon, and London. In 1985, his worldwide gastronomic tour led him to the United States, where he opened a restaurant in Boston. It was a smashing success, so the Swissôtel people asked him to do it again, this time in New York.

In 1986, a magical time when New Yorkers like Michael Milken and Donald Trump were not yet considered embarrassments, Vongerichten became the head chef at Lafayette restaurant in the Drake Swissôtel in Manhattan. The newcomer achieved the nearly impossible: the *New York Times* gave him the rare, coveted, four stars. Lafayette was the first hotel restaurant ever to be so honored.

At the time, Lafayette was "one of the most talked about restaurants in the country," wrote then-*New York Times* food critic Bryan Miller. The chef's creative input was invaluable, as evidenced by the fact that, when Vongerichten left in January 1991 to open Jo Jo, Lafayette lost its precious fourth star.

While bistros like Jo Jo (at 64th and Lexington) and Vong (opened in December 1992 on East 54th Street) are more casual than full restaurants—and so are rarely awarded more than three stars—their reputation for fine food is unparalleled, and (mostly) deserved.



With Vong and Jo Jo, however, as well as the Lipstick Café (a breakfast and lunch spot across the street from Vong, in the lobby of the Lipstick Building), Vongerichten has to oversee, motivate—and *communicate with*—160 employees. He can't be everywhere at once, and inevitably there are lapses. According to people in the kitchens, the food can suffer.

What are the times/days to avoid if you're going to enjoy the full benefit of a meal at Vong? All day Sunday, and lunch Monday through Thursday. These are the times when the food is prepared under the direction of Dimarzo—as opposed to the night sous chef, Dan Delvecchio. The staff refers to Dimarzo's crew as the "B-team," and even Vongerichten himself acknowledges the lapse in the consistency of the cooking during these times.

One particular Sunday evening, Delvecchio brought his family in for dinner. The frog legs he ordered were dry. Vongerichten, visiting the table, commented, *Well, it's the B-team tonight.*

Vongerichten in the dining room at Jo Jo. "They sent my dinner in the shape of penises," said one former cook. "They were probably better at making penises than the day's specials."

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The staff meals are repetitive at best, repulsive at worst. "For a while there, we had duck legs four times a week. And sausages. It would be totally sausages, all the time." Remembering the fatty ribs, another staffer adds, "I would throw up if I had to eat that food again."



But in the kitchen, the staff has more to worry about than dry frog legs. Under Dimarzo's supervision, morale suffers. Especially for those few people on the staff who are unfortunate enough to be female in this typically man's world. There are 16 people on the kitchen staff at Vong. Only three of them are women. And of the 10 kitchen staffers at Jo Jo, only one is female.

Aside from being outnumbered and often assigned to the relatively less important role of garde manger (cold food preparation), most women describe the kitchen as a tough and insensitive working environment.

Female strippers are regularly brought in to celebrate male employees' birthdays, and, if that wasn't enough, on such occasions it is not unlikely for Dimarzo to yell such encouraging comments as, "Give him a blow job! Give him some head!" Even when, in one instance, the birthday boy's wife was present.

On another occasion, a hostess entered the kitchen with a cheery, "Hi, guys!" According to a chef still employed by the restaurant, one of the kitchen staff responded by yelling, "Show us your tits or get out!"

Vongerichten insists that sexism plays no part in his kitchen. Indeed, he extolls the virtues of "girls."

"They have a better palate," he says. "It's in the genes, I think."

Nevertheless, Vongerichten isn't sure they are as suited to the kitchen as men are. "Their character is more difficult," he says. "They want to do their own thing. The kitchen is like a team and they're not as good at being team players. They're more individualistic. I think they think about their own lives more—marrying, having a family. There's no way you can have a family working until 11:00 every night."

Dimarzo also plays no small role in the sexist attitude that seems to flavor Vong's kitchen. He reportedly once told a woman cook that it was a mistake to hire a second woman because he doesn't think "girls" belong in the kitchen of a professional restaurant.

In his own defense, Dimarzo denies the allegations in the most diplomatic—and convoluted—language he can muster: "Well, I don't want to get into trouble.... I don't have any problem with women in the kitchen. I do think there are certain aspects of their personality that are indiginous. Like they always have to have the last word."

Even those wielding frying pans are not immune to the fire. One cook, a gay man, describes his own experience—a sort of phallic culinary assault.

"They sent [my] dinner in the shape of penises," the shaken former cook has to say of his Jo Jo experience. "They would take a duck egg roll and put two round things below it. I think they were pork cheeks. They were so creative, they were probably better at making penises than the day's specials."

Vongerichten admits that he has heard some slurs. (One serious political discussion between kitchen staffers on the nature and scope of gay rights was reportedly settled thusly: "Oh, these faggots want special rights? I'll give them special rights. 20 percent off on all Vaseline products!")

But Jean-Georges says he "puts that stuff away" when it comes up, as it is disruptive to the team. All that matters, he insists, is that "you prove yourself in the kitchen."

It is two days before Christmas, 1993, and Vongerichten has assembled the staff to celebrate not only the holiday, but the one-year anniversary of the opening of Vong. The staff is feeling good, knowing that they have a rare two days of vacation ahead of them, one of which will even be paid. In their hands they hold bottles of champagne, given in lieu of Christmas bonuses.

Vongerichten starts the festivities jovially by thanking everyone for a wonderful year. The restaurant is a tremendous success, *he declares,* and you should all be very proud. *Then his tone changes.* Next year, *he continues,* things are going to have to change. You people are going to have to be more professional, you're going to have to work harder. So many times we see stuff on the floor and nobody picks it up. We're going to change next year, we're going to be stricter. And if anybody doesn't like it, then they can leave now! *That's the Christmas speech.*

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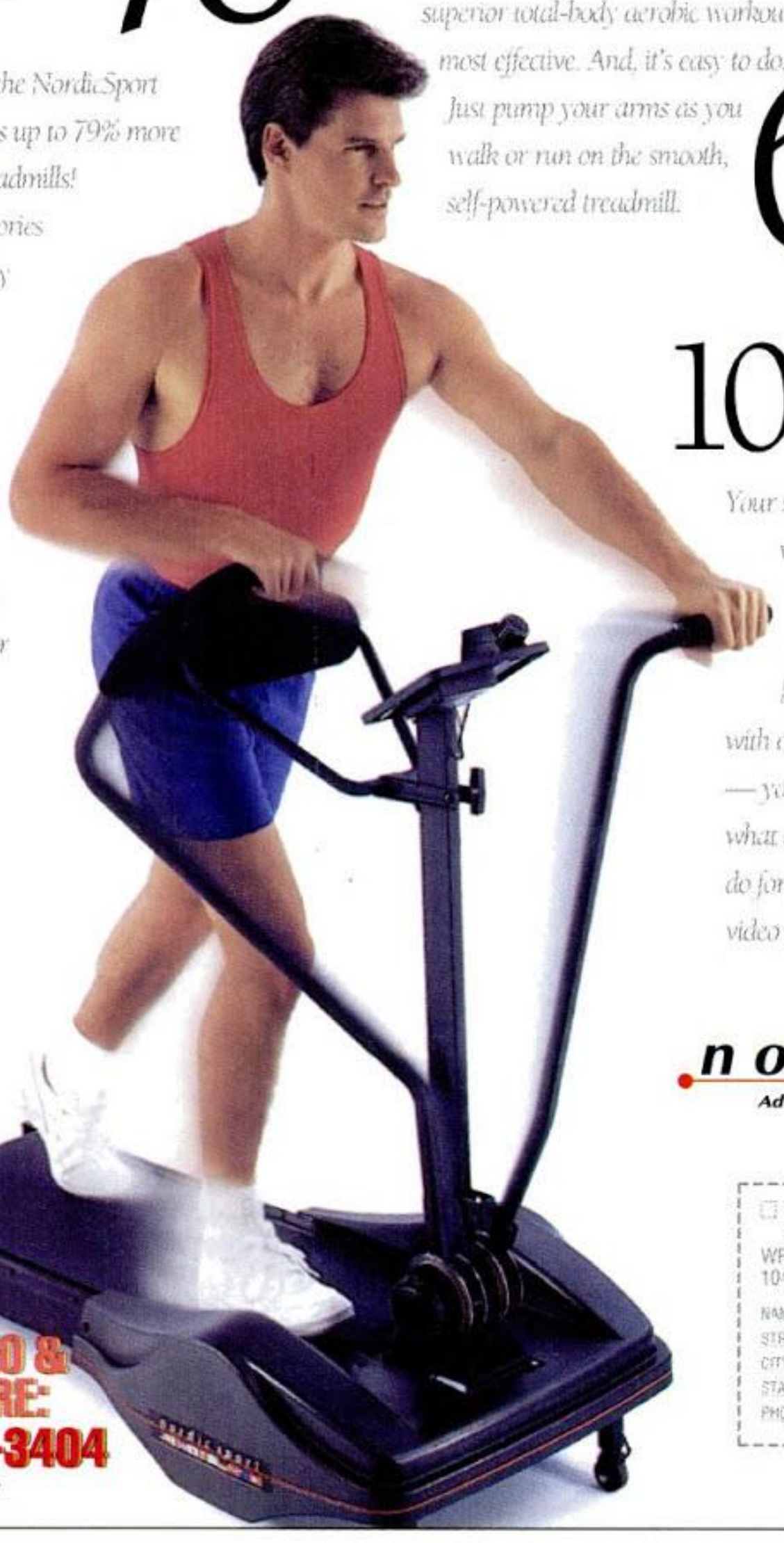
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Snip



TAKE ONE PART HOLLYWOOD SEX MURDER; ONE PART EGOMANIACAL, WOMB-BRONZING BOY WONDER/DIRECTOR; AND ONE PART FICTITIOUS, SPY-BACKED SCREENWRITER WITH AN OMINOUS-SOUNDING NAME—AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? REVISIONIST HISTORY A LA *HOGAN'S HEROES: THE MOVIE.* BY STEVEN MIRKIN

Hogan's HEROES



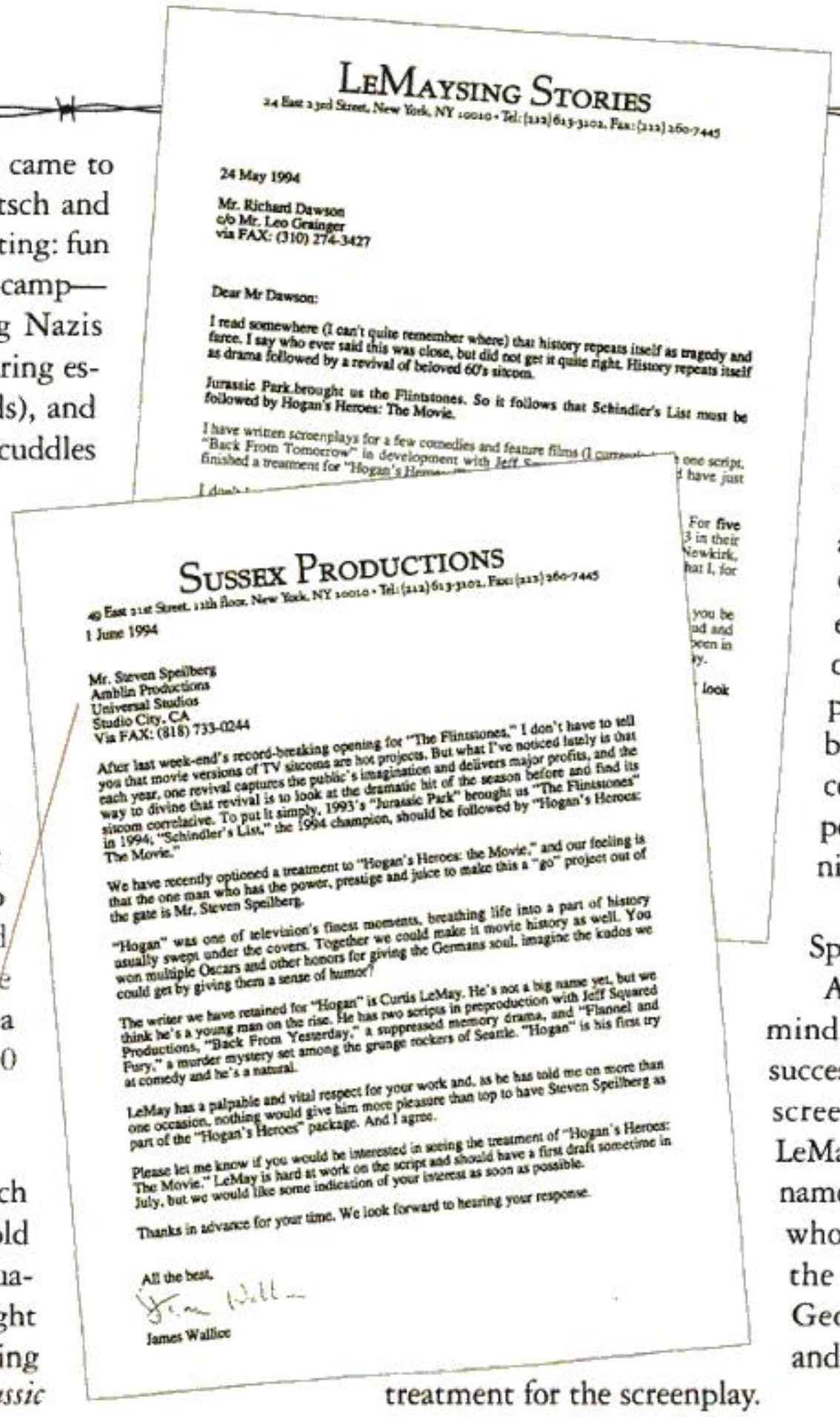
"Where do they get these ideas?" Who among us hasn't asked that question after leaving a movie theater? What other response is there after shelling out eight bucks for *The Flintstones* or *Jack the Bear*? Or when we read about some screenwriter getting a cool million for a script featuring Woody Harrelson as a brilliant, sensitive analyst.

Since actors, directors, and producers will tell anyone who'll listen that they are all looking for "a good story" (while lining up to get a piece of *The Brady Bunch*), we decided to see how far, and how

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low, a select group would go when it came to re-creating the best of sixties TV kitsch and combining it with a classic comedy setting: fun and hi-jinks in a World War II POW camp—complete with fumbling, bumbling Nazis (endless laugh possibilities), clever, daring escape plans (so easy to fool the guards), and Helga, the Nordic love goddess who cuddles up to the S.S. storm troopers even as she silently yearns for Hogan.

After all, how hard could it be, we argued, to get a film deal going? Throw together a script (it's not like you're *creating* anything), contact a few agents and producers, arouse the interest of a hired-gun director or two—and voilà! We'll quit our jobs at SPY and take our film to Cannes, just like wunderkinds and former video store clerks Quentin Tarantino and Chuck Hogan (coincidence?), whose novel, *The Standoff*, just sold for half a mil to Doubleday (book) and $400,000 to New Line Cinema (film rights).



LeMaysing Stories
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24 May 1994

Mr. Richard Dawson
c/o Mr. Leo Grainger
via FAX: (310) 274-3427

Dear Mr Dawson:

I read somewhere (I can't quite remember where) that history repeats itself as tragedy and farce. I say who ever said this was close, but did not get it quite right. History repeats itself as drama followed by a revival of beloved 60's sitcom.

Jurassic Park brought us the Flintstones. So it follows that Schindler's List must be followed by Hogan's Heroes: The Movie.

I have written screenplays for a few comedies and feature films (I currently one script, "Back From Tomorrow" in development with Jeff S... have just finished a treatment for "Hogan's Hero...

I don't ...

For five 3 in their Newkirk, hat I, for

you be ad and been in ty.

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Sussex Productions
49 East 21st Street, 12th floor, New York, NY 10010 • Tel: (212) 613-3102, Fax: (212) 260-7445

1 June 1994

Mr. Steven Spielberg
Amblin Productions
Universal Studios
Studio City, CA
Via FAX: (818) 733-0244

After last week-end's record-breaking opening for "The Flintstones," I don't have to tell you that movie versions of TV sitcoms are hot projects. But what I've noticed lately is that each year, one revival captures the public's imagination and delivers major profits, and the way to divine that revival is to look at the dramatic hit of the season before and find its sitcom correlative. To put it simply, 1993's "Jurassic Park" brought us "The Flintstones" in 1994; "Schindler's List," the 1994 champion, should be followed by "Hogan's Heroes: The Movie."

We have recently optioned a treatment to "Hogan's Heroes: the Movie," and our feeling is that the one man who has the power, prestige and juice to make this a "go" project out of the gate is Mr. Steven Spielberg.

"Hogan" was one of television's finest moments, breathing life into a part of history usually swept under the covers. Together we could make it movie history as well. You won multiple Oscars and other honors for giving the Germans soul, imagine the kudos we could get by giving them a sense of humor?

The writer we have retained for "Hogan" is Curtis LeMay. He's not a big name yet, but we think he's a young man on the rise. He has two scripts in preproduction with Jeff Squared Productions, "Back From Yesterday," a suppressed memory drama, and "Flannel and Fury," a murder mystery set among the grunge rockers of Seattle. "Hogan" is his first try at comedy and he's a natural.

LeMay has a palpable and vital respect for your work and, as he has told me on more than one occasion, nothing would give him more pleasure than top to have Steven Spielberg as part of the "Hogan's Heroes" package. And I agree.

Please let me know if you would be interested in seeing the treatment of "Hogan's Heroes: The Movie." LeMay is hard at work on the script and should have a first draft sometime in July, but we would like some indication of your interest as soon as possible.

Thanks in advance for your time. We look forward to hearing your response.

All the best.

James Wallice

The original *Hogan* series, which could possibly have been sold on the Hollywood-style equation *Sergeant Bilko* meets *Stalag 17*, might now be best summed up in the following Hollywood-style flow chart: As *Jurassic Park* begets *The Flintstones*, so it must follow that *Schindler's List* begets *Hogan's Heroes*. Ahhh, do we see a connection here? Is there an *ubermunsterfuhrer* lurking in the wings—a producer/director so perfectly tailored for this project that fate itself seems to have signed its marching orders?

At least we think so. We noticed a pattern: Spielberg-produced revival of beloved sixties sitcom follows Spielberg-directed drama (loosely) based on related subject. That is, *The Flintstones*—a movie about people who put dinosaurs to commercial use, and with a set that looks like a theme park—followed *Jurassic Park*—a movie about people who also put dinosaurs to commercial use and was set *in* a theme park. Therefore, *Schindler's List*, a film in which certain Germans show unexpected compassion in a concentration camp atmosphere, has to be followed by *Hogan's Heroes*, where certain Nazis show unexpected humor while running a POW camp.

No doubt about it: Spielberg was our man.

And with that idea in mind, SPY invented a semi-successful but slightly addled screenwriter named Curtis LeMay (no relation except by name to the Vietnam general who ran unsuccessfully for the vice-presidency with George Wallace in 1968) and put him to work on a treatment for the screenplay.

The goal was to enlist the Mighty Steven's help in producing *Hogan*. But we didn't stop there. Hey, come to think of it, where *was* Richard Dawson (who played Hogan's British sidekick, Newkirk), and what was he doing while waiting around for *Family Feud* to kick up again? And the last time we caught up with Werner Klemperer—Hogan's irascible nemesis, Col. Klink—he was touring as another grinning Nazi in theater productions of *The Sound of Music* and actually lending his infamous voice ("Ho-*gaaannn*!") to re-create Col. Klink on an episode of *The Simpsons*.

All the pieces seemed to be in place, the characters waiting in the proverbial wings. A few faxes, a few phone calls, and we figured there might be a three-picture deal in the works for us.

The treatment we came up with for *Hogan's Heroes: The Movie* opens and closes in present-day Berlin, where the prisoners and staff of Stalag 13 come together for the 50th anniversary of the camp's liberation. Spurred on by the questions of Dutch Kelly, the littlest POW, an inmate not seen on the original series, a flashback tells the story of how Hogan became a POW and the leader of the funniest bunch of resistance fighters since the Dirty Dozen.

WE NOTICED A PATTERN: SPIELBERG-PRODUCED SITCOM REVIVAL FOLLOWS SPIELBERG-DIRECTED DRAMA ON A RELATED SUBJECT. AS *JURASSIC PARK* BEGETS *THE FLINTSTONES*, SO *SCHINDLER'S LIST* MUST BEGET *HOGAN'S HEROES.*



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JIMMIE "J.J." ("DYN-O-MITE!") WALKER WAS ENLISTED TO PLAY THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN CHARACTER, KINCH. ACCORDING TO WALKER'S AGENT, "IF JIMMIE CAN MAKE MONEY, JIMMIE IS INTERESTED." RICHARD DAWSON, ON THE OTHER HAND, "DIDN'T NEED THE MONEY," ACCORDING TO HIS AGENT, BECAUSE HE WAS GOING BACK ON *FAMILY FEUD*.

HOGAN'S HEROES: THE MOVIE
A TREATMENT BY CURTIS LEMAY
REGISTERED WITH DIRECTOR'S GUILD

PROLOGUE

The time is 1995 and the place, Berlin. An old-fashioned beer hall. The strains of the "Horst Weissel Song" mingle with "We'll Meet Again." At the end of the hall, a banner reads "Wilkommen Inmates and Staff Stalag 13." It is the 50th anniversary of the camp's liberation, and inmates are sharing a civilized cocktail. During the booze-enhanced camaraderie, DUTCH KELLY asks the gang, "*Sa-ay*, how did Hogan become such an underground force anyway?"

ACT 1

England 1943: AIR FORCE COL. HOGAN is the camp cut-up, always ready for a joke, a poker game, a drink, or a young lady. He instinctively distrusts authority and is constantly bringing the troops together in outlandish pranks. On a bombing run over western Germany, Hogan is shot down. He survives by charming the local females, but when he is caught in bed with the burghermeister's wife, Hogan is brought to the authorities and remanded to Stalag 13.

ACT 2

At Stalag 13, Hogan is the camp cut-up, always ready for a joke, a poker game, a drink, or a young lady. He instinctively distrusts authority and is constantly bringing the troops together in outlandish pranks.

Things move into action. Through Hogan's relationship with HELGA, COL. KLINK's secretary, the inmates are able to hot-wire the telegraph lines into the camp. They begin sending false orders to the Nazis. Sometimes they misdirect troops. Sometimes they rewrite an invitiation to Klink for the annual Führer Day bash in Berlin, telling him it's a costume party and the theme is to go as your favorite Allied leader. Klink and SCHULTZ decide to go as Stalin and Churchill.

The gang begins to lay traps for the Nazis, finding out their movements from the tapped line. Each of the inmates has a particular talent (explosives, architecture, language) which comes into play in the plan to spring an important POW, LASZLO VICTOR. In the end, of course, Hogan gets him out of camp, to be replaced by Dutch Kelly, a soldier supplied by the resistance, who will become part of the gang and play a major part in the sequel.



EPILOGUE

A final flashback to Schultz appearing before the Nuremberg tribunal, telling his interlocutors, "I knew *nussing*, I saw *nussing*." He is found not guilty on account of idiocy and is sentenced to the postwar version of community service. Klink is not so lucky, and gets 10 years hard labor—to be served at Stalag 13, which leads directly to our sequel, *Hogan's Heroes: Return to Stalag 13*, where the gang uses their wartime wiles to help Klink escape.

FIN

We quickly assigned this hot concept to producer James Wallise at Sussex Productions. With treatment in hand, Wallise faxed pitch letters to currently missing-in-action characters Richard ("Our survey *says*...") Dawson; Werner Klemperer; formerly-hot sitcom star Jimmie "J.J." ("Dyn-o-mite!") Walker, enlisted to play the token African-American character, Kinch; currently

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RUMORS ABOUND REGARDING BOB CRANE'S MURDER: WHAT CAUSED THE TENSION BETWEEN HIM AND DAWSON? WAS LEAD SUSPECT JOHN CARPENTER "IN LOVE WITH BOB"? OR WAS CRANE, AS KLEMPERER SAID, "THE MOST HETEROSEXUAL PERSON IN THE HISTORY OF SHOW BUSINESS"?

bankable *Flintstones* director Brian Levant; and eternally child-like Steven Spielberg himself. Actors Larry Hovis and Robert Clary, who played Carter and LeBeau on the original *Hogan*, appear to exist below celebrity radar and were impossible to track down.

As might be expected, the quickest response was from "J.J." Walker's agent, Chris MacNeill, at Famous Artists. Brett Dubin, MacNeill's assistant, called Wallise back the very next business day and let him know that they were going to get a hold of Jimmie to go over the idea with him. "If there's anything else you need, please feel free to give us a buzz," he cooed. Wallise took him up on that offer, and he was efficiently patched in to MacNeill himself.

SPY: *We have a treatment and pretty much of the script ready. I'm meeting with the money men today, and I want to find out how much of an interest there is on your part.*

MACNEILL: If Jimmie can make money, Jimmie is interested... He likes the idea, it's just that, if the money won't be there...

What kind of money are we talking about?

You're talking about doing an hour pilot?

No, no. This is a film, this is a movie.

You want to do the film?

Right.

I would say we have to negotiate. Who's going to be the headliner? A lot would depend on who he is co-billing with. Obviously, if he were the biggest name on there—I'm not saying he's gonna be—if he were, he'd want more money... My suggestion is make an offer and we'll start from there.

Dyn-o-*mite*! as "J.J." himself would say. Though the eagerness with which MacNeill seemed ready to talk money left us wondering if the "Good Times" hadn't ended in more ways than one for this former phenom. We seriously considered calling back and offering scale, just to see how low he would go, but couldn't bear the thought of degrading one of TV's true icons.

Speaking of icons, we were very surprised to find out that smarmy game show host Richard Dawson would not be interested in a cameo role in our film—reprising Newkirk in the 1995 scenes. "He turns down bigger cameos than that," we were told by his manager, Leonard Grainger. Even more surprisingly, Dawson, Grainger assured us, "didn't need the money." (Apparently, kissing midwestern women and glad-handing their Bobbitty mates pays better than we expected.)

Undaunted, we pressed on. Wallise's associate called Grainger personally. He picked up the phone on the second ring.

SPY: *Is {Mr. Dawson} interested in a larger role?*

GRAINGER: Look, this name [Curtis LeMay] is not going to get you any financing.

What are we talking about here? Are we talking about the size of the role? Is Mr. Dawson not interested in the role? Would he be interested in reading the script?

Is there a script?

Oh, absolutely!

Not to make it difficult, but he wouldn't do a cameo.

[We wanted to add that for a man who answers his own phone, he *was* being awfully difficult. But we let it pass.]

It's not really a cameo. It's a chance for him to reprise the role of Newkirk. Obviously, because of Mr. Dawson's age, we'd love for him to reprise the role in the modern day. Which could be a substantial role if he's interested.

Okay. Send me a copy of the script and I'll be very glad to read it.

All right, that's fine. My concern is whether or not there's a problem with the whole Hogan *connection.*

No, there's no problem. He's going back on *Family Feud*, and he couldn't care less about working on anything, because he doesn't need the money. He's not interested. But send me the script and I'll be very happy to read it. You'll have your number on there and I'll call you.

The following day, getting a hold of Werner Klemperer proved even more difficult. First we got his business manager, David Licht, in L.A. Then, when we phoned his New York agent, John Anderson, we were told, *Sorry, I only handle Mr. Klemperer's symphony engagements. You'll have to call his* theatrical *agent.*

His symphony engagements?

Thankfully, while Peter Strain, Klemperer's theatrical agent, was the hardest man to reach, he ended up being the easiest to deal with. After hearing our pitch and finding out that Klemperer would indeed reprise his Emmy Award-winning role of Klink, Strain quickly told us that yes, he was "sure that [Klemperer] would be interested." We shouldn't have been surprised—in addition to *The Simpsons*, Klemperer's post-*Hogan* credits include a part in TV's 1981 *Return of the Beverly Hillbillies.*

Hey, maybe this *was* easier than we'd thought. In three

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HOGAN'S HEROES: THE MOVIE
LeMay pp 47

That such a fine military mind as yourself isn't planning your costume more carefully.

He puts his arm around Klink . They walk around the office together.

You know, sir, a costume party is a little like the war. You try to be make an entrance like the Blitzkreig, but someone's dress always make them seem like the Maginot line. Why, Colonel, I'll be you the right costume could get you that promotion. The one thing I wouldn't do is call anyone in Berlin to find out what they're wearing.

KLINK
(grinning)

that's why you are the prisoner and I am the Colonel, Colonel Hogan.

he picks up the phone

(into the phone)
Inga, get me Berlin.

INGA,
(in the office)
Javul, Colonel

Klink looks up surprised to see his secretary in the office

KLINK
On the phone, now. Please.

Split Screen, on the right we see Klink on the phone in his office; on the left, (CHARACTER TK) speaking into the telephone/coffeepot.

KLINK

Col. Spellspresser?

TK

HOGAN'S HEROES: THE MOVIE
LeMay pp 48

Ja, who is this? Klink, that you . Well,pierce my ears and call me Goering, it's good to hear you. Heil Hitler

KLINK

(saluting)

Heil Hitler, to you too. so tell me what do you hear abut the costume ball.

TK

It all anyone in Berlin talks about. You'd think it was bigger than the war. The Fuhrer is very excited.

KLINK

And what costume have you chosen.

TK

I haven't decided yet, but I hear the Fuhrer is going as Franklin Roosevelt.

KLINK

The American President?

TK
You know another Roosevelt?

KLINK
That is very interesting. thank you Col. See you there!

(he hangs up the phone)

Schultz!

Schultz, who has been right behind the Colonel, bumps into him. in between Schultz saluting and Klink trying to shoo him away, they become entangled and fall to the floor.

(Exasperated)

Schultz! Get off of me, you sheiskopf!

SCHULTZ

Javul mein commandant

KLINK
We have to think of costumes.

HOGAN

What ever you do, don't dress like Hitler. Make sure he's unique. A costume party would be a perfect time for a putsch. You see,if Hitler dresses as, say Roosevelt, I wouldn't want to dress up as Truman.

KLINK

But what if we dressed up as...say...Stalin and Churchill.

HOGAN

What, and pose for the Yalta conference?

KLINK

You know Hogan, I like this idea better and better.....

weeks we'd worked up a treatment, gotten a script together, hooked up with a West Coast production agency, set up an office in New York, and gotten verbal assurances of interest from original cast members and other Hollywood biggies. Curtis LeMay was thrilled. We were all stunned. Is this how Hollywood worked? Could it really be *this* easy?

Maybe this was more than a SPY prank after all. Maybe we really could see *Hogan's Heroes* in theaters next summer to celebrate the 50th anniversaries of V-E Day and V-J Day.

The next step was to finish out the casting. For the role of the irascible Sgt. Schultz, who else but John Goodman? Now...for Hogan himself? Mel Gibson? Bruce Willis? Keanu Reeves?

Only one problem remained—how to deal with the still-unsolved murder of Bob Crane, the original Hogan? Rumors abound regarding the gruesome crime: Robert Graysmith, author of *The Murder of Bob Crane*, says that Crane used to film himself having sex "with women—sometimes secretly, sometimes openly."

The current lead suspect is Crane's (former) close friend John Carpenter (not to be confused with the once-popular director of gory horror films starring his busty, former sitcom-actress wife Adrienne Barbeau). Of their relationship, the writer states, "the claim is that he was in love with Bob." Klemperer, on the other hand, defends his former co-star's heterosexuality and puts the kibosh on such goings on: "Bob," he told Larry King, "was the most heterosexual person in the history of show business."

Meanwhile, at press time, we are still waiting for answers from Levant and Spielberg. They are either too busy sifting through other offers or saving the world. But you know, while we're waiting to hear from Steven, it occurs to us that all the innuendo swirling about this story—including pornography, bisexuality, voyeurism, conspiracy, and tensions between Richard Dawson and Crane on the set of Hogan—has made this such a hot property, that we're surprised that nobody has thought to turn this into a Menendez- or Amy Fisher-style TV movie. Now where's that number for Aaron Spelling...?

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Do what you love.
The rest comes.

Take it easy.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

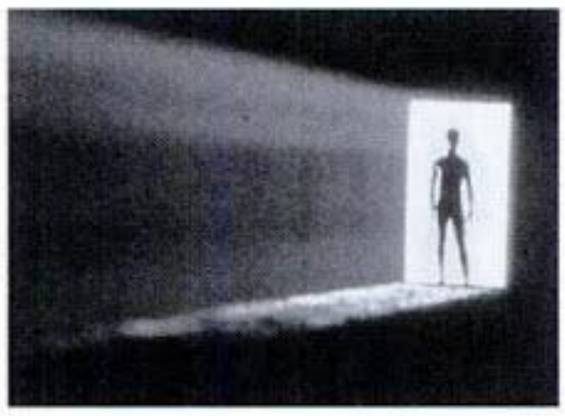
Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1993

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SPY's

Near-Death Experience



We never even knew what hit us. One moment we were fine, the next we were on an operating table somewhere, wondering why everyone was looking so concerned. And then we were floating upwards, gazing down at ourselves and musing, *Gee, this is kinda nice.* Let's see: tunnel, light, soothing voices. . . the whole bit. An angel spoke to us. He told us we had become light. He told us we were going to be reunited with Nutter, our childhood pup who wandered into the street one sad day when we were in third grade.

As the light grew brighter, we looked back over our shoulder and for one brief moment, our whole life shimmered before us in frozen moments like, well, like pages in a magazine. We wept openly, shamelessly. And then a powerful voice—we would swear it was James Earl Jones—said to us, "It is not your time." Sinking back into our body, we vowed to share with the world what we learned.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DREW FRIEDMAN

Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



MARTHA DAVE SHARON

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

WHAT'S TOO PAINFUL TO REMEMBER, WE SIMPLY CHOOSE TO FORGET. SO IT'S THE LAUGHTER WE WILL REMEMBER

Oh, how long ago it all seems, when Grandfather was in the White House and everything was so beautiful and we could leave foreign policy in the hands of that dreamy, jug-eared colonel from the National Security Council. Having trouble recalling those distant days? Perhaps a review from Ronald Reagan would help. Here's an early take of his memoirs, as delivered during the trial of Admiral John Poindexter, the former national security adviser convicted of lying to Congress.

State your name.
Ronald Reagan, R-e-a-g-a-n.
A little background. When were you elected president?
I was elected in 1989, in November of 1980. Took office on January 20, 19—or January 21 in 1981.
Prior to that, you were governor of California. Is that correct?
Yes, I was elected in 1966 and served for eight years, two terms through 1974.
And before that, you were in the movie business.
Yes. Although there—well, no. I was going to reverse

OVER AT *U.S. News & World Report*, lisping swinger-owner-editor in chief **MORTIMER ZUCKERMAN**, in the course of looking for his fifth editor in five years of ownership, sat down with a top editorial employee to discuss the magazine's problems. The employee dared to suggest that Zuckerman seems to have trouble inspiring employee loyalty. *Loyalty?* Zuckerman protested. *Loyalty? Why, my Chinese houseboy has been with me for years and years!* –JANUARY 1990

PATHOLOGICAL method actor **SEAN PENN** raised his art to new heights while filming his forthcoming Irish-mob emote-o-rama, *State of Grace*. Eager to deliver a heartfelt performance for boy director **PHIL JOANOU**, Penn apparantly readied himself for action scenes by pointing guns at the heads of crew members and, one time, smashing his own head through a glass window. When another scene required Penn to show his romantic side, he nestled in bed with actress **ROBIN WRIGHT** and began his actor's preparations, looking deep within himself and coming up with some unexpected improvisations. Which is to say, he vomited all over the sheets. –FEBRUARY 1990

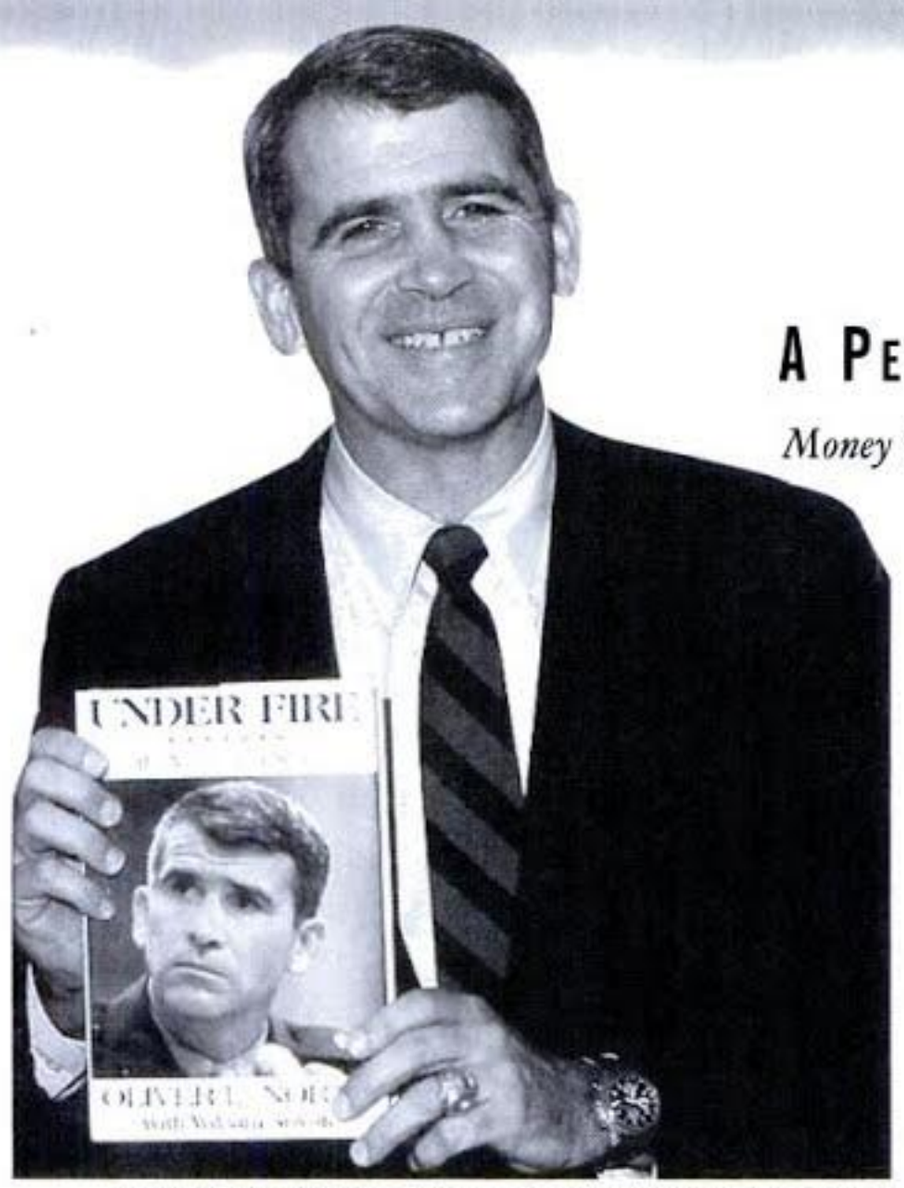
IMMACULATELY WASPY and impossibly successful caterer-lecturer-author **MARTHA STEWART** has become synonymous with middlebrow good taste. And although this good taste has at times been called into question (she is now a $5 million employee of K-Mart, whose customers Stewart calls K-Martians), her perfectionism has never been in doubt. When the craze for farm-fresh foodstuffs commanded her hyperattention, Stewart decided she craved fresh eggs and bought some chickens. Unfortunately, some of the eggs were fertilized, and soon her home was overrun with a flock of noisy and subsequently ill chickens. With the cool dispassion that has long been her hallmark, Stewart gathered up the cute little creatures, loaded them into a bag, and put it at the end of her driveway. Then she threw her car into reverse and crushed the little chicks to death. –APRIL 1990

NINE YEARS of professional cynicism have apparently become something more than a comic mask for **DAVID LETTERMAN.** During commercial breaks on *Late Night*, Letterman does not, as one might suspect, engage in amusing repartee with his guests. Instead, he sits, head downward, scribbling like a disturbed child "I hate myself" and "I hate my job" on a notepad on his desk. –MARCH 1991

IN THE SPRING, a young congressman's thoughts turn to. . . health-care reform? Defense cuts? One balmy afternoon a couple of sessions ago, 45-year-old Republican congresswoman **CLAUDINE SCHNEIDER** was making her way from the House to her office. Suddenly her reverie was broken by what she took to be a couple of rowdy teenagers in a convertible cruising for tuna. When Schneider heard a wolf whistle directed to her backside, she turned to discover one of her House colleagues—**JOE KENNEDY**, of course—out for a guys-only drive. After Schneider glared in Kennedy's direction, he seemed to realize whom he had accosted and, presumably mortified, sped away. –APRIL 1992

YOU ARE A SICK and perverted person, said the salesman at a Times Square camera store in the heat of a recent debate with **SINÉAD O'CONNOR**, who was trying to return a lens because, she said, she had found the same lens elsewhere for $300 less. The employees tried to point out that the lenses were different, but O'Connor continued, resisting her handler's attempt to calm her down. Worn down, the store capitulated and refunded O'Connor's money. She then left, but not before calling out across the store, *You're a sleazeball, and nobody would fuck you if you were dying, and your mother sucks cocks in hell*. Satisfied, she strutted off. –AUGUST 1992

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"North testified...he got the money {to buy a used GMC van} from a steel box nailed to the floor of his closet at home, where he had been accumulating $15,000, mainly from pocket change."

—BOSTON GLOBE, APRIL 15, 1989

LET'S THINK about this testimony for a moment. Let's say that by "mainly," North meant that two-thirds of the money in the steel box, or $10,000, originated as change, which he says he emptied from his pockets once a week for 20 years. Let's assume all the change was in American money, and that the proportion of quarters to dimes to nickels to pennies was exactly the ratio the U.S. Mint says is in circulation. What one ends up with is a *lot* of change. Laid end to end, the coins would stretch from the World Trade Center to the Empire State Building; stacked, they would run up one side of the Washington Monument and down the other with $850 left over. Some questions are suggested:

- Given that the accumulated change weighed 1,502 pounds—more than the payload of the Toyota pickup he owned at the time—how did he move it?
- Did North put these 230,000-plus coins into paper rolls, and if so, how long did it take him?
- Why did he bother to nail the change box to the floor, since three Soviet weightlifters would have been need to pick up the box?

—Joe Mastrianni JULY 1989

THE MERRY WIVES OF TOM CRUISE



While flogging his latest flop, *Far and Away*, to the press, tiny actor Tom Cruise talked to journalists about what it's like being married to his co-star, Nicole Kidman. When asked about his previous marriage to actress Mimi Rogers, Cruise dismissed their relationship as "history. . .old news." And yet, Cruise's remarks about Kidman seemed familiar:

–SEPTEMBER 1992

ROGERS ERA	KIDMAN ERA
"I'm just happier now than I've ever been in my life."—*Time*, December 25, 1989	"This has been the best year for me."—*Us*, July 1992
"Since I've been with her, it's opened me up a lot."—*Rolling Stone*, January 11, 1990	"It's like a whole new life opened up."—*Rolling Stone*, May 28, 1992
"The most important thing for me is I want Mimi to be happy."—*Time*, December 25, 1989	"She's the most important thing to me."—*Rolling Stone*, May 28, 1992
"We share everything."—*Rolling Stone*, January 11, 1990	"We do everything together."—*Rolling Stone*, May 28, 1992
"We live a lot of life together."—*Rolling Stone*, January 11, 1990	"We do a lot of stuff together."—*Us*, July 1992
"She's my best friend."—*Rolling Stone*, January 11, 1990	"She's become my best friend."—*Us*, July 1992

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

things. Prior to working in the movie business, I was a sports announcer in radio.
When did you meet Admiral Poindexter?
The only recall I have is... when he was deputy to the national security adviser, and I was already in office. Now if there was some prior time or meeting or gathering, **I don't recall.**
Do you have some general recollection of the Iran-contra event?
Yes. It was a covert action taken at my behest.
Have you familiarized yourself with the charges against Admiral Poindexter?
No, I haven't, I must confess.
They are based on two events: one, letters he sent to a congressional committee; and two, testimony he gave about a shipment of HAWK missiles. Do you recall anything about either of these events?
I only recall learning at some point that there had been a shipment of HAWK missiles by Israel to Iran.... But **that's about the extent of my recollection.**
How often did you meet with Admiral Poindexter?
Usually every working day.
What portion of your schedule is devoted to national security affairs?
I couldn't recall definitely...obviously, a major part.
Can you describe what you understood the Iran initiative to be?
A group of individuals, some citizens of Iran, journeyed to a third country...they wanted to discuss how better relations between Iran and the United States could be secured...and so a delegation of ours—I believe it was all from the National Security Council—journeyed to meet [them].
Was this journey made by Robert McFarlane and others in approximately April or May 1986?
I can't recall, and I can't set down the dates.
Do you recall being first briefed on this situation at Bethesda Naval Hospital with McFarlane and Don Regan?
I recall that I had visits every

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

once in a while there at the hospital. I have to tell you, **I really can't recall** what those visits were about. Nothing was tremendously earth-shattering, according to my memory, but I am afraid that **I wasn't maybe quite up to pinning things down.**

What about a later meeting at the White House?

I know such a meeting, but **I don't recall** what the outcome was or what we were discussing.

But you did have a meeting with Secretary Weinberger and Secretary Shultz and your other top advisers.

Yes.

What do you recall about it?

The Iranian representative suggested [that we sell them] TOW antitank missiles.... And I said that there was one thing upon which we could base selling [the missiles], and that was...if they used their efforts to get our hostages freed.

Do you recall making an analogy to the Lindbergh kidnapping?

I don't recall mentioning anyone else.

Do you recall Ed Meese having an opinion about involving Israel?

I don't recall that coming up at all.

Later you said at a press conference that the decision was yours alone, and you referred to President Lincoln. **Do you recall** *that?*

No.

Do you recall Admiral Poindexter briefing you about HAWK missile parts being sent to Iran?

I cannot remember any meeting on this or not. I do have a memory of learning...that the Israelis...had sent some of their HAWK missiles to Iran.

We were referring to a later shipment.

I just don't recall it.

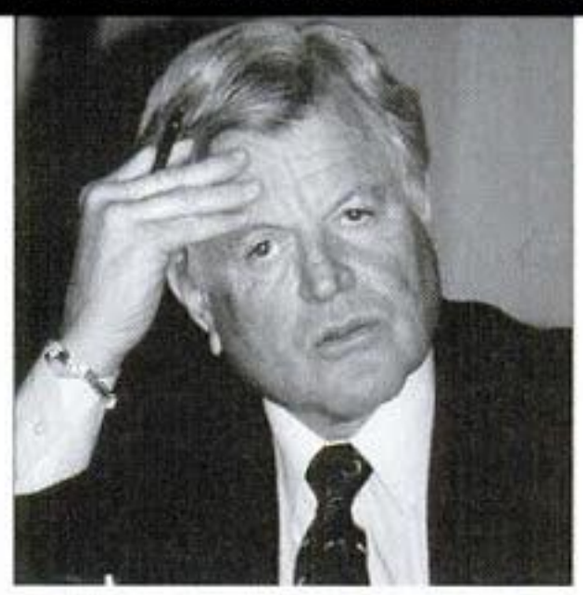
Do you recall *instructing Admiral Poindexter to put together a chronology of the Iran initiative?*

No, I do not.

Do you recall having any discus-

WILL TED KENNEDY GO TO HELL?

A SPY INTERFAITH SYMPOSIUM



FATHER ALFRED HENNELLY
associate professor of theology, Fordham University

In the opinion of Father Hennelly, "If you died in mortal sin, you deserve hell." But, he says, at Chappaquiddick, Kennedy apparently committed only venial sins. "The driving off the bridge seems to have been an accident," says Hennelly. "It seems to have been a rather narrow bridge." Asked about Kennedy's status in the afterlife, Hennelly replied "He would probably be consigned to spend a certain time in purgatory."

FATHER GOMMER DEPAUW
founder of the Catholic Traditionalist Movement

Father DePauw feels that Kennedy may have committed several mortal sins, and thus may be bound for hell. "In the Chappaquiddick thing there's outright lying. To lie is a mortal sin. But if you ask me, 'If Kennedy were to die today, would he go to hell?' I would say, 'Who am I to say? I'm not God.'"

BISHOP W.B. MCNEIL
Holy Cross Remnant Church of Jesus Apostolic Faith

According to Bishop McNeil, "If Kennedy doesn't repent for his wrongdoing, he will go to hell. I believe if he asked God to forgive him for his sin, I'm sure He will."

GUNA GRAHI AND RAFA JNA
The International Society for Krishna Consciousness

Guna Grahi says Chappaquiddick would definitely have karmic ramifications in Kennedy's next life but that "it's really hard to say" what they might be. "God might have given Kennedy the facility to be with this woman, the choice to have the car, the choice to get drunk; maybe due to his past karma he inherited the propensity to get drunk." Rafa Jna speculated, "In his next life, the relationship could be switched, and he could be driven off and drowned."

JIMMY SWAGGART
president, Jimmy Swaggart Ministries

"If Ted Kennedy asked God to forgive him, God would forgive him. Ted Kennedy would not be eternally lost. If he was eternally lost, it would be because he didn't accept Jesus."

IMAM ABDEL-RAHMAN OFMAN
Islamic Center of New York

"According to Koranic law," says the imam, "it is a sin to be with a woman who is not your wife; it is a sin to put her in danger. And lying is a sin. If a man with a woman, just to cover the wrong he did, lets her die, that is a sin in itself. It is a double sin. All sins are punishable in hell."

—*Eric Kaplan* NOVEMBER 1987

LIBERTY, EGALITY, SODOMY

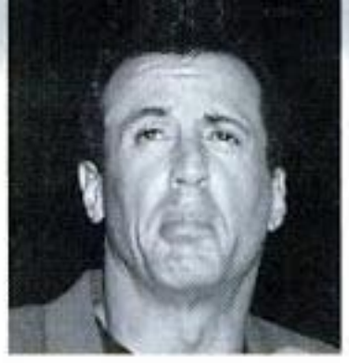
French Movies Today

PARIS—City of Light, Beacon of the Enlightenment, and, of course, international lodestar for connoisseurs of *l'amour*. Here is a literal translation of the titles of some romantic films that recently played in the hometown of Truffaut, Chabrol and Goddard:

Remembrances of a Small Ox-Rump
Anal Indulgences for Voracious Horse Buttocks
Sodomize Me Up to the Sword Hilt
Piglike Ladies-in-Waiting Who Are Expert in Sodomy
The Nurse Is Good at Sex
Small Bourgeois Holes to Be Deflowered
Sweet Fellations and Anal Excavations
Trendy Secretaries by Day, Perverse Bitches by Night
Virgin Buttocks to Be Tested in the Caribbean Islands
The Large Pompous Females
The Large Vicious Females
The Lady Doctor Has Large Breasts

—*Ted Widmer* MAY 1992

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"Mr. Stallone on the Line. . ."

Measuring who is up and who is down in Hollywood can be done in numerous ways, but one of the simplest is by observing how long it takes to get one's phone calls returned. To prove this, we called a variety of well-known people, and gave each of them one of two simple messages: either "I have Sylvester Stallone on the line," or "I have Joey Bishop on the line." The responses were gratifyingly different.

—*John Brodie* SEPTEMBER 1988

	SLY STALLONE	JOEY BISHOP
AGENTS	Lucy Aceto, William Morris agent: 0:28:03	Sue Mengers, William Morris agent: 0:38:15
PRODUCERS	Don Simpson, *Top Gun* producer: 0:02:00	Joseph Papp, Public Theater producer: 89 days and counting
FELLOW STARS	Carrie Fisher, actress: immediately	Bob Hope, TV-special institution: 0:02:01
STATESMEN	Sonny Bono, mayor of Palm Springs: 0:01:05	Ed Koch, mayor of New York: 0:01:45
RENAISSANCE MEN	Michael Mann, *Miami Vice* producer: 0:48:50	Bobby Zarem, energetic publicist: 89 days and counting
TALK SHOW HOSTS	Geraldo Rivera: 0:01:15	Regis Philbin: 19:08:30
TALKING HEADS	State Department spokesman Charles Redman: 1:16:55	Ted Koppel: 89 days and counting
TOTAL CALL-BACK TIME	2 hours, 38 minutes, 8 seconds	267 days, 19 hours, 50 minutes, 31 seconds and counting



If the Pope Were a Dog

MONDAY Pope rejects surplice and miter regalia; opts for simple leather collar.

TUESDAY Pope attacks recently-delivered newspaper; gets rubber band stuck on nose.

WEDNESDAY Pope photographed in embarrassing moment of biological need when he mistakes member of Swiss Guard for yet another statue.

THURSDAY Pope requests meeting with actress June Lockhart.

FRIDAY Pope completes foreign dignitary's request to "Please be seated" with demand for unspecified "treat."

SATURDAY World Council of Churches meeting delayed when pope scratches his belly's "magic spot" and causes inactive left leg to flail wildly.

SUNDAY Pope replaces ritual of "washing the feet of the poor" with licking the faces of the recently fed.

—*Henry Alford* APRIL 1988

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

sion with Admiral Poindexter about reconstructing events?
I don't recall. I don't recall that.
Did you or Admiral Poindexter brief administration officials or Congress about what had transpired?
I don't recall anything having to do with Congress in that sense.
Did you receive any information from Admiral Poindexter that helped you with the addresses to the nation you made on November 13 and November 19?
I don't recall.
Would you have met with anyone?
I'm not denying whether I met with others. It's just that
I don't recall.
Do you recall *that at the end of the first press conference, Admiral Poindexter pointed out some information about Israel?*
No, I don't.
On November 12, you met with congressional leaders. Do you have any recollection of that meeting?
I know that someplace in there, there were meetings...with the congressional leadership.
Was Admiral Poindexter present?
That **I don't recall at all.**
Did you tell the congressmen about the HAWK missile shipments?
No, **I don't recall** ever reporting that to anyone.
I'm told you were first informed of that shipment when you were in Geneva, preparing to meet with Mr. Gorbachev. Do you recall that?
I actually don't. **I don't have any recollection** about when I was told that or who told me.
But at some point you became aware of the shipment?
That's right. As I say, I know that is in my memory, that I heard of France being connected with such a thing.
Mr. President—did you just say France?
I didn't think I did.
I'm sorry, I thought you said France.
If I did, it was a slip of the tongue. –JULY 1990

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Naked City

NOUVELLE-O-MATIC

The Last Food Guide You'll Ever Need



As everyone is now obliged to know, the heart of nouvelle cuisine is the fresh and amusing juxtaposition of fresh and amusing igredients. Now, thanks to the SPY Nouvelle-O-Matic, everyone can create colorful restaurant meals in their own homes. To operate, just pick one item from each column. There are 1,771,561 possible combinations—enough for three different meals everyday until 3604. Bon appetit! –January/February 1987

1	2	3	4	5	6
hacked	redfish	steamed in parchment	raspberry vinegar	Oregon morels	violets
Native	free-range chicken	grilled over mesquite	pureed truffles	golden caviar	fiddlehead ferns
Hawaiian	monkfish	in a brioche	apple compote	green tomatoes	mango slices
seviche of	gravlax	on a bed of radicchio	framboise	pickled ginger	endive
blackened	venison	ravioli	vermouth	sun-dried tomatoes	Cajun popcorn
barquette of	calf's liver	potpie	guacamole	leeks	onion marmalade
medallions of	oysters	ragout	yogurt	green peppercorns	plum chutney
deep-fried	scallops	wrapped in blue corn tortillas	lime juice	shad roe	kiwifruit
boudin of	partridge	sausage	quail stock	chèvre	baby figs
saddle of	chicken wings	in potato skins	maple syrup	sorrel	chiffonade of basil
warm salad of	smoked duck	peasant-style		pine nuts	poblano chilies
terrine of					

in a sauce of: *and* *garnished with:*

HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN. . .

A Pocket Guide for the Bewildered Modern Person—David Ives OCTOBER 1987

MoMA / HAIR BALL

Similarities
1. no similarities

Differences	
1. made of steel, concrete and art	1. made of hair
2. sold its air rights for condos	2. has not as yet sold its air rights

SMALL DOGS / SMALL CHILDREN

Similarities
1. smell
2. noise
3. unexpected, messy bowel movements
4. like to roll on floors and sleep on top of blankets
5. disgusting food habits
6. should be aired every day
7. tend to be fawned over by bothersome women in the park

Differences	
1. more hair	1. less hair

LAS VEGAS / BROADWAY

Similarities
1. sleazy surroundings
2. expensive
3. many patrons wearing clothes of synthetic fibers
4. straight plays uncommon
5. Jackie Mason performances not unusual

Differences	
1. Located in Nevada	1. Located in New York

PAINTING BY JULIAN SCHNABEL / YOUR MOTHER'S BASEMENT

Similarities
1. old, broken pottery
2. flaking paint
3. bits of fur and antlers

Differences	
1. mentioned in *New York* magazine	1. not mentioned in *New York* magazine
2. priced at $60,000	2. worthless
3. owned by rich people	3. owned by your mother

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Dances With Goofballs

Nobody wants to accuse anyone of plagarism, but isn't it time Kevin Costner stepped forward and admitted that *Dances With Wolves* is nothing more than a remake of a seminal TV series from his youth? Let's look at the facts.

Dances With Wolves During the Civil War, young Union officer John Dunbar (Costner), dazed from a foot wound and feeling suicidal, charges entrenched Confederates. He miraculously survives, and Union forces, inspired by what they mistake for heroism, rally and defeat the rebels.
F Troop During the Civil War, young Union officer Wilton Parmenter (Ken Berry), tangled in his reins during an allergy attack, charges attacking Confederates. He miraculously survives, and the Union forces, inspired by what they mistake for heroism, rally and defeat the rebels.

Dances With Wolves Dunbar is rewarded with command of a fort out west. Upon entering the territories, the young officer is shocked to find crazy Major Fambrough (Maury Chaykin).
F Troop Parmenter is rewarded with command of a fort out west. Upon entering the territories, the young officer is shocked to find crazy Corporal Agarn (Larry Storch).



Dances With Wolves After cleaning up his fort, Dunbar decides to contact the presumably hostile Indians—and finds the Sioux friendly, peace-loving and warm.
F Troop After trying to clean up his fort, Parmenter decides to contact the presumably hostile Indians—and finds the Hekawi friendly, peace-loving and a laff riot.

Dances With Wolves Expected to fight his Indian pals, Dunbar sides with the Sioux against the U.S. Army.
F Troop Expected to fight his Indian pals, Parmenter and the kooky troopers cook up schemes to fool the U.S. Army.

Dances With Wolves Way out in the wilderness, Dunbar is lucky to find romance with Stands With a Fist (Mary McDonnell)—a lovely, Lakota-speaking, buckskin-wearing white woman.
F Troop Way out in the wilderness, Parmenteer is lucky to find romance with Wrangler Jane (Melody Patterson)—a lovely, two-fisted, buckskin-wearing white woman.

Dances With Wolves Acclaimed as a motion-picture masterpiece, sweeps Oscars, earns millions.
F Troop Mocked by critics, ignored by Emmys, cancelled after two seasons.

—*Bill Flanagan* June 1991

Separated at Birth?



Jay Leno. . .



. . .and *Life of Riley* star William Bendix?



***Brady Bunch* servant Anne B. Davis. . .**



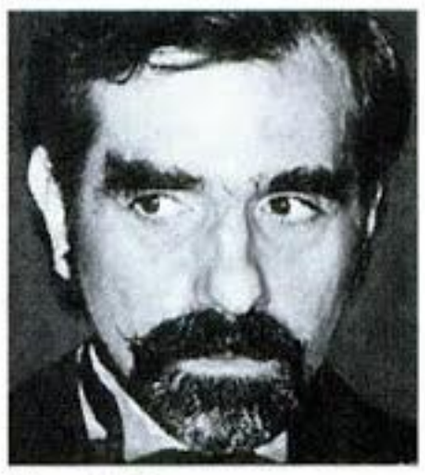
. . .and The Duchess of York?



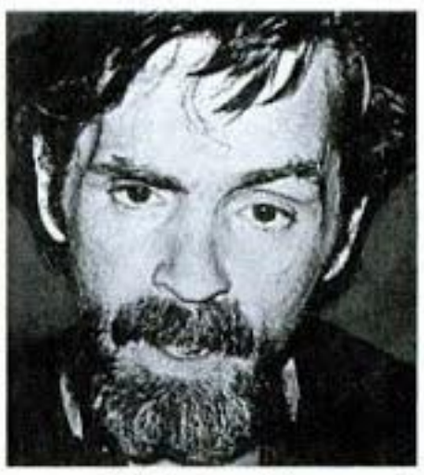
Geraldo Rivera. . .



. . .and Bozo the Clown?



Martin Scorcese. . .



. . .and Charles Manson?



Tina Turner. . .



. . .and Edward G. Robinson?

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Naked City

THE TIMES



MAX



ABE



ARTHUR

The Rosenthal *Times* and the Frankel *Times*—has anyone been able to find a noticeable difference? Not me. Maybe the headlines have been a little bigger; that two-deck banner headline after the election—DEMOCRATS REJOICE AT 55-45 SENATE MARGIN BUT STILL SEEK AGENDA TO COUNTER REAGAN—seemed a mite big. Democrats rejoice all the time. It's their nature.... I will say that thus far Frankel has shown a scrupulous attention to accuracy, as evidenced by the exhaustive Corrections columns. (One recent catch: 'The Bridge column yesterday, about the Minihouse Bridgemarathon in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, misidentified an operetta and its lyricist. The operetta is *Cox and Box*, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and words by Sir Francis Burnand, not Sir W.S. Gilbert.") –JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1987

Rosenthal's...maundering, meandering On My Mind column on the op-ed page has been a twice-weekly source of high amusement for many at the paper. (They have dubbed it Out of My Mind.) Within hours after that day's paper hits the streets, current and former reporters and editors are on the phone quoting lines to one another.... In one column, I counted 1 *me*, 2 *myself*s, 1 *mine*, 4 *my*s and 34 *I*'s. The *I*'s have it: this is bad writing of heroic proportions. And who is to tell him how terrible it is? His enemies are too pleased, and his friends are too frightened to talk. –APRIL 1987

As *Vogue*'s spa-loving, cosmetics-rich beauty director, Shirley Lord is no stranger to the hearty wallow in the favor trough, and like a good wife, she is now educating Abe in her ways....[Their] wedding, which took place at the apartment of Metromedia chairman John Kluge, coincided with the *Times Magazine* ordering up a profile of Kluge. Similarly, the party Abe and Shirley threw for columnist William Safire at the Rainbow Room (paying less than the usual price) followed by one day the glowing *Times* coverage of the Rainbow Room's refurbishing.

Shirley, who has not been averse to using Abe's waning power to get herself wedged into society dinner tables, has been finding a remarkable change in critical acceptance of her filthy books—at least at the *Times*: Review in the *Times* of Shirley's *Golden Hill* before she met Abe: "A world defined entirely by clichés. . . ." Review in the *Times* of Shirley's *One of My Very Best Friends* after she met Abe: "Readers will have their Perry Ellis socks knocked off by Lord's steamy new novel of sex and success." –MAY 1988

The current Washington bureau chief, Howell Raines...has been confining himself to matters of a more mundane nature. His ice bucket, for example. He keeps one in his office that news clerks have been instructed to keep filled with fresh ice at all times. Lapses in ice bucket maintenance are usually followed by detailed instructions to the assistants, ending with a curt *And I don't want to have to go over this again*. Unfortunately, a novice clerk, and therefore one new to the importance of ice-bucket protocol, neglected this crucial duty once too often, and the most important bureau chief of the most important newspaper of the most important country in the world was forced to issue an official office directive illustrating his own fastidious ice-bucket-refilling techniques.

But Raines' concerns are not confined solely to dry-bar preparation.... The bureau's news clerks also have standing orders, the moment it starts raining, to grab Raines' ficus plant and take it outside so that it can be watered naturally. In periods of draught...the plant gets showers in Raines' personal bathroom at the bureau. –SEPTEMEBER 1989

The former About New York columnist William E. Geist, so desperately missed at the *Times*, apparantly also found himself missing the paper. Around the time his contract with CBS was up for renewal, he happened to get a call from lame-duck managing editor Arthur Gelb. After pleasantries were exchanged, the talk came around to Gelb's idea that maybe Geist would be interested in returning to his alma mater. *Why not come up and meet with Max and we can all discuss it?* Gelb said.

It was with a perceptible spring in his step that the sweet-tempered Geist reentered the *Times*' dreary gray fortress. Barely had he sat down, however, when a grim-faced Max Frankel, veins dilating wildly on his forehead, spittle flying from his lips, launched into a long and angry condemnation of Geist for leaving the paper and sullying himself in television. *You just left for the money*, he raged. *This is the place to be, and if you think you can come waltzing back in here. . .* Geist felt ambushed. Sitting silently alongside Frankel the whole time was deputy managing editor Joseph Lelyveld, Gelb's successor, and in time maybe even Frankel's. –JANUARY 1990

—Miles Archer, Huntley Haverstock and J.J. Hunsecker

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JIM CARREY

THE MASK

FROM ZERO TO HERO

NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS DARK HORSE ENTERTAINMENT CHARLES RUSSELL JIM CARREY "THE MASK" PETER RIEGERT PETER GREENE AMY YASBECK RICHARD JENI CAMERON DIAZ and MARK PALADINI BONNIE GREENBERG INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC KEN RALSTON HA NGUYEN RANDY EDELMAN ARTHUR COBURN CRAIG STEARNS JOHN R. LEONETTI CARLA FRY MIKE RICHARDSON CHARLES RUSSELL and MICHAEL De LUCA MIKE WERB MICHAEL FALLON and MARK VERHEIDEN BOB ENGELMAN CHARLES RUSSELL

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON CHRYSALIS A DIMENSION OF COLUMBIA RECORDS

READ THE BANTAM BOOK

NEW LINE CINEMA

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...d material



M. OVITZ J. SILVER M. EISNER

After turning in a draft of *Memoirs of an Invisible Man* to Chevy Chase, millionaire screenwriter William Goldman was summoned to meet with the teetering star to discuss changes in the script. After a heated discussion over changes for a rewrite, Goldman quit. His final words? "Fuck it, Chevy. I'm too old and too rich to be bothered." –APRIL 1988

Mike Ovitz generally prides himself on being emotionally undemonstrative. Others accuse him of actually lacking human emotions. But perhaps nothing illustrates Ovitz's ice-water tendencies better than a recent incident concerning the defection of CAA agents Judy Hofflund and David Greenblatt to form their own agency, InterTalent.

The story accepted as gospel is that the morning after Hofflund and Greenblatt gave notice, another CAA agent, Tom Strickler, was spotted having breakfast with Greenblatt. Later that day, Strickler attended the regular staff meeting, at the conclusion of which Ovitz, almost as an afterthought, announced matter-of-factly to the room that Strickler is no longer a CAA agent. When Strickler walked down the hall afterward in a state of shock, he found that his office had been padlocked and a security guard was waiting to escort him from the building. In truth, Ovitz called Strickler into his office after the meeting and fired him privately. And *that's* when Strickler walked down the hall in a state of shock. –MAY 1988

Joel Silver, the taste-free bullyboy, is also working on what must be the most wickedly clever cross-genre film ever—a buddy movie and a body-changing movie, *Duke and Fluffy*. Financed by superquality-minded Carolco, *Duke and Fluffy* is about a cat (Michelle Pfeiffer) and a dog (Schwarzenegger) who fight like, ah...well, cats and dogs. When their masters are killed, they turn into crime-solving human beings who fight like, ah...well, cats and dogs. Sounds like one of the latter. –DECEMBER 1988

If a talent agent were removed from his phone, his Rolodex and his desk, would he still be the manipulative, pushy schmoozaholic that he is when in his native habitat? In the case of InterTalent cofounder Bill Block, the answer is *yes*. He proved himself this summer when he joined *machos* and *machos manqués* Tom Selleck, Tom Cruise, Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg, Don Simpson and others for Hollywood's annual executive river-raft excursion down the Snake River. Block spent the trip doing what any self-respecting agency chief would do: trying to brown-nose big-ticket CAA talent. Block's gambit was to repeatedly tell Cruise that he would be more than happy to carry his gear for him, he wouldn't mind at all, really, *it would be no problem whatsoever*. "You know, Bill," Katzenberg finally blurted out, "by the end of this trip we're going to have to get a blowtorch to get your nose out of Tom's ass." –NOVEMBER 1989

A big-time New York agent who placed a call to Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg last year was informed by a Disney underling that the boss was unavailable—*Mr. Katzenberg*, the aide said in all seriousness, *is currently between his car and his office*. –DECEMBER 1989

The Hollywood wedding of the year—or at least of the first accounting quarter—was that of Jon Davis, son of jumbo zillionaire and itinerent mogul Marvin Davis. There was, of course, the requisite bachelor party, thrown by Arnold Schwarzenegger and producers Larry Gordon and Joel Silver. And this being Hollywood, not one but a dozen women were ushered in for the evening's entertainment. The women were there to service not the revelers, but one another, in all manner of configurations and couplings. While the women entertained, all the guests just watched, Chauncey Gardiner-style. All, that is, except for the host-cum-reveler with the difficult-to-pronounce name, who reportedly had to be physically restrained (*Down, Arnold, down!*) as he playfully tried again and again to mount various clusters of women

–JUNE 1990

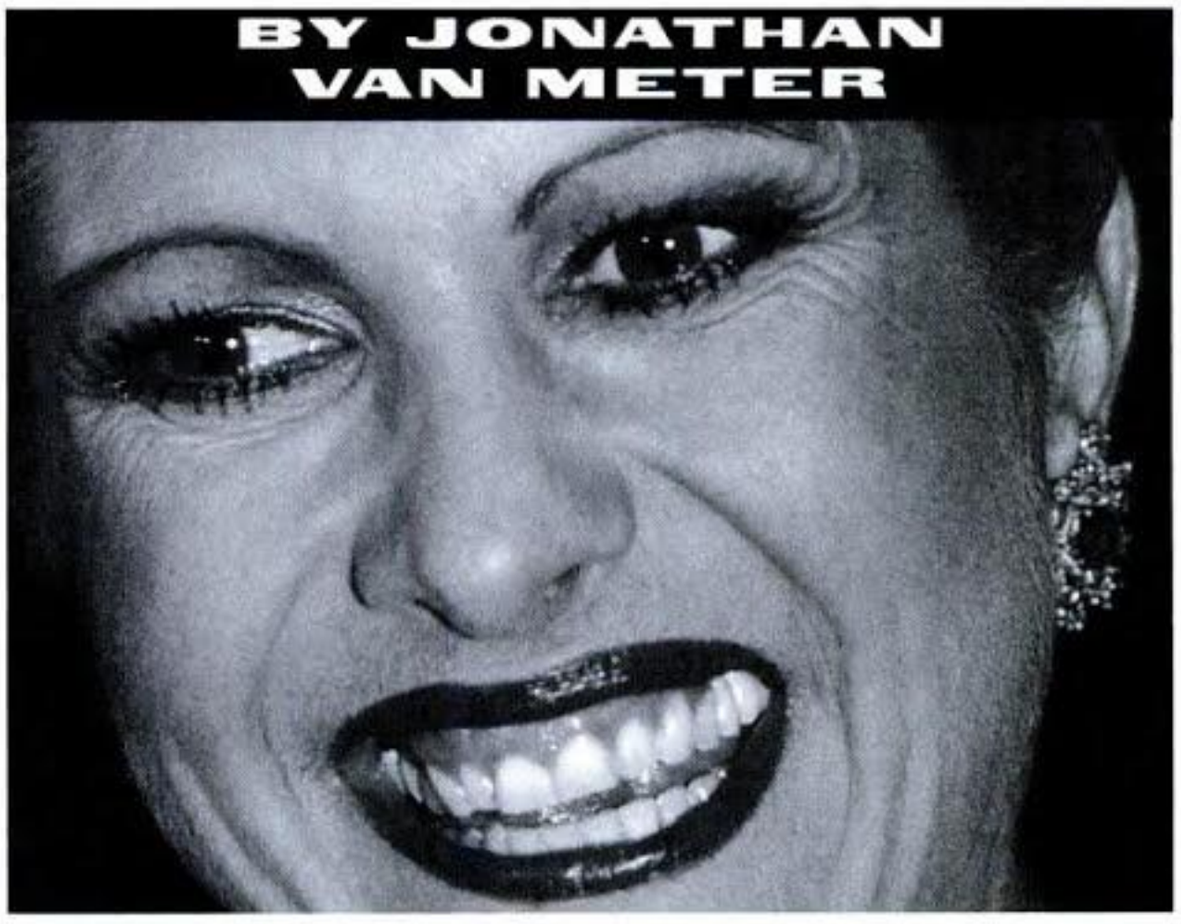
Ovitz may be getting tired of being an agent. The problem is, is Ronnie Meyer the sort of guy you want to take over for you? He helps handle CAA's middle-aged major stars—Barbra Streisand, Jane Fonda, Jessica Lange—and Madonna too. Yet the man who represents Hollywood's feminist pantheon is a pig. After Madonna stopped by once, an underling said "I didn't recognize her. She was more...more—" "More hideous than you thought?" Meyer reportedly interjected. –MARCH 1992

Producer Debra Hill recently said to an acquaintance, "I know who Celia Brady is. It's that gossip columnist, Liz, Liz..." Liz *Smith?* "Yes," she said with finality. "Liz Smith is Celia Brady." See you Monday night at Morton's, Debra. I'll be the old doughy one kissing everybody's ass. —*Celia Brady* SEPTEMBER 1992

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THAT'S WHY THE LADY IS A TRUMP

BY JONATHAN VAN METER



WHEN YOU have lived a life as high- powered and fast-paced as Ivana's, it's pretty hard to remember all the superglamorous things that happen to you. How else to explain the fact that Ivana never mentions her former partner, George Syrovatka, the good-looking skier? An article from a 1975 issue of *The Montreal Gazette* pictures a very loving George and Ivana sharing an intimate moment in their apartment. George, the paper explains, had emigrated from Prague in 1972 and started a ski boutique called Top Sports. "[Ivana] met George through racing when she was still a teenager and they've been together ever since," reported the *Gazette.*

Eager to talk to the lucky fellow who had apparently been Ivana's first husband, we contacted Syrovatka and asked him if he was indeed once married to Mrs. Trump. "Well, uhhh, not exactly," he replied, and agreed to an interview the next day, which he later mysteriously cancelled. Confused, we visited Quebec's provincial courthouse, where we could find no record of such a marriage. We inquired about obtaining additional pictures of the good-looking George from the *Gazette*, which had covered his skiing career in the seventies; imagine our disappointment when we learned that the entire George Syrovatka file had inexplicably disappeared sometime last year! We then spoke with various Montreal colleagues of George and Ivana, who remember George as being very adept with women and suggest that the two were live-in lovers. A top girlfriend, even then, if not exactly a top wife!

Meanwhile, down the mirrored power corridors of New York, Donald Trump was cruising through the mid-seventies like many other suave, finger-snapping guys on the go—living the high life, going to happening discos and, in his words, "dating the most beautiful people in the world."

As a superbeautiful top high fashion model who ironed her dyed hair every single night, Ivana was certainly qualified to date Donald Trump. And when—according to the Trumps—he first spotted her across the room at a PR reception for the athletes at the 1976 Summer Games in Montreal (where Ivana was not, as she once misremembered, in competition, since there are few snow-skiing events in the Summer Olympics), he knew she was different. Or it could have been—as other old friends of Ivana's mention—that the pair met in New York's superswanky Maxwell's Plum. As the story goes, it was there that Donald very smoothly sent a round of cocktails over to Ivana's table, where she was dining out with a group of models who were in town for a Canadian-fur fashion show. Either way, "for the first time in a long while," wrote Trump biographer Jerome Tuccille, "Donald Trump had met a beautiful woman who had her head screwed on right."

The ever-practical Ivana later said "I didn't get excited immediately." (But then, a woman as traditionally classy as Ivana wouldn't—especially if she was already married to, or living with, a hunky Canadian-Czech ski champ.) But, she added, Donald's energy made him attractive. "I love a good-looking man," she recently said, "but, you know, it's really with the look and the brain and the energy and the really potentials, you know, Donald always had a great head on his shoulder, and I saw the potential there."

After their magical encounter, and with George (who obviously didn't have *the really potentials*) conveniently sloughed off, Donald and Ivana dated long distance for nine months. Ivana would fly into New York on Friday nights and Donald would meet her at the airport in a chauffered limo. (Class, nothing but class, and really, Ivana would have it no other way.) For the rest of the weekend, Ivana would watch with stars in her eyes as Donald talked about deals (his art form), and despite the superhectic pace (sometimes Donald had to take six phone calls during a single dinner!) they would spend a romantic evening or two together.

It was on April 9, 1977 that Ivana and Donald took that storybook step and were married. Within a year, Ivana had given birth to Donald Jr. Four years later came a girl, Ivanka, and in two more years, a second boy, Eric.

In most respects the Trumps are the all-American family. When a member of Oprah Winfrey's TV audience had the temerity to ask them about *20/20*'s report that Donald only spends four to six hours a week with his children, he responded, "I would say that I spend enough time with the children.... I think they're pretty well covered."

Hear that, naysayers? *They've got the kids covered.* No problem. And we'll bet those four, five, or six are *super*quality hours. With top kids. –MAY 1989

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WHAT PASSES FOR FRIENDSHIP TODAY

BY JAMES COLLINS



NOW COME THE LONG shadows and burnished leaves as autumn, the viola in our quartet of seasons, takes up nature's melody. The sunshiny days just passed still caper in the mind, and yet, like fallen petals, they soon will lose their savor. Only one remembrance of those sweet weeks will never fade. It lingers. It is timeless. It is this: during the entire summer, exactly one friend invited you away for the weekend, *and that was a friend you despise.*

But then again, remember a few weeks ago, when you finally returned all those calls from your college roommate—the one now in public relations? He dropped by for a drink—fine, enjoyable really. Then the sun began to set, and you said to him, "Well, I wish you could stay for dinner, but I'm having some people over..."

As is well known, love is a gift, freely given. Friendship, however, is more like a lease. (People who fall out of love but then remain friends have a kind of sale-and-leaseback arrangement.)

Love forgives; friendship prorates.

Love does not alter when it alteration finds;
friendship sues.

Love is blind; friendship is like a private eye.

Love invests; friendship speculates.

Love serves; friendship uses.

Love is Tristan and Isolde or Abélard and Héloïse; friendship is Malcolm and Liz.

Love is unconditional; friendship has clauses. Think you've been kicked out unfairly? Read your lease: no pets, no electronic instruments or horns, *no being sort of boring and less great than your friends' other friends.*

In another era, if you asked a friend to loan you a fiver, he'd give you a twenty, no questions asked. Now he says, or at least suggests, "What use do you intend to make of these funds?" The once-familiar words *Here, let me* or *Please, I'll get this* or *Forget about it,* sound a faint and almost poignant note; the phrase *So—what do I owe?* has replaced them.

Somewhere in the world (Rochester, New York, the control test market for our study), friendship works like this: two boys grow up side by side. They meet in the schoolyard, where one beats the other up. One—the beaten-up one—is bookish, the other more adventuresome, but they become friends. Together they explore the strange tunnels outside of town, lie to each other's parents, and try to sort out the mysteries of the world (that is, women). The studious one may go far, or he may founder, uncertain in action; the heedless friend may squander his fortunes, or his guile and pluck may bring him wonderful success. Or nothing much may happen to either of them. Regardless, when one of these two needs some advice or an attentive ear, he knows where to turn. To his lawyer. Still, they are friends, it would take something pretty serious to pull them apart.

Elsewhere, the story runs more this way: two men meet at the client-driven business they have both recently joined. For a few months they pal around; one knows lots of chicks, the other used to do business for a couple of clubs and they still treat him right. Solid! Friends! But what if one is promoted to group VP? Or buys a house on the beach in the Malibu Colony? Or finds somebody with an extra seat in his Rangers sky box? All this as the other merely stays in place. Everything changes. From the sky box, the world looks quite different. He begins to reevaluate. Reading the fine print, he sees that these new circumstances release him from the obligations of his friendship—and, anyway, *it was only a rental.*

In Rochester, the nicest thing to say to a friend who has had good luck is "I'm so happy for you!" In New York, the nicest thing to say to a friend who has had good luck is "I'm so envious!"–SEPTEMBER 1990

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PARLIAMENT OF SUCKERS

SPY SAYS "WELCOME" TO CONGRESS' FRESHMAN CLASS

WE ALL remember being freshmen. The strangeness, the fish-out-of-water alarm, the terror that some big kid might humiliate us—why, it's all just part of the fun of growing up! But while the new members of Congress might feel a bit overwhelmed, it seems unlikely that any veteran congressman will play pranks on the newcomers. Which leaves it up to us.

Pretending to be Henry Rose, the host of a New York talk-radio program, we phoned several of the freshman reps and interviewed them—as we told them—live on the radio. Here are the highlights.

WE CALLED NICK SMITH (R-MICHIGAN).

*What should we be doing to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?**

My impression, Henry, is we've got to be very careful, that moving through the United Nations effort has a great deal of merit.

Most new congressional members become more conscious of their image. Have you hired an image consultant?

I married my image consultant 35 years ago. She decides when I need to stand up straighter and pull in my stomach.

WE CALLED JAY DICKEY (R-ARKANSAS).

Bill Clinton has proposed lifting the ban on gays in the military. Do you support him?

No, sir. Those folks shouldn't impose their lifestyle on us.

But armies in Europe allow gay soldiers.

Well, I think we have different standards. I know in the 4th District of Arkansas, I don't know if we'd have anybody who'd be in favor of this.

The entire 4th District?

You know, we have a whole lot of dirt roads and gravel roads here in Arkansas. And you don't find a whole lot of tolerence for homosexuals on dirt roads.

*Freedonia, Marx Brothers fans will recall, was the country in which *Duck Soup* was set.

WE CALLED DON JOHNSON (D-GEORGIA).

Do you support Bill Clinton's proposal to lift the ban on gays in the military?

No, I don't.

I find it surprising that, as Georgia's first openly gay Congressman, you wouldn't support that.

I'm sorry, did you say—*What?* You said I was the first what?

Aren't you Georgia's first openly gay congressman?

No, that's not me.

We had a story come over the wire—

No, that's not me. That's not me.

Are you any relation to Don Johnson, the great actor?

No, but I tell ya, I get a lot of votes because of him—it helps my name recognition.

WE CALLED JAMES TALENT (R-MISSOURI).

What should we do to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?

I think anything we can do to use the good offices of the United States government to assist stopping the killing over there, we should do.

Are you a dog or a cat person?

Basically a dog person. I certainly, though, wouldn't want to offend my constituents who are cat people, and I should say that being, I hope, a sensitive person, that I have nothing against cats, and had cats when I was a boy, and if we didn't have the two dogs, might very well be interested in having a cat right now.

WE CALLED DAVID MANN (D-OHIO).

Bill Clinton has proposed lifting the ban on gays in the military. As Ohio's first openly gay congressman, do you support his position?

As Ohio's first openly gay congressman—who're you talking about?

Uh, the story in USA Today *about—*

Who is this? This isn't me.

WE CALLED JAY INSLEE (D-WASHINGTON).

Do you approve of what we're doing to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?

...I'm not familiar with that proposal, um, but it's coming to the point now that turning a blind eye to it for the next ten years is not the answer.

Do you think the NFL should bring back the instant replay?

I probably have the most strongest advocacy against the instant replay in the U.S. Congress.

WE CALLED BOB GOODLATTE (R-VIRGINIA).

Do you know any good party games that might be used as icebreakers for your congressional orientation session?

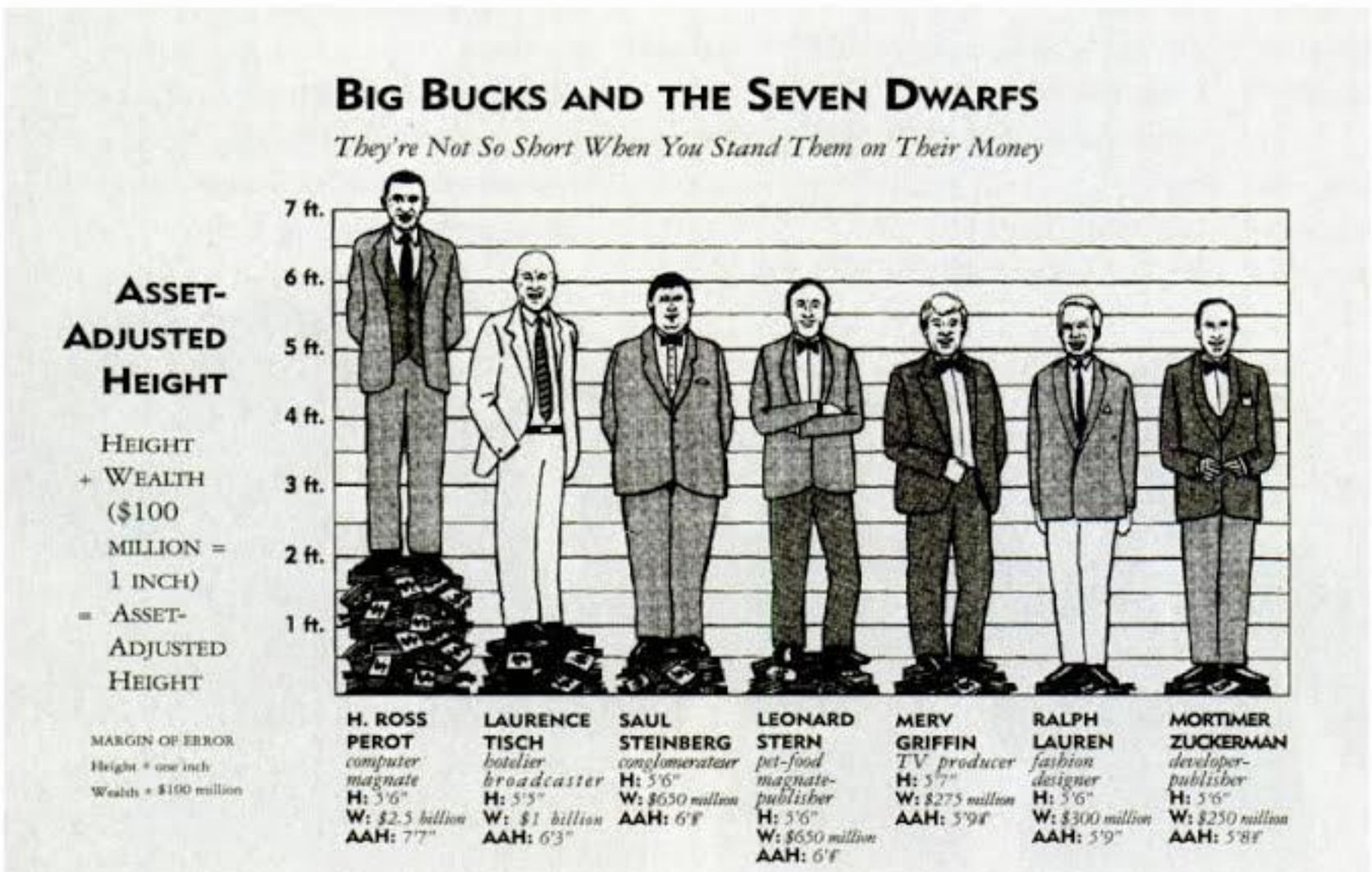
No, I guess I'm going up there to learn.

–FEBRUARY 1992

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HOW THE RUNTY AND THE UNDERSIZED HAVE CONSPIRED TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD

LITTLE MEN



We used to feel something like affection for them. We were happy to take the banquette side of the table at restaurants, grab them a box of Raisin Bran from the top shelf at Gristede's, stand in the back of elevators, slouch at cocktail parties, sit behind them in theaters, help them up Fifth Avenue curbs. We were sympathetic and courteous to the mobs of abnormally little men who scurry around New York. No matter how gnomish and sawed-off they were, no matter how stumpy and squat, we were always courteous. In America, the land of the tall (Abe Lincoln, Jimmy Stewart, John F. Kennedy, Dr. J), we could afford to be generous toward the Runts.

You see where civility got us. In hardly more than a decade, the short men have scrambled to the top. Suddenly, the squirts are in charge. And the rest of us are getting—yes, it's true—short shrift.

During the past year alone, Michael J. Fox (short) beat Ted Danson (tall) for a coveted Emmy Award; Paul Simon (tiny) won a coveted Grammy over Peter Gabriel (normal); and five-foot-nine-inch Paul Newman—not six-foot-three-inch William Hurt—got the coveted Oscar for Best Actor. They never used to let men as small as Joe Morris and Spud Webb into major league sports. Who was forced out as chairman of CBS last year? Lanky Thomas Wyman. Who took over? Dwarf billionaire Laurence Tisch—one of whose spokesmen felt obliged to inform SPY that Tisch is not technically, *medically*, a dwarf. As if Donald Regan wasn't runty enough, itsy-bitsy Howard Baker has now become White House chief of staff—in a shake-up following an inquiry led by former Senator John Tower (five-feet-five-inches). And the new hegemony of the undersized extends to both parties. Not so many years ago, Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith (six- feet-seven-inches) was the Democrats' philosopher-king. Today it's Harvard economist Robert Reich (four-feet-eleven- inches)—a man who brings his own stool to stand on when he gives speeches.

In an era that celebrates the entrepreneurial bullyboy and the cocky individualist, the triumph of the Runts was as inevitable as insider trading and Robin Leach. A certain anxious swagger comes naturally to Runts, and anxious cartoon swagger (consider the Grenada invasion, and exclusive New York nightclubs) has been the style of the eighties. The little man is apt to be an aggrieved man, his arms too short to box with anybody, but a Runt cannot blame society for his affliction. He has a chip on his shoulder, but he won't admit it. So he takes it out on us.

If he's Tisch, he promises not to fire anybody and then fires hundreds of people—the *figurative* little people. If he's Rambo, he explodes dozens of little (foreign) men. If he's Sylvester Stallone, he dumps the little woman and takes up with a giant (foreign) lady. If he's developer-publisher Mortimer B. Zuckerman, he gets the tallest well-known woman he can find who will agree to be his companion (Gloria Steinem) and proposes to build a massive tower looming over Central Park. The Runts are sneaky and ruthless.

Their final offensive began in 1975. In that year, American cars got really small in order to compete with the small cars of Japan—the world's preeminent Runt society. During 1975 John Belushi became a TV star, Stallone made *Rocky* and tough little Dick Snyder became president of Simon & Schuster.

There are new amenities aplenty for the Runts, every conceivable accommodation—but have they lowered the sneeze guards on salad bars to protect the rest of us? Not a chance. And who had built an empire of salad bars in New York since 1975? The Koreans. And how big are the Koreans?

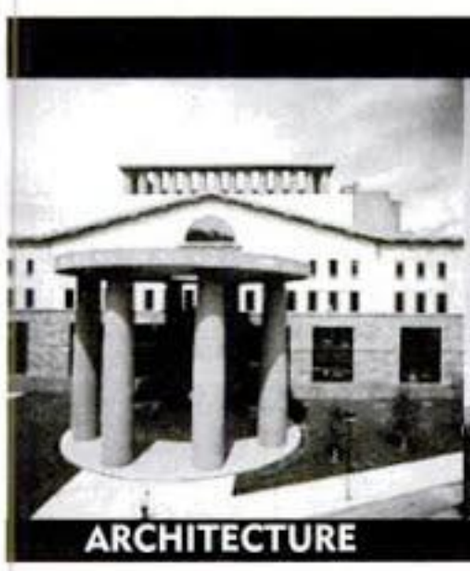
We rest our case. –JUNE 1987

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THE RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT AMERICAN BUZZWORD

POSTMODERN EVERYTHING

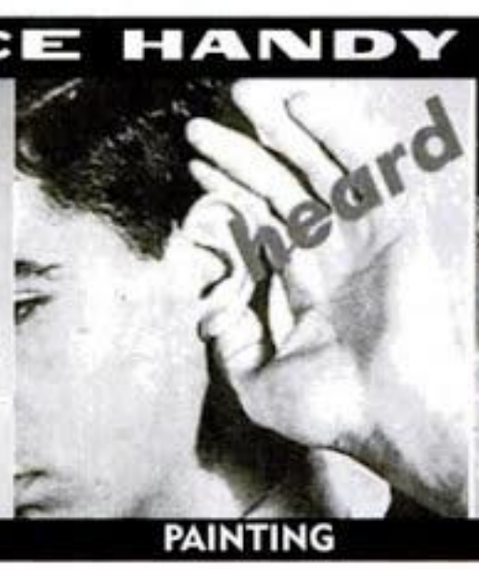
BY BRUCE HANDY



ARCHITECTURE



MUSIC



PAINTING



TELEVISION

The word *postmodern* used to mean something, in much the same way that *prehistory*, say, means things that happened in the epoch before history was invented, or that *canine* means "of dogs." *Postmodern* started life as a critical term. First in architecture, then in painting and dance, it referred to works that consciously rebelled against modernist style, often by paying homage to the once-shunned styles and genres of the past.

To rock critics and slick-magazine-caption writers and wraithlike people standing around the lobby at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, well, it's hard to pin down what *postmodern* means to them. It can mean anything that's sort of old but sort of new, a little bit ironic, or kind of self-conscious—like movies that steal bits from old movies, or photographs of the photographer. It's used in reference to creative endeavors that never had a modernist movement to begin with—art forms such as music videos, rap songs, and panty hose design. It's culture-speak, shorthand for *Stuff That's Cool in 1988*. It's the postmodern (you know what we mean) version of *groovy*, except that using it makes you sound smart.

After scouring the worlds of fashion and art on both coasts, we have compiled a list of concrete, easy-to-recognize criteria.

ARCHITECTURE

▶ Does the building have pilasters or pediments or the same color scheme as the 1984 Summer Olympics?

▶ Is it a cube with a peaked roof?

▶ Does it look like something futuristic—as conceived by Sir Christopher Wren?

▶ For a building, is it funny?

▶ Is it funny, but not a Las Vegas hotel or a fast-food stand in Los Angeles?

MUSIC

▶ Does the piece make use of old TV themes or Malcolm X speeches?

▶ Does it sound like a combination of Philip Glass and Richard Wagner, or Ornette Coleman and Ennio Morricone?

▶ Are you listening to it at BAM?

▶ Is it easier to like than Milton Babbitt but harder to like than Tchaikovsky?

PAINTING

▶ Does the work combine naked figures and old advertising characters in a cryptic, arbitrary manner?

▶ Is it painted on broken china?

▶ Is it a photocopy?

▶ Do you look at it and say, "My 23-year-old could do that"?

TELEVISION

▶ Do the characters talk to the camera sometimes?

▶ Does the program have a "look"?

▶ Does it remind you of an old TV show, only it's insincere and has better production values?

INTERIOR DESIGN

▶ Does the room sport suspiciously well-placed water stains, rust, and peeling paint?

▶ Was it designed by Daryl Hannah's character in *Wall Street*?

▶ Is there more than one piece of furniture in the room with spheres or other geometric shapes for legs?

▶ Would you really want to live there?

LITERATURE

▶ Does the text contain shopping lists, menus and/or recipes?

▶ Does it contain a novel within a novel that has the same title as the novel?

▶ Does the cover feature a bunch of geometric shapes and a quote from Robert Coover?

▶ Does it remind you Céline, if Céline drank a lot of Tab and watched a lot of TV?

▶ Is it easy to hate?

CUISINE

▶ Is it carpaccio?

▶ Does it have a purplish element?

▶ Is it slightly bitter—or extrememly sweet?

MOVIES

▶ Does it remind you of an old movie, only it's set in a post-apocalyptic wasteland?

▶ Does it remind you of an old TV show, only it's insincere and has better production values, and it's longer?

FASHION

▶ Is the garment modular?

▶ Did the designer do a Rose's Lime Juice ad?

▶ Did *Elle* magazine say it was postmodern?

▶ Would you feel foolish wearing it outside New York or Los Angeles?

THEATER AND PERFORMANCE ART

▶ Are there video monitors onstage?

▶ Does it seem like a parody of something, only without all the jokes?

▶ Is it easier than old-fashioned performance art to like, but just as easy to fall asleep during?

GRAPHIC DESIGN

▶ Does it look like MTV?

▶ Do the layouts look like this one?

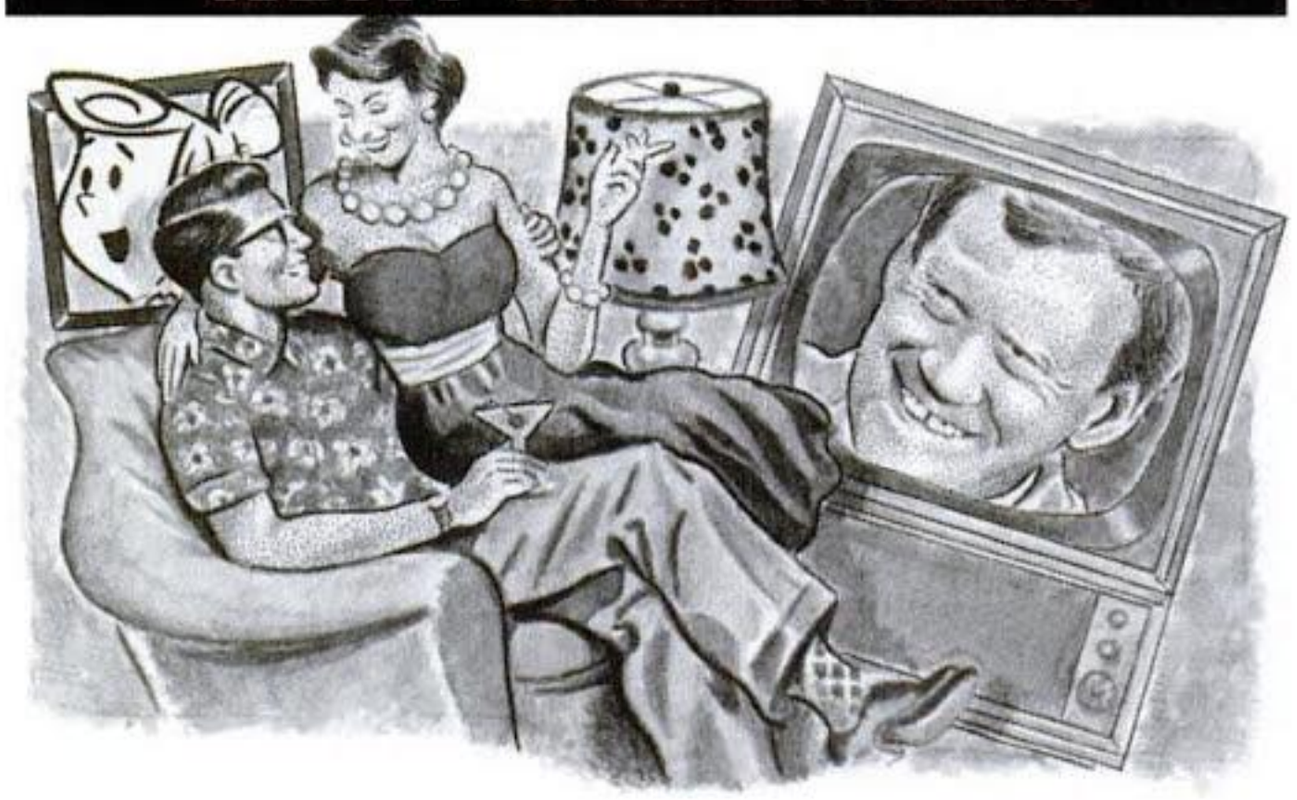
–APRIL 1988

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OUR FIELD GUIDE TO THE UNWITTINGLY HIP

THE IRONY EPIDEMIC

BY PAUL RUDNICK AND KURT ANDERSEN



ONE MINUTE everything was deadly earnest. The next minute everything was amusing. Gerald Ford bumping his head was funny. Patty Hearst as a revolutionary bank robber was funny. Jimmy Carter fighting off a rabbit was funny. Even Richard Nixon, once he had been purged, became a laughable character, Oscar the Grouch with underlings. Thanks to Steve Martin and Bill Murray and *SCTV*, schlock comedians and schlock singers were funny—unintentionally so, *ironically* so. The entire malformed, third-rate pop culture universe was, in fact, suddenly a wellspring of unwitting mirth, of "found humor." To get the joke, all you had to do was what you had always done best—*watch a lot of TV*: game shows were funny, cheap later-night commercials were funny, cable (especially public access cable) was funny, Jack Lord was funny, Marie Osmond was funny, Tom Snyder was funny, Jerry Lewis and his telethon were funny—*and none of them knew it*, which made them all the funnier. Even chunks of non-televised life—trailer parks, theme parks, the *National Enquirer*, the *Post*, morticians' trade magazines—were funny. The Irony Epidemic was just gathering steam when Bobs and Bettys first started going to certain movies (*Plan 9 from Outer Space*, for instance) *because they were so bad*, and it had achieved its full range when there was a whole subculture devoted to bad movies—bad-film books, bad-film festivals, bad-film scholars.

In an Irony Epidemic, nothing stays ironic for very long: the vogue for sixties fashion (peace symbols, miniskirts, Day-Glo) evolved from a jokey revival to a straight-faced mass-marketing phenomenon, and now has already drifted, for the second time in two decades, toward the dustheap of the passé. From Avenue C to K-Mart in five years flat, via *Elle* and MTV—such is the force of Camp Lite. A knowing Bohemian flicker becomes a mindless national bonfire, mock nostalgia turns into the real thing. What starts out as an essentially ironic appreciation of the detritus of the last several decades—of porkpie hats, *Mr. Ed*, Twister, Led Zeppelin, poodle skirts—very quickly becomes an essentially earnest appreciation.

Camp Lite does not celebrate *or* savage; it does not get its hands dirty. Today's irony-stricken yuppie lives in terror of becoming...*anything*. Staking a claim can inspire ridicule: *You're a lawyer?* Admitting to marriage, parenthood—to maturing—implies aging, stolidity. If everything is a pose, a sitcom riff, then you're still a kid, just goofing around.

Victims of the Irony Epidemic do not dread commitment—they fear uncoolness. When Bob wears his garish shirts or his black-rimmed nerd glasses, he implicitly announces, *I am aware enough to appreciate the squareness of this shirt and these glasses; I don't like them—I* get *them.* When Betty dons her thrift shop Holly Golightly strapless, she wears it as a costume, so she can't be accused of becoming her mother. Bob and Betty idolize Letterman; because he keeps things goofy and light, there's no danger of embarrassment. Letterman is enormously talented, of course, but he can become the hipster's Perry Como. Letterman, as the avatar of Camp Lite, as Mr. Ambivalence, is usually thrown by anything truly, weirdly campy. Pee-wee Herman makes him uncomfortable, as does Sandra Bernhard. Pee-wee and Bernhard possess the heedless risk of true camp. They toy with gender, with anguish, with dementia. Letterman is far happier around people like Larry "Bud" Melman—curious oafs, threatless.

Camp Lite tends to focus on the mild, the rural or suburban, and the male. Witness Letterman's fixation on small-town news items, on animal acts, and on the lad who nourished the largest okra in Iowa. Camp Lite yearns for childhood in a wheat field, adolescence on the beach; Dad at the barbecue is God. Camp Lite, at its worst, is a cocktail party that descends into group renditions of the theme from *The Flintstones* and critical debates about whether Gilligan ever got off the island.

The Reagan years have been Camp Lite incarnate, the great winking downside of the Irony Epidemic. By seeing Reagan as a joke, young America denatured him. No one had to dwell on the ugliness of his policies if he were treated as a cartoon, sleepily wed to Cruella De Ville. Voting Republican has become a pose rather than a sin. –MARCH 1989

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Learning Machine Breakthrough!

Amazing new technology teaches you foreign languages, reprograms your mind for success & launches you into virtual fantasy experiences

BY DANE SPOTTS



THE FIRST TIME I plugged my mind into the Learning Machine™ I was reminded of the '50s sci-fi classic *Forbidden Planet*. If you've never seen the movie, an astronaut on the planet Krell discovers an incredible learning technology — a helmet hooked up to a super sophisticated computer that downloads knowledge directly onto your brain cells. Impossible? Maybe not.

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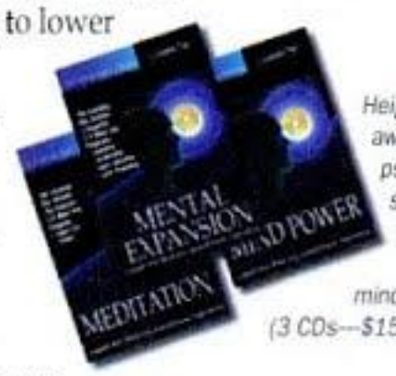


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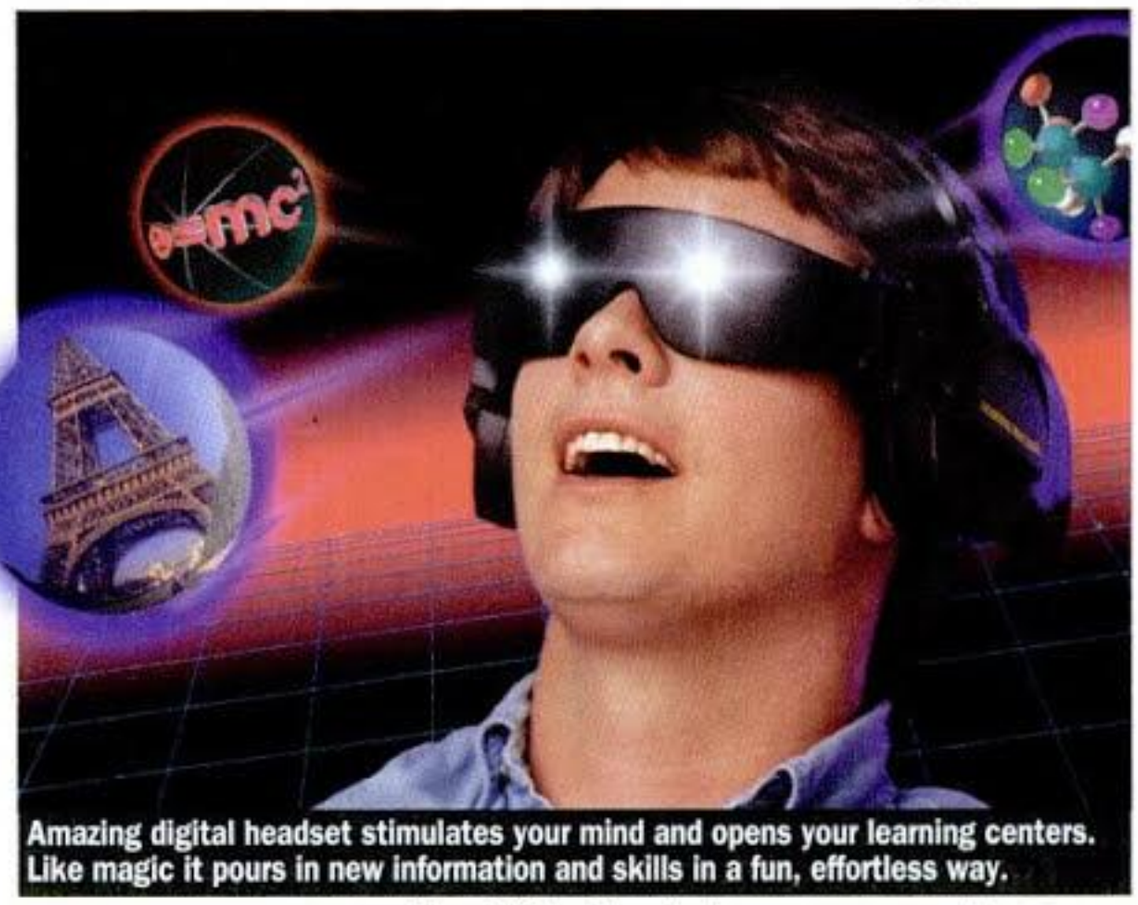
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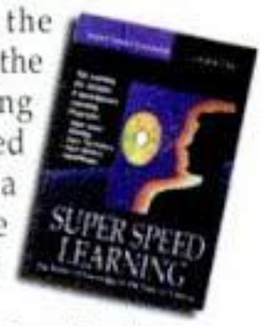
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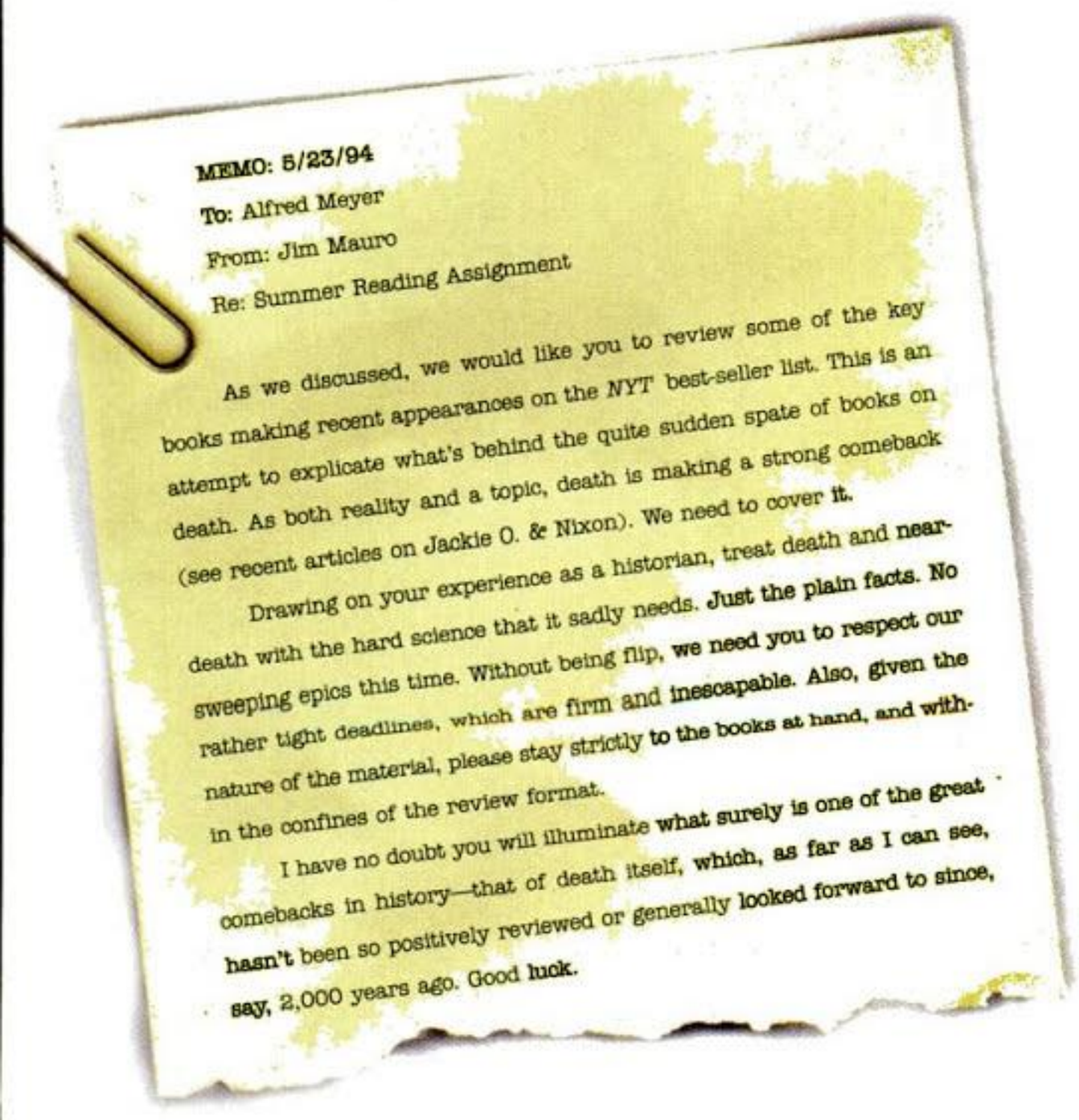
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Book Review

Summer Reading to Die For

By ALFRED MEYER



MEMO: 5/23/94

To: Alfred Meyer

From: Jim Mauro

Re: Summer Reading Assignment

As we discussed, we would like you to review some of the key books making recent appearances on the *NYT* best-seller list. This is an attempt to explicate what's behind the quite sudden spate of books on death. As both reality and a topic, death is making a strong comeback (see recent articles on Jackie O. & Nixon). We need to cover it.

Drawing on your experience as a historian, treat death and near-death with the hard science that it sadly needs. Just the plain facts. No sweeping epics this time. Without being flip, we need you to respect our rather tight deadlines, which are firm and inescapable. Also, given the nature of the material, please stay strictly to the books at hand, and within the confines of the review format.

I have no doubt you will illuminate what surely is one of the great comebacks in history—that of death itself, which, as far as I can see, hasn't been so positively reviewed or generally looked forward to since, say, 2,000 years ago. Good luck.

Excuse me, but I've just returned from a visit to the pre-world, the afterworld, the netherworld, the intergalactic world, and a few radiant pockets of the spiritual world here on Earth. As a result, I have tendered a proposal to the Frommers and the Fodors to see if one or the other might be interested in publishing a travel guide to these remarkable places. As far as I know, nothing definitive or encompassing has appeared in print since Dante and Milton.

Of course, now and then we catch arresting glimpses of an afterlife—but they are mostly by way of experiencers, enthusiasts, charismatics, and lotus eaters, as well as some of our more enduring poets like Blake, Coleridge, and Yeats. However, each glimpse tends to be fragmented, sketchy, and idiosyncratic. Lots of powerful verbal images, great feeling, and philosophic ponderings. But when it comes to straightforward detail, an objective description of the realm (including some professional cartography)—we're out of luck.



The time is at hand, I believe, for the real pros in the travel book business to produce an easy-to-read, well-illustrated, authoritative guide to paradise, atlas included. Given my recent travels, I feel capable of throwing something like that together.

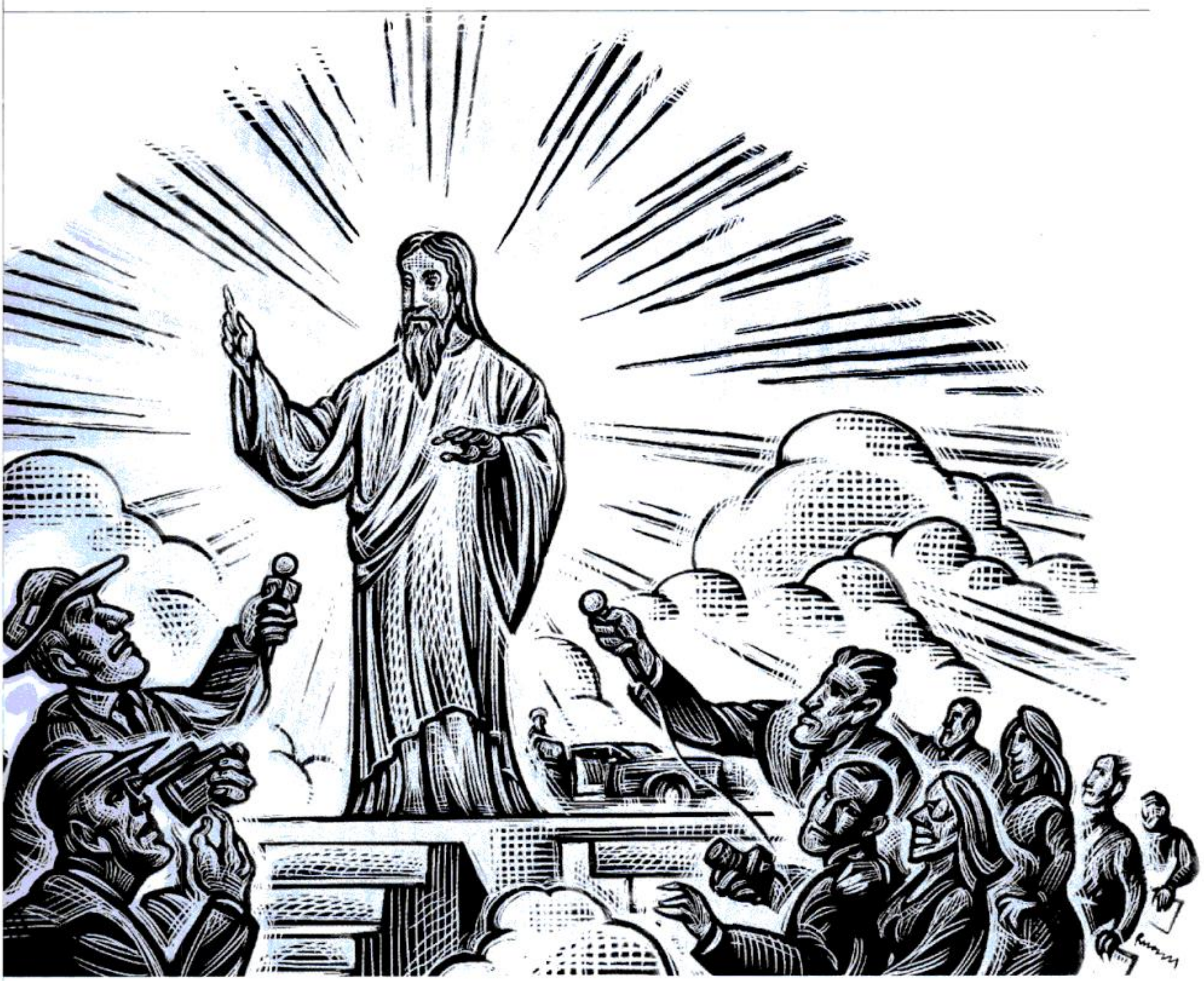
The target audience? Everyone from leftover baby boomers to the chronically depressed, from the economically disenfranchised to the congenitally restless, from the lonely and frightened to the smug and complacent, from the astute to the obtuse, and from the newly inspired to the nearly expired.

All of them would benefit from (and therefore purchase) the sort of guide I envision. As just one example, I might point out that baby boomers are at last realizing that their adolescence is not, as advertised, a perpetual condition—no matter how unnaturally they've managed to prolong it. If I read trend lines correctly, this group is now seriously in search of a road to immortality, no longer content with the entropy-prone vulnerability of the material world, the bland reassessments of mainstream religions, the portentious utterances of politicians, or the small potatoes of local rock 'n' roll.

On the contrary. Death, its denial, its nearness, and its aftermath are now the hottest topics in publishing, as a glance at any recent best-seller list will confirm. Collective death, too, I hasten to add (although frying by nuclear explosion seems a little less likely these days than frying in

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL RUSSELL

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The time is at hand, I believe, for the real pros in the travel book business to produce an easy-to-read, authoritative guide to paradise, atlas included.

the ozone-depleted air). And, in any case, it seems more judicious these days to emphasize doom's bloom instead of its gloom.

And timing? Here we are, caught up in a kind of "postism": postmodern, post-industrial, postwar, post-baby boom, and, according to some embittered, unemployed scientists, post-scientific. Indeed, one respected writer even claims we are in a stage of post-biological evolution.

As it happens, the Gregorian calendar plays no small role in death's ironic comeback. For we are poised to enter not only a new century, but also a new millennium, and if there is hope and anticipation in some hearts, there is caution and trepidation in others.

In fact, an earlier millennial panic/convergence occurred in 1000 A.D., when monks all across Europe stopped copying and illuminating manuscripts, readying themselves instead for the whisk up into the arms of their maker. Of course, when nothing of the sort materialized and the days dragged on, one suspects they went back to work, perhaps grudgingly, resigned to the likelihood of exiting this life on the q.t. rather than in the full-dress thunder and angelic trumpetry of the Second Coming. Their souls would just have to wait it out.

[Note– Alfred: **Who are these monks? Where are the book reviews we discussed? Stick to the assignment. Read the *Times* this Sunday. 500 words so far and still no info. Remember, this is a reading list. Jim]**

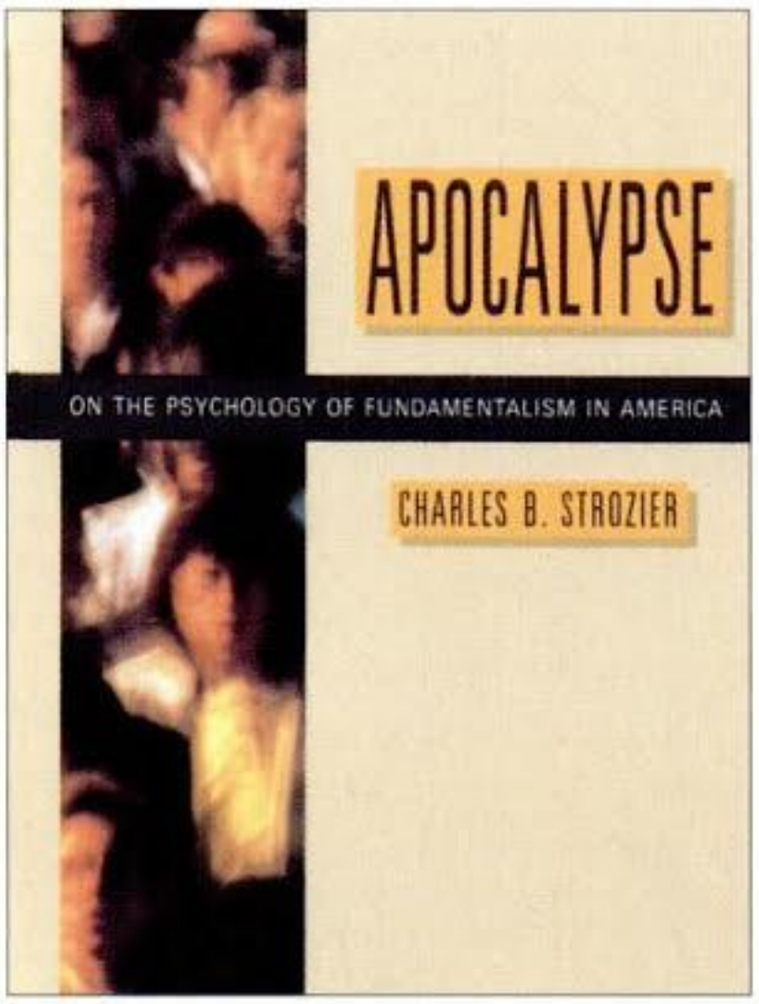
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APOCALYPSE

By Charles B. Strozier
pp. 316, Beacon Press, Boston, $25

Pay close attention to the two-step that lies close to the heart of the Judeo-Christian tradition. Like shoes, many significant events in Christian fundamentalism come in pairs. This is an insight provided to me by one of my escorts to the other worlds, Charles B. Strozier. Via *Apocalypse*, his recent book, Strozier took me into the mindsets of perhaps a dozen born-again New Yorkers who believe, quite literally, that the end of the world is near.

Though each imagines a different scenario and points to different signs—from nuclear plant accidents to AIDS to global warming—they more or less agree on the general sequence of the larger drama. First, God visits tribulation on the Earth (the titular Apocalypse). It is a time of great violence, bodily injury, and all manner of things aburn. Then Jesus is sent.



Like shoes, many significant events in Christian fundamentalism come in pairs. They are born twice and get to live twice—now and when Christ returns.

Although, before touching down and taking over, he hovers in the clouds and gathers around him all those who are "saved."

This altitudinous, cumulous-enshrouded greeting ceremony is known as the Rapture. Christ's millennial rule on Earth follows, ending in what the unsaved and the uncertain dread most: Judgment Day, which is digital in nature. You either get a zero or a one, and remain stuck with your grade forever. No appeals. Fini.

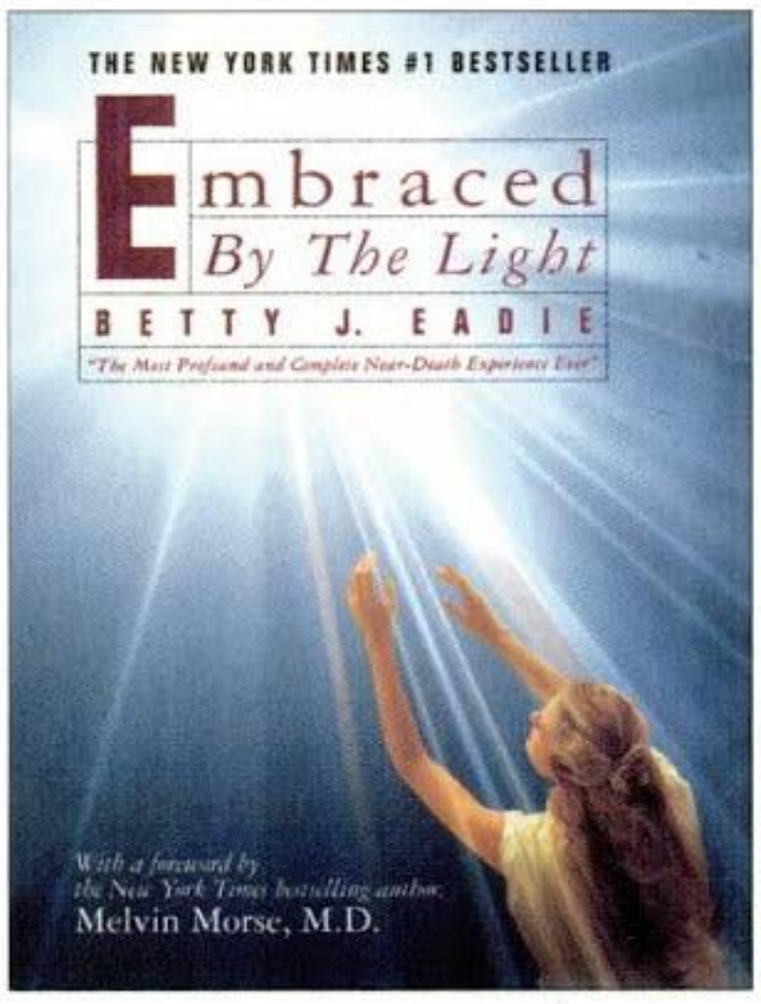
According to Strozier, the two-step or doubling phenomenon takes place all along the way for fundamentalists. They are born twice and get to live twice—once now, and again when Christ returns (his second trip). "A crueler doubling," he writes, "is reserved for nonbelievers. Their sinful bodies are obliterated in a wash of violence during tribulation, and...they are then resurrected as a kind of living presence to be judged by God and brutally cast forever into the lake of fire."

This is their second death, highly deserved in the eyes of the saved, and in those of the ultimate judiciary. Given this simple but persistent pairing, it is little wonder that fundamentalists may well go on the alert as the years of the second millennium dwindle down to a precious few. As they say, repent now, for the end is at hand.

Again, I'm thinking marketing here. Strozier estimates there may be as many as 50 million Christian fundamentalists in America alone. If we're talking $20 per guide to paradise and immortality...well, you do the multiplication. I can only add that, in my opinion, fundamentalists are more intent on just *getting* to heaven than they are with the particulars of what they hope to actually find there. Living forever is the key to their passion, along with seeing that those damned sinners get their just desserts.

Still, I believe that fundamentalist curiosity might be aroused by actual details of life in the altogether hereafter—something they could easily picture, and which my travel guide proposes to furnish. They'll get not only a feel for the place, but the lay of the land, since I noted some of the topographic features while taking part in what I term "the charged particles of the light brigade."

[Note– Art Department: **I'm a little worried about Alfred. Not to mention the piece, which I think can be saved in the design. He seems obsessed with this crazy travel guide to the hereafter, though he may be on to something. Any ideas? Jim]**



EMBRACED BY THE LIGHT

By Betty J. Eadie
pp. 147, Gold Leaf Press, Carson City, $16.95

Following a partial hysterectomy and unexpected complications, Betty J. Eadie died for a while one night in November 1973—an event that launched her on a round-trip, whirlwind tour of heaven. Included was a telepathic tutorial with God, who evidently reigns in a post-verbal environment (if not a post-audial and post-visual one, as we discover). Eadie was 31 at the time of her brief and temporary death, already a mother of seven children. When she returned to life and to Earth, she also perforce returned to words, using these cumbersome vehicles in her lectures and recent book, *Embraced By the Light*, a best-seller.

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TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

How to get surround sound without buying the theater...

Chase Technologies brings you an amazing new surround sound decoder that turns your stereo into a multi-channel home theater.

By Charles Anton



As much as I love renting videos, it's just not the same as seeing a movie in a theater. I remember the first time I saw *Jurrasic Park*. I nearly jumped out of my seat when the dinosaurs roared. One of the reasons movies seem so real is because surround sound makes it seem like you're actually there when events are happening. Now there's an incredible new device that lets you use a stereo receiver to get that same surround sound in your home.

It takes more than four speakers to get surround sound; there needs to be a way of separating the signals. The new Chase Technologies HTS-1 decoder does just that, and in a revolutionary way that rivals the best Dolby Pro-Logic and THX systems.

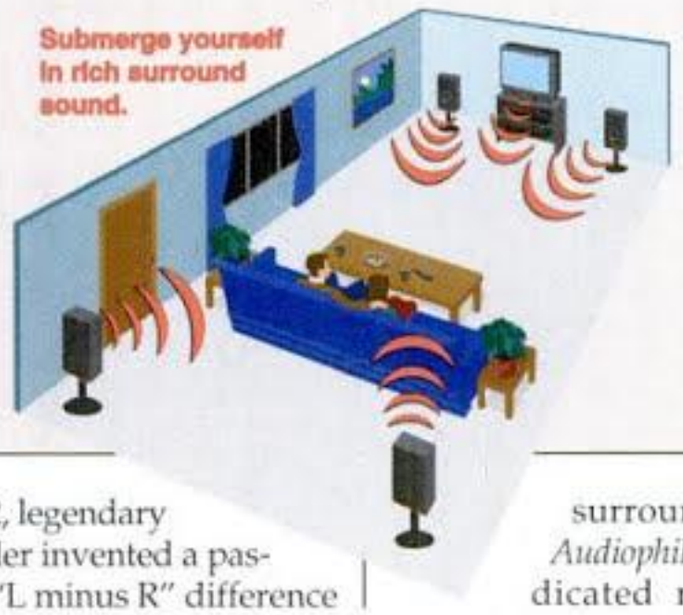
Wins over critics. Gary Reber, editor and publisher of the most authoritative magazine on home theater systems, *Widescreen Review*, stated, "...passive matrix decoders such as the new Chase HTS-1 work great as Dolby Surround™ extractors, and sound exceptionally natural when used for soundtracks and music."

Passive circuit. In 1972, legendary audio pioneer David Hafler invented a passive circuit to extract the "L minus R" difference signals in stereo soundtracks. Because the circuit was patented, it was only available on expensive Hafler products. Now that the patent has expired, Chase can make this amazing decoding system available at a fraction of the cost of other systems!

The secret of surround sound

Surround sound has become the rage of the 90's because it adds depth and realism to stereo sound, giving you the home theater experience. It makes you feel like you're actually at a concert or theater. To "fill a room" with surround sound, you need more than two channels. The HTS-1 provides four channels of sound from any two-channel stereo source.

Free center channel. By connecting your VCR or laserdisc player to your TV, you get sound from your TV speaker; this acts as the fifth or "center channel." Adjusting your TV's volume gives you as much or as little "center channel" localization as you desire, without extra speakers or amps. There are also no extra costs with the "fifth" channel. When used with the HTS-1, you'll have a true state-of-the-art five-channel system.

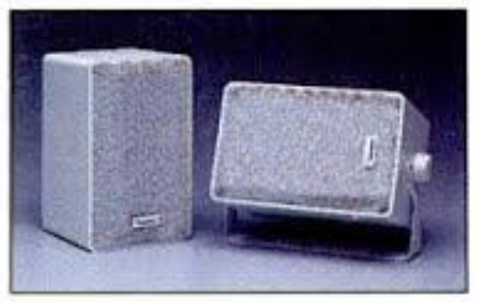


Submerge yourself in rich surround sound.

Breakthrough. The HTS-1 is able to decode the Dolby Surround™ signal in a videotape or laserdisc because the spatial and depth cues have been matrixed into the "L minus R" portion of the two-channel stereo soundtrack. By decoding passively, the HTS-1 avoids costly and noisy signal processing. Plus you don't need any additional amps! Just connect the HTS-1 to your existing stereo system, add two speakers for the rear, and you'll experience the magic of home theater at a fraction of the cost.

Concert sound. The HTS-1 also decodes the ambience found in all music recordings. This sense of space, or "concert hall acoustics," is present in all CDs and cassettes, especially live recordings. John Sunier, the leading authority on surround sound and producer of *Audiophile Audition*, a nationally syndicated radio program for audio enthusiasts, says, "...the new Chase HTS-1, when used to decode the hidden ambience in all musical recordings, definitely outperforms all the Dolby and THX processors (which could cost you up to $3,000)... I am impressed!"

Easy installation. Hooking up the HTS-1 is easy. Simply connect the speaker outputs of your receiver or amp to the HTS-1, then connect speaker wire to the front and rear speakers. The rear channel speakers don't have to be big. In fact, we recommend the Chase ELF-1 in either black or white finish to match your decor. They can be mounted with enclosed color-matched mounting brackets or can be flush mounted on the wall. They are also water and weatherproof; they can be used indoors or out.



The ELF-1 rear channel speakers integrate perfectly with the HTS-1.

Risk-free home trial. Let's face it— the best way to evaluate surround sound is in your home, not in a showroom. That's why we're offering this risk-free home trial. We're so sure you'll be delighted with the quality of these products and the surround sound experience that we are giving you 30 days to try them for yourself. If they're not everything we say, return them for a complete "No Questions Asked" refund.

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Heaven-dwellers go to Earth to be born as humans. It's like having to attend boarding school, only God isn't as strict about grades as was widely reported.

Like most high-priced travel tours, Eadie's began with an affable welcoming committee, which appeared in her hospital room while she was in the middle of an out-of-body (certainly out-of-bed) experience. For Eadie found herself—her spiritual self—near the ceiling, looking down at her inert human form when the committee arrived: three elderly males clad in brown monks' robes. (In essence timeless beings, these bros were unquestionably active in 1000 A.D., although whether they had worked as scribes or illuminists never came up.) After introductions and some reassuring pleasantries, they sent her on her way, alone.

The light in the room faded, the tinkle of wind chimes was heard somewhere in the distance. Then, a tremendous rushing sound and, engulfed in blackness, an awareness of moving at an incredible velocity (the speed of darkness, perhaps). The reader, as stowaway, shudders at what he has gotten himself into; she, confident of eventual egress, never felt as tranquil in her life.

At the end of the tunnel, bathed in a brilliant, golden halo of light, stood the figure of a man. "I felt his light blending into mine, literally, and I felt my light being drawn to his. It's hard to tell where one light ends and the other begins; they just become one light. Although his light was much brighter than my own, I was aware that my light, too, illuminated us. And as our lights merged, I felt as if I had stepped into his countenance, and I felt an utter explosion of love.... I went to him and received his complete embrace and said over and over, 'I'm home, I'm home, I'm finally home.'"

Once the hubbub of their getting together subsided, God quickly got down to his tutorial. Wordlessly he transmitted many ethical lessons to Eadie, as well as the slate of Universal Laws that govern physics, nature, technology, spirituality, and love. She grasped everything instantly; I learned as much as I could later, from her book. Then, reunited with some departed old girlfriends, Eadie was treated to some local sightseeing—the garment district, the main public library, the technology center, and the municipal botanical garden. Immensely relieved, I was finally able to gather some practical information for my travel guide. For example:

▶ **What to wear.** At a clothing factory, spirits weave a shimmering fabric—opaque on one side, transparent on the other—that lets heaven's abundant light shine in without revealing any immodest portions of the wearer.

▶ **Educational Resources.** The main library is notable for

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its state-of-the-art information accessing services. Patrons simply wish to learn something and, presto, they know it, without the bother of books or having to fiddle around with summer reading lists.

▶ **The Technology Center.** A heavenly host of hackers busily create new programs and, in some cases, a managing angel explains, the fruits of their labors are distilled and transmitted to Earth in a form called "inspiration."

▶ **Eden.** Actually disappointing, considering all that went on here. Nevertheless, where downtown heaven is high-tech, the garden retains the bucolic flavor traditionally associated with it. Mountains and forests laze in the distance, waterfalls splash into ponds and rivers. And not only do the flowers themselves radiate a soft, dancing light, but a visitor can actually enter the plant and become it.

In the course of her instruction, Eadie learned that her mortal death was premature and that she would be returning to Earth. This was also when the nature of life and death was transmitted to her. The gist of it is that heaven dwellers lead eternal lives but, for the purposes of spiritual development, go to Earth to be born as humans. It is a little like having to attend boarding school. Once they graduate (die), the spirits return home to see their father (God), who isn't nearly as severe about their grades as was widely reported.

After a fond farewell—hugs, kisses, promises to get together soon—the lights of heaven clicked off and Eadie woke up back in her hospital room. As for me, I looked forward to some more "light" reading—*Saved By the Light,* by Dannion Brinkley.

[Note– Alfred: **This is nothing like the assignment. This is not at all a book review. Readers will be confused. I'm confused. Keep going. Jim**]

SAVED BY THE LIGHT

By Dannion Brinkley
pp. 162, Villard Books, New York, $16.00

On September 17, 1975, a powerful thunderstorm swept over Aiken, South Carolina. Dannion Brinkley was sitting on the side of his bed, talking on the telephone. As he began to say goodbye, a lightning bolt struck—enormous voltage surged through the phone, through Brinkley, through the nails of his shoes and the nails of the floor. Jolted to the ceiling, part of him stayed up there. The other part, the 25-year-old human being part that had just been bolted, volted, and jolted, crashed back down onto the bed, thoroughly electrocuted.

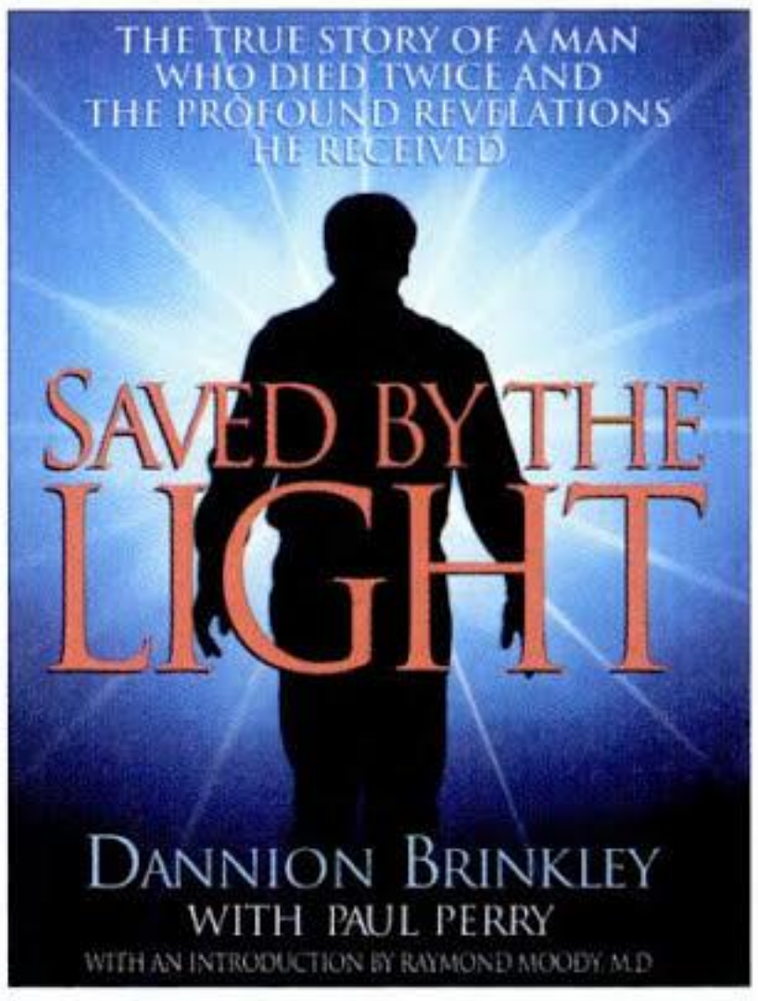
From a height of about 15 feet, Brinkley placidly watched as his wife, Sandy, applied CPR. Soon after, the EMS technicians arrived. One of them leaned over and said to Sandy, "He's gone," pulling the sheet over his head. As the ambulance sped toward the hospital, the chimes began to ring. Here we go again. As anticipated, Brinkley spotted the tunnel entrance just ahead of the racing ambulance.

> Armageddon was poised to unfold on Earth, barring the intervention of corrective human intervention. The year 2000 promised to be especially grim.

Except that the tunnel chimes seemed more rhythmic and pleasing, this ride proved only so-so thrill-wise, perhaps owing to its brevity. Almost immediately, the by-now predictable light appeared. (Evidently, the law of business-as-usual applied as intractably as on Earth, where The Vatican has recently released a new English-language catechism that will guarantee unbelievable sales and royalties—the United States alone contains some 59 million Roman Catholics, who haven't read much new in official doctrine in the past 400 Gregorian-marked years.)

Two surprises, however, made me reel. First, this was a different heaven than the one I toured earlier. More severity and less sweetness, if not less illumination in the literal sense. It quickly became obvious that, instead of in the capital, Brinkley had ended up in an outlying province. Sort of Newfoundland instead of Ottawa, Sussex instead of London, or, given Brinkley's national origins, Atlantic City instead of Washington, D.C.

Initially, I thought this might be a spiritual reflection of Brinkley's recent earthly aversion to either AC or DC, but that was too quick at the switch on my part. More likely it was because he didn't exactly deserve the proverbial red-carpet treatment. I sensed this because the arrival embrace was muted and somewhat less passionate than Eadie's had been. No less full of love and cordiality, to be sure, the Being of Light—as Brinkley dubbed it—nevertheless maintained a certain rectitude. Despite its unmistakably supreme identity, it appeared to Brinkley as both faceless and genderless.



Eadie, I warmly recall, encountered no such ambiguities, no such withholding. To her, God acted like a real Greek, a real Zeus, taking and bestowing his pleasures before asking or handing out any passes to Mount Olympus.

Nor had Eadie faced such a peremptory, guilt-focused review of mortal misdeeds, which was the second surprise. Right after the opening ceremony, Brinkley was put on the defensive, compelled to recall vividly not only what a bully he had been as a youth, but what a

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It is the lively march of the species that counts, not the sideshow of embalmed declamatory selves trying desperately to cling to their passing identities.

murderous CIA operative he'd become both as a Marine in Southeast Asia (where he was the trigger man in a covert assassination squad), and later as an arms distributor in Central America. Required to empathize with his past victims, direct and indirect ones, he broke down after a fashion, realizing the meanness and self-centeredness of his earthly character.

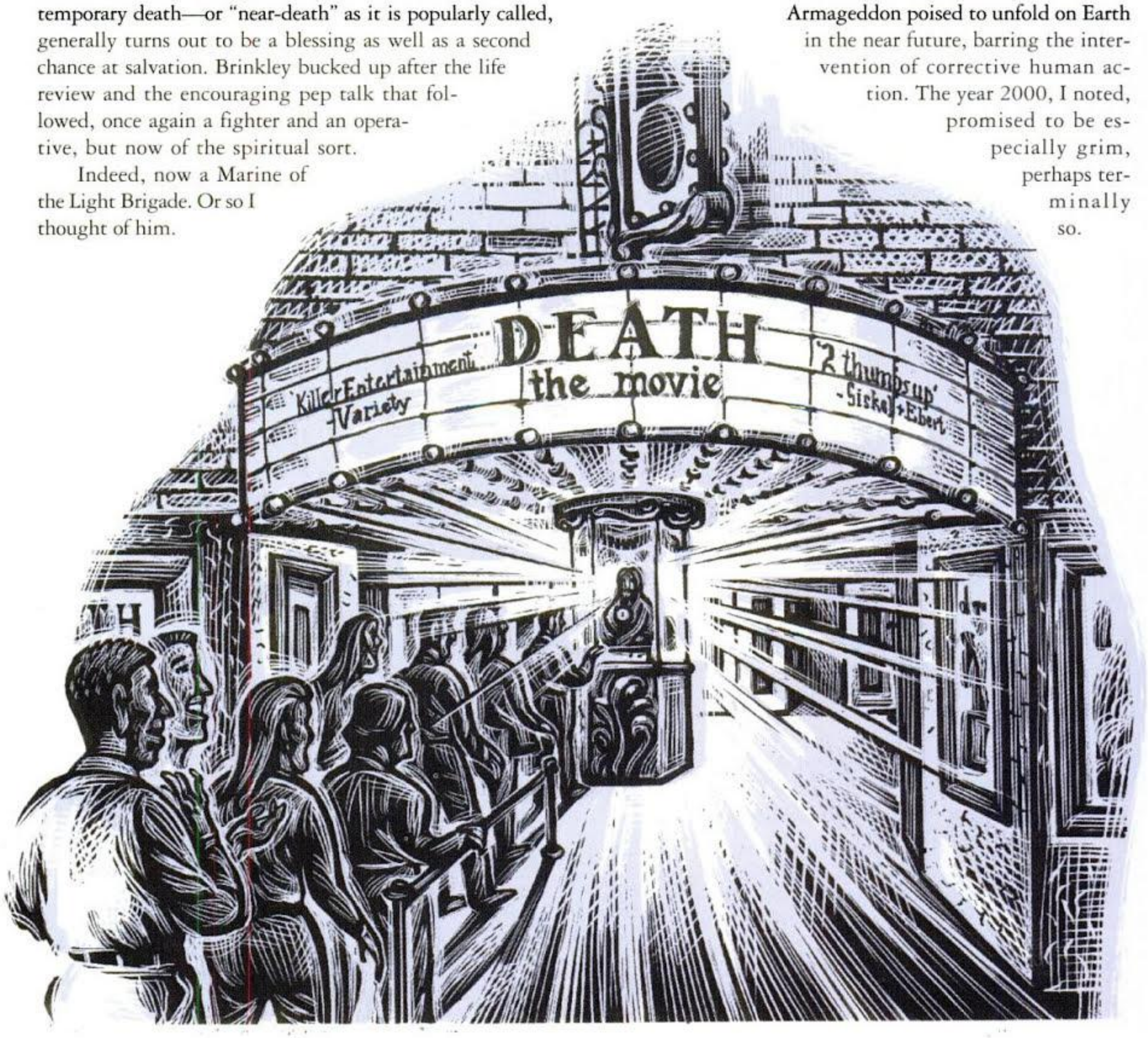
But then came forgiveness, a specialty of the realm, no matter how remote the province or dire the sin. In this sense, temporary death—or "near-death" as it is popularly called, generally turns out to be a blessing as well as a second chance at salvation. Brinkley bucked up after the life review and the encouraging pep talk that followed, once again a fighter and an operative, but now of the spiritual sort.

Indeed, now a Marine of the Light Brigade. Or so I thought of him.

It was just a short hop—a commuter flight, really, but without any aircraft—from the entry pad to the city center. Though only a provincial capital and sparsely populated, it was a jewel, well worth getting off the beaten path to visit. Brinkley described a city of crystal cathedrals, (a phrase I thought might work well in my travel guide, maybe even on a separate promotional brochure).

Inside one of them, 13 Beings of Light magically appeared behind a podium. One by one, they headed toward the startled Brinkley. As each approached, a box-shaped device the size of a videocassette automatically ejected from the Being's chest and hurtled toward Brinkley's face like a miniature cruise missile, stopped and hovered directly in front of him. Then, pretty as you please, a tiny television screen snapped open and a program flickered on. Interactive telepathic video.

Each of the first dozen programs that Brinkley watched depicted the formation of a particular Armageddon poised to unfold on Earth in the near future, barring the intervention of corrective human action. The year 2000, I noted, promised to be especially grim, perhaps terminally so.



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TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

How to get a great tan... with your shirt on?

U.S. clothing manufacturer develops new 100% cotton fabric which allows you to tan with your shirt on. Now you can tan while you golf, walk, play tennis or do anything outdoors.

by Charles Anton



*The world's first **tan-through** shirt lets you tan with your shirt on.*

When I was a kid, getting a tan was easy. With only a part-time job, I would spend my free time by the pool. Without even trying, I would easily develop a warm glowing tan.

Of course, things aren't as easy now. I don't have time to sit around laying out in the sun. Besides, its boring!

Fortunately, new developments in textile technology may eliminate the need to lay out in the sun. I'm talking about the development of a remarkable new fabric called *"microsol."*

Patented shirt. This fabric has been used to make a new line of shirts called Cool Tan. "Microsol" is a lightweight 100% cotton fabric. Because of its weave and a special process, "microsol" allows most sunlight to penetrate without being blocked. It acts as a sunscreen (about SPF 6), so you get an even, natural tan all over your upper body. Since there is a lot less chance of burning, you get a rich, glowing tan while you wear your shirt.

This process also renders the fabric very soft and sheer, allowing air to circulate around your body. No more damp shirts stuck to your back in the sweltering heat of the summer. This fabric is very breathable. Very comfortable. This special fabric has twice as much give as regular shirts.

Tan without trying. You can tan while you're golfing. While you're window shopping. While you're out on your walk. And you won't have those embarrassing tan-lines.

Imagine yourself with a warm, glowing, flawless tan. Not just on your arms with a tan line at your shirt sleeve. But a great tan all over... on your front and your back. These all- cotton shirts allow you to tan without going topless.

Style and comfort for both men and women. These shirts are available in rich colors like raspberry, teal and navy. You won't have a problem with fading or shrinking, either. These amazing shirts are just regular wash and dry. They are so comfortable, you may want to wear them year round. Wear them anytime you want a cool, comfortable fit. They're great for indoor or outdoor sports or for just doing nothing.

One year guarantee. Regardless of the season we want you take advantage of this offer without risk... so, we'll give you a full year to wear your cool, comfortable, *tan-through* shirts while you golf, hike, play tennis or do anything outdoors. If your Cool Tan shirt doesn't give you a great tan and maximum comfort- return it to us for a complete refund. You've got nothing to lose but ugly tan lines... so act now!

Factory direct offer. With this revolutionary 100% cotton *tan-through* fabric, superb styling and innovative design, you'd expect to pay $60 or $70 at exclusive shops- if they were available! We have decided to cut-out the middle man and offer these great shirts *direct-to-you* at greatly reduced prices. Plus, we will ship your order within 72 hours of receiving it. So, try out these amazing shirts and tell your friends about them!

Old tanning methods made obsolete.

The Cool Tan shirts give you a natural tan the easy way. Plus, they also provide protection from the sun, up to SPF 6. Now you can start having fun in the sun instead of agonizing over your tan!

Put an end to...

- costly tanning salons.
- messy oils or goos.
- baking in the sun for hours.
- dangerous, unprotected skin.
- bronzers or tan accelerators.
- sticky, uncomfortable shirts.
- ugly "arm only" tans.
- unapproved tanning drugs

Free *tan-through* shirt offer

For a limited time we are offering these Cool Tan shirts "direct to you." Not for $60 but for **$49.95** ($4 S&H) per shirt. For every two shirts you purchase within 30 days of this ad, **we will send you a third shirt for free!**



Incredibly cool and comfortable, these tan-through shirts are made in the USA and won't shrink.

Men/Women's striped shirt
style 10 teal with white stripe: WM S, S, M, L, XL, XXL
style 20 white with blue stripe: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Men/Women's solid shirt
style 30 white: S, M, L, XL, XXL
style 40 raspberry: WM S, S, M, L, XL, XXL

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DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

"I'm an outdoors person who needs sunshine- this shirt eliminates bathing suit tops. My friends will love this!"
Sarah Campagne– Klamath Falls, OR

"This tan-through shirt is just like using a 4 to 6 sunscreen, but without the mess of oils and lotions. Tan-through is the way to go."
Lucantonio Salvi– Peris, CA

"Cool, comfortable, and I can tan without laying around in the sun doing nothing."
Leslie Mitchell– Virginia Beach, VA

"Now I can tan without worrying about my 'middle-age bulge' showing."
Mark Nuessle– Atlantic City, NJ

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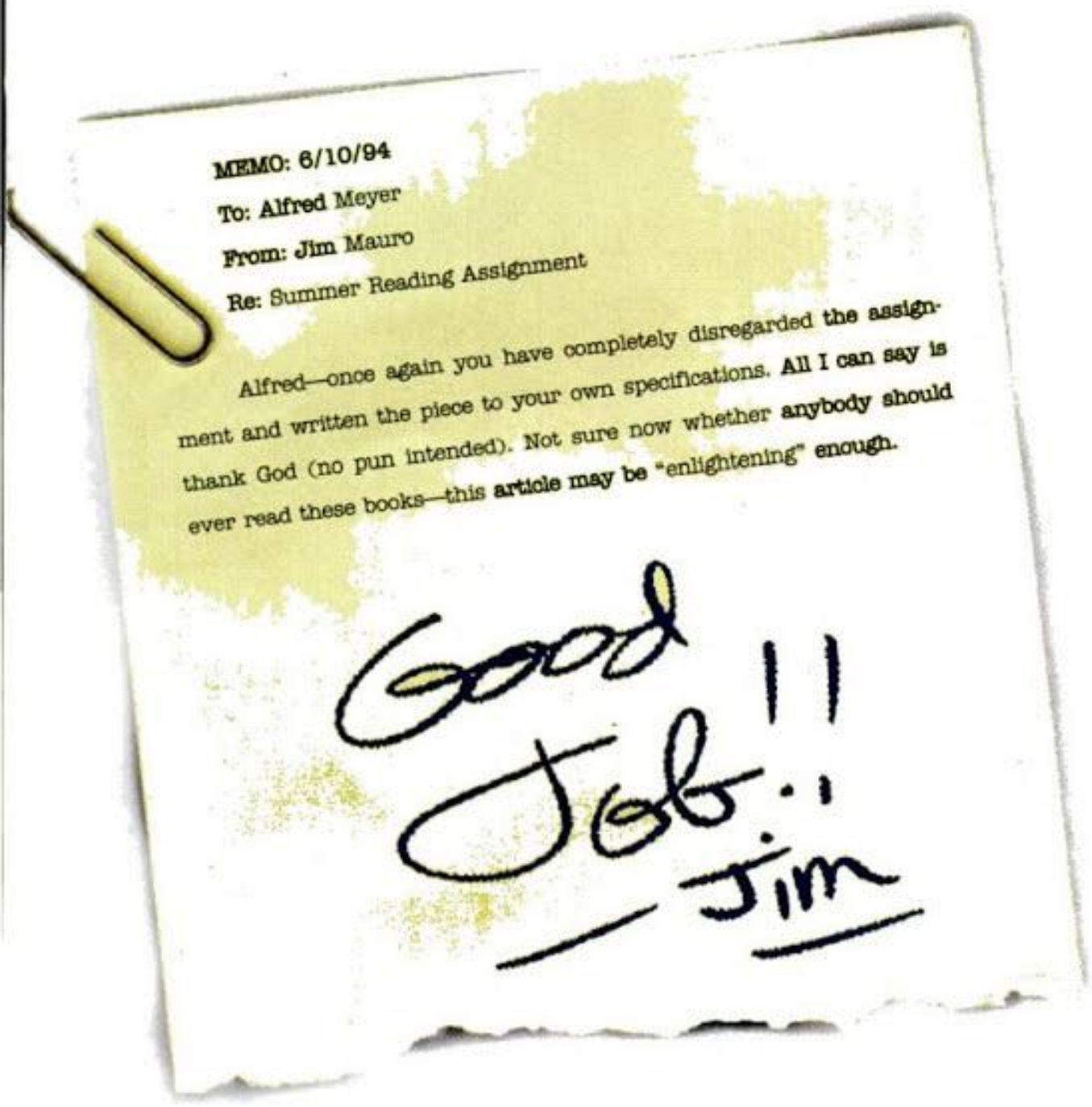
Perhaps there really was a need out there for a guide to immortality and the great beyond. Thanks to Jackie O., my project has been born again.

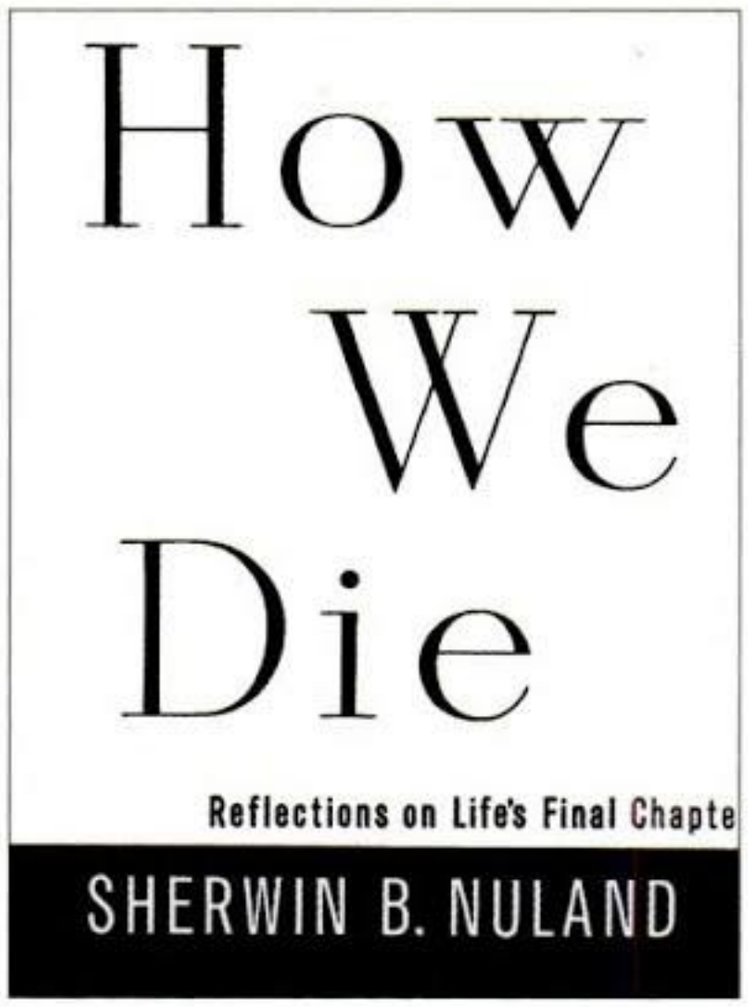
While Brinkley clambered back into his sizzled body (yes, that, too, lay in the cards), I dashed back to my office, alarmed by reports that a professor of surgery at Yale, one Sherwin E. Nuland, had recently published a book that cast aspersions on the importance (even the reality) of an interesting, fulfilled, gadget-rich, immortal afterlife. According to my sources, he was actually trying to take the sting, fear, and loathing out of death itself by focusing on the here and now rather than on the then and there.

In other words, he was out to demythologize death. That would never do, no sir. That might even compromise the viability of my travel guide project.

HOW WE DIE
By Sherwin Nuland, M.D.
pp. 278, Alfred J. Knopf, New York, $24

Alas, my sources proved correct. In *How We Die: Reflections on Life's Final Chapter*, Dr. Nuland comes soberly and relentlessly to the conclusion that death is a natural process, not an unnatural calamity. Moreover, instead of trying to convince ourselves through every manner





of self-deceptive flim-flam that the individual ego never dies but just moseys on down the road (or takes the express up through the tunnel), we might think more altruistically.

That is, our lives are part of a biological, geocentric unfolding, the outcome of which we will never see but the goodness of which we can modestly contribute to while alive. The future of children, and then of their children, and then of theirs is what matters. It is the lively march of the species that counts, not the sideshow of embalmed, declamatory selves trying desperately to cling to their passing identities.

Then, just as I was toying with the notion of shelving my travel project altogether, Jacqueline Onassis died. Several points made me think again:

1. She died at home.

2. Beforehand, a Roman Catholic priest administered what used to be known as the last rites, or, more formally, as the sacrament of extreme unction. Except that lately this rite has changed somewhat, become softer. Now it seems little more than a hopeful prayer for the sick, rather than the severe, angel of death annunciation it once was.

3. She was waked at home, indicating that undertakers can make full-service house calls.

4. The funeral mass in New York and the services at Arlington National Cemetary evoked many of the same images and expectations I had encountered in my travels with recent authors on the same subject.

This fourth point in particular cheered me, naturally, since it meant that all my editorial efforts might not have been spent in vain, after all. Perhaps there really was a need out there for a guide to immortality and the great beyond. But what truly firmed up my resolve was Jackie's life itself. Consider: She became, in turn, a Catholic who married into a famously Catholic family; First Lady of a major league country; wife of a Greek god on the international scene; a book editor in art and literary circles; and, toward the end, a close companion of a reputable dealer in diamonds, which we all know are forever.

God bless her; the woman, during a single lifetime, covered all the immortal bases: religious, political, Hellenic, artistic, and mineralogical.

Thanks to Jackie, my project has been born again.

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Bulletin Bored

How much would you pay to spend your evenings and weekends with a room full of con artists, misogynists, computer geeks, snooty academics, rude teenagers, pushy salesmen, Iowa housewives, bad poets, Nazi sympathizers, certified morons, corporate suits, Elvis fans, recovering alcoholics, aging hippies, pockmarked pornographers, and overzealous FBI agents?

Now, how much would you pay to give all these same people your number, so they could contact you at any time of the night or day, clogging up your phone line so that little of value or importance could ever get through? How much would you pay? Well, most online computer services charge about $10 a month. Welcome to CyberDumb.

If you read the "hot" magazines, such as *Wired* or *Macworld*, you know that you're either online or you're among the approximately 230 million Americans who are hopelessly out of touch. The Internet, for the uninitiated, is a collection of computer systems at universities, nonprofit research groups, the federal government, and some obscure businesses—all traditional hotbeds of hip, right?

LoserLink might be a better name for it, because the only people with the patience to learn how to master the thing should really be out doing something useful with their lives.

The whole gang is here: computer programmers who bore your eyebrows off while writing condescending notes because you obviously don't have the latest equipment; bureaucrats who have discovered that technology will give them new and better ways to fuck up your life; people on probation or welfare or under house arrest; perverts typing with one hand; college professors who failed at their chosen profession and are now trying to write textbooks about how to do what they couldn't do; and teenagers who have flunked out of school but hope to find the second hidden door on the 15th floor of Wolfenstein.

So when us regular folks—the ones who visit our grandmother so she won't die alone, who grow gardens so the birds have a place to rest, who visit the library to help a young boy who might someday be president retrieve a civics book from a high shelf—when we log on, we're immediately stuck at the bottom of the InterCaste. We simply don't know enough, we don't know what we're doing, we're asking dumb questions. And a dumb question is anything that's been asked and answered within the past decade or so.

Some things you can either do online or on your own (and which might actually have some benefit to society) include:

1. How to Get Offline

America Online Go Keyword "CANCEL." Select "Info About Canceling Your Account." You will be instructed to write or call Customer Service, but don't pass up the chance to explain why you're fleeing cyberspace by selecting "Comments." Type something like "They told me to. Please don't ask any more questions!" When representative phones to ask if you'd like to reconsider, scream, "WHO GAVE YOU THIS NUMBER? OH MY GOD...NOOOOOOO!" and hang up.

CompuServe Go Keyword "MEMBERSHIP." Select "Cancel Your Membership." Confirm selection on the terminal screen that pops up, answer a few lame questions, and you're free to go. If you get an unsolicited phone call, explain that your computer short-circuited while you were downloading and burned your house down. Begin to cry.

Prodigy Jump "CANCEL." Read over whiny "Please Don't Go" screen; read the "Reasons to Stay" options. They tell you how to change the fonts on your screen, AS IF THAT'S WHY YOU'RE LEAVING, BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE WORDS LOOK. There's no apparent way to explain to Prodigy that it has to be the UGLIEST and DUMBEST of the major online services, and what's up with all the ads popping up on the bottom of your screen? Plus, it's co-owned by Sears! SEARS! Gimme a break. Select "Cancel Prodigy."

The Internet If you're at a university or large research firm, scout out the Sysop (system operator, not person with one eye), who is likely to be a middle-aged, balding, paunchy white male with glasses who calls you "bud" or "guy," as in "Hi, guy." Ask him to close your account. If he gets nosy, say you're going back to your wife and kids.

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2. The Five Dumbest Newsgroups

alt.ascii-art
People who draw little pictures using the * symbol or punctuation or letters. Like, you might draw a cow! And then you can exchange it for Bart Simpson! Or do your name so it looks like it has a shadow! Coming soon to a trendy SoHo gallery near you.

alt. sex/alt.binary.pictures.erotica/
alt.sex.bestiality, etc.
At best, the regulars of these groups are failed phone sex customers. Can you see one of these sexual misfits at a bachelor party? "So, ya getting any, Hank?" "Oh yeah. I type naughty words and someone types naughty words back!" "Shete, that's great. Do they have big tits?" The binary groups consist of dirty photographs converted into computer code, interspersed with text messages from the same four guys trying to unload their old *Playboy*s. Derivations include topics like bestiality, where either *very attentive* pet owners or giggling teens are wondering aloud if it's okay to give Rover a blow job and whether McGruff the Crime Dog is naked under that overcoat. And don't forget alt.sex.masturbation. If discussing self-inflicted hand jobs or reminiscing about seventies-era circle jerks doesn't shout "loser," I don't know what does.

alt.tv.twin-peaks
Further discussion about the arcane details of a television show that was cancelled in 1991.

rec.pets
Because the cat and dog lovers have splintered into their own painfully dull groups (along with the bestiality fans), recent discussions here focused on whether rats are good pets and what they should be fed. They eat garbage outside my window; try that.

alt.mcdonalds
A snoozer that likely began as a discussion of the merits of McDonald's entrees but degenerated into a running battle between fascist vegetarians and blubbery, perspiring Midwesterners who can't wait to get the new RocDonald's cups.

alt.fan.british-accent
Ever notice how British people talk with an accent but sing without one? Also, that they spell words differently? No, *really*.

▶ Look up the weather, or look outside and notice that your flowers are dying.
▶ Read a long, boring rant about gun control, or read a book.
▶ Grab a magazine article for a $3 search fee, or visit the local newsstand.

Another interesting fact: nearly all 'Netters are men, and because the system allows people to hide behind stupid nicknames and, in some cases, complete anonymity, every third person you encounter turns out to be some sort of pig. Nearly every woman who uses her real name has a horror story to tell about being harassed online.

In fact, here are some actual, online approaches used by morons to hit on women they've never even seen or met:
▶ Bait and Switch—When you're online, use a woman's name as your monitor; something innocent, say, for instance, Dorothy or Mary. This way, you can spend a few days conversing with a babe as a "sister," before letting it be known that you have some salami to bring to the coffee talk! <slobber> It's almost guaranteed she'll be so taken aback by your ingenuity that she'll wonder what you're like in bed.
▶ The Direct Approach—Send E-mail to any woman you can find (make sure you verify that it actually *is* a woman—see above) and invite her to send along her measurements and IQ. Maybe offer each applicant a raffle ticket as an incentive. Wait.

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▶ Private Dick—Most services ask members to describe their interests, home towns, age, etc., for the "members' directory" (on the Internet, check their plan file). This is often a great place to pick up those crucial details that can help you score. All you have to do is feign interest in her hobbies or children, then do an end-around to get to the good stuff.

ALERT: If a woman has written that she "likes to meet new people" on her form, it means she wants it.

▶ Cunning Linguist—A variation on the investigative approach above, but this technique requires less preparation. Enter an online area or discussion group where you might find a lot of women: gardening, shopping, kids—you know, that sort of thing. Let's say you choose a writers' forum. A woman enters. You send her a message: "So, you're a writer?" "Why, yes! I love writing!" she responds. Then, shoot right back with, "Ya ever write any porn? 'Cause I'm imagining some right now." Women just love guys who can be creative on the fly.

The upshot of all this? Much of the information to be had is redundant or inaccurate or arcane or just plain worthless. And the worst annoyance is that most of the people online seem to think: 1) we give a shit about their opinions; 2) we care that they're alive.

A typical online exhange might include: an anti-Semite comes onto journalism newsgroup and says that the Holocaust never happened; journalists respond; anti-Semite responds; and so on, so that, in the end, you have 576 messages to read, some with dumb titles like "In Response to...(I'm not even going to dignify him by using his name)." *Oooooohhh*. Clever.

What about the promise of a better tomorrow? Yeah, just like cable television pushed the quality of *that* medium to incredible new heights. Regardless, we're offering here a rare glimpse into the dark side of the Internet (conveniently printed with ink on paper). With any luck, you'll be offline in just a few short minutes!—*Chip Rowe*

3. How to Be Annoying Online

1. Make up fake acronyms. Online veterans like to use abbreviations like or IMHO (in my humble opinion) or RTFM (read the fucking manual) to show that they're "hep" to the lingo. Make up your own that don't stand for anything (SETO, BARL, CP30), use them liberally, and then refuse to explain what they stand for ("You don't know? RTFM").

2. WRITE YOUR MESSAGES IN ALL CAPS AND DON'T USE RETURNS SO THAT EVERYONE HAS TO SCROLL ACROSS THEIR SCREENS TO READ EVERY LINE. ALSO USE A LOT OF !!!!!! TO SHOW THAT YOU'RE EXCITED ABOUT BEING HERE!!!

3. When replying to your mail, correct everyone's grammar and spelling and point out their typos, but don't otherwise respond to the content of their messages. When they respond testily to your "creative criticism," do it again. Continue until they go away.

4. Software and files offered online are often "compressed" so that it won't take so long to travel over the phone lines. Buy a compression program and compress *everything* you send, including one-word e-mail responses like "Thanks."

5. Upload text files with Bible passages about sin or guilt and give them names like "SexyHousewivesI," then see how many people download it. Challenge your friends to come up with the most popular come-on.

6. cc: all your e-mail to Al Gore (vice.president@whitehouse.gov) so that he can keep track of what's happening on the Internet.

7. Join a discussion group, and tie whatever's being discussed back to an unrelated central theme. For instance, if you're in a discussion of gun control, respond to every message with the observation that those genetically superior tomatoes seem to have played an important role. Within days, all discussion of gun control will have ceased as people write you threatening messages and instruct others to ignore you.

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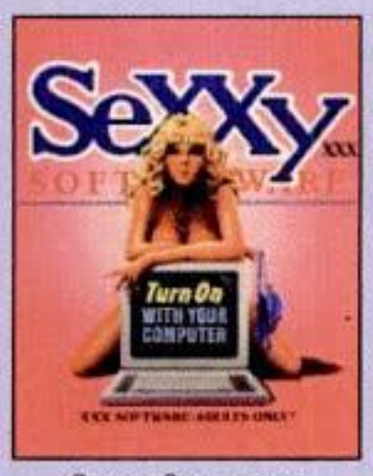
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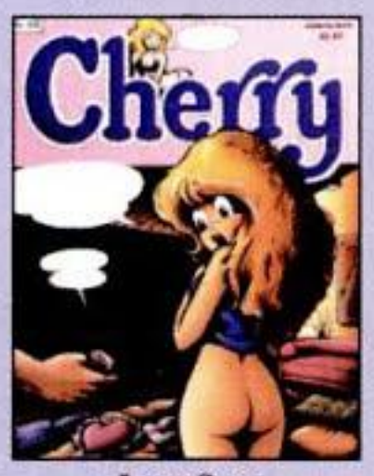
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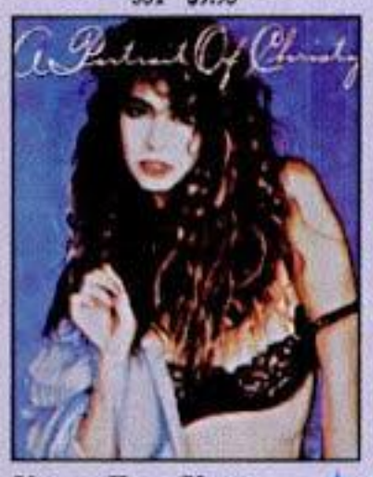
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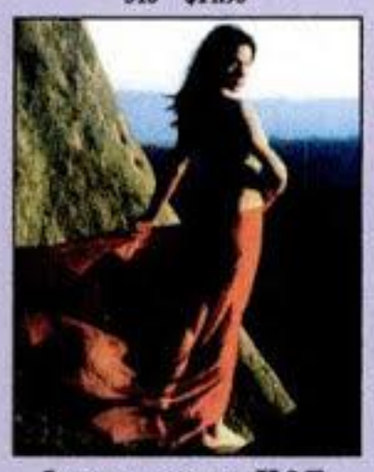
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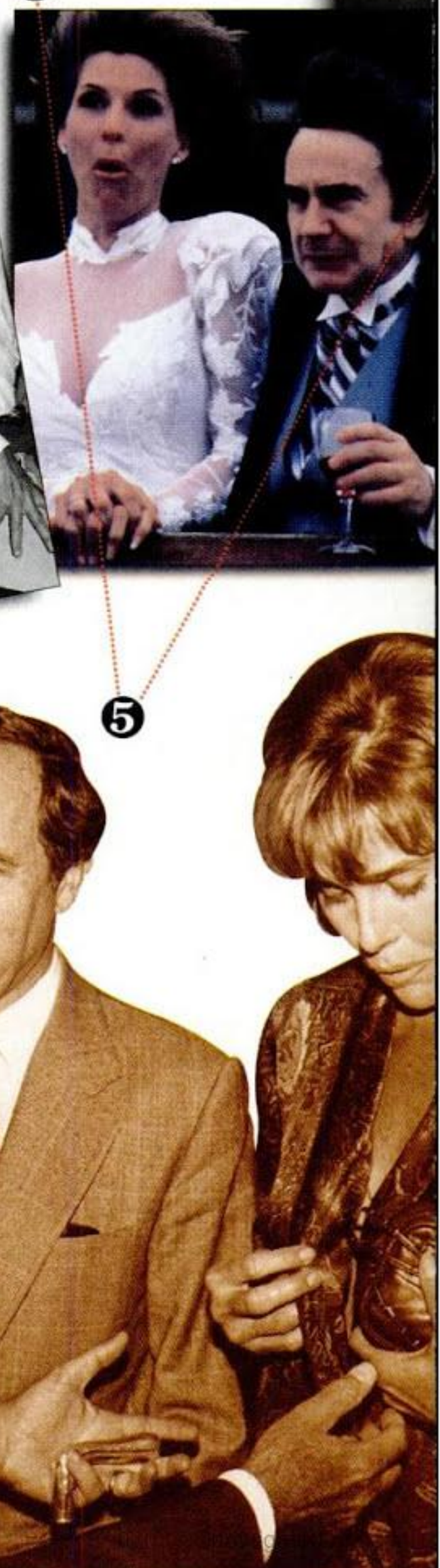
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5



❶ Out buying baubles for Shoshana, Porsche-laden comedian Jerry Seinfeld indicates, in that wacky *Sein* language, the number of new jokes he intends to bring to his show next season.

❷ Penthouse pet and sometime Butt Bongo Amy Lynn demonstrates to power-writer/editor Michael Korda that his books *(Power, Wordly Goods, Queenie)* have use beyond propping up rickety tables.

❸ Bolton-esque, trendaholic restaurateur Mark Baker (Flowers, Buddha Bar) in a rare photo with his Siamese twin.

❹ Miniature cabaret icon Dudley Moore, with bride, about to puke.

❺ **"In My Country, Women Grow Them Out to Here."** Even Margaux Hemingway confuses herself with Mariel. *Am I the one with the implants?* she seems to ask Venezuelan Ambassador Arias. Oblivious, Mort Zuckerman eyes development prospects on Arias' jowls.

❻ **On Second Thought, I'll Have the *Red* Wine With That.** After Rupert Murdoch (the literate Ted Turner) gives Barbara Walters a poisonous bite, Mrs. Turner sucks the venom out of Barbara's hand as Murdoch contemplates moving onto her arm.

❼ Having misplaced the keys after a bout of playful sex, Anthony "I'm not Flea" Kiedis escorts his wife to a locksmith.

❽ As middle-brow sycophant Charlie Rose wistfully watches the bar cart go by, Barbara Bush tells gossipeuse Liz Smith and Norman Mailer-manqué (He boxes! He writes for men's magazines! He's short!) John Irving that, "Charlie says I look like a model."

❾ Jaye Davidson auditioning for the lead role in *The Lani Guinier Story.*

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Investing In Our Youth



The good news is, we don't have to wait for the debut of Chris Whittle's for-profit Edison Project to get a glimpse of 21st century American education. Hundreds of prototypes for tomorrow's "market-driven" schools are already conveniently in place, and future National Merit Scholars are already enjoying their first taste of corporate-school partnership—complete with free samples, if also strings attached. Who says serious learning can't also be scrumdiddlyumtious? Just ask the middle school students all across the nation who've recently studied volcanic activity with the aid of Gushers®, General Mills' new candy that spurts liquid from its center. "Compare those sugary spurts with real erupting geothermic phenomena," a handy teacher's guide suggests.

The same company also sponsors the helpful "Grow-Up!" program. To assist elementary students' understanding of the link between nutrition and growth, generous supplies of tasty Fruit Roll-Ups® are provided (protein per serving: less than one gram; vitamins per serving: less than two percent of U.S. RDA).

Along with the sugary snacks come an unlimited supply of free teaching materials: texts, teacher's guides, homework sheets, and ready-made quizzes. Here, at last, is a sensible model for American school reform: industry experts passing on their own special brand of knowledge.

"Clear-cutting removes all trees...to create new habitats for wildlife," eager young environmentalists learn from Proctor & Gamble's in-class "Decision Earth" program. "P&G uses this economically and environmentally sound method because it most closely mimics nature's own processes. Clear-cutting also opens the floor to sunshine, thus stimulating growth and providing food for animals."

With corporate support, today's gratis educational material is not only alive with iambic pentameter, but also comes in a palette of Nickelodeon-esque colors and pregnant metaphor.

Similarly, elementary school materials sponsored by the Georgia-Pacific lumber company explain in language kids can understand how modern-day lumberjacks ("foresters") don't *kill* forests, but *save* them.

"When no one harvests," G-P teaches, "trees grow old and are more likely to be killed by disease, rot, and the elements. Very old trees will not support many different kinds of wildlife because the forest floor is too shaded to grow the ground plants animals need." When G-P plants new trees, the text continues, they don't just replant trees. They plant "supertrees."

The business community is out to prove that free-market schools will not only be efficient, but also educationally hip. G-P's "Tree Trunk Activities Kit," designed for science class, also includes the following inspirational kiddie-verse:

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THE FORESTER'S BEST FRIEND
Say I think I'll be a forester
I know it's work, but I bet
it's fun
And that's what I want to do.
I'll plant my trees, I'll grow them big,
I'll cut them, then I'll renew.
I'll start right now by studying hard,
'cause you have to be college smart.
And I've got the other
important thing.
I've got a great big heart.

How are school officials reacting to this onslaught of corporate munificence? The only way they know how, after 14 years of having local, state, and federal authorities negotiate away their tax-based funding. Principal Skinner walks in and makes an offer no overworked, underfunded teacher could refuse: free food, posters, board games, pre-prepared homework assignments, even computer software that will keep the kids busy for hours and automatically grade the work.

"Teachers are crying for the information," says Kathleen Redmond, youth market manager for AT&T, sponsor of the "AT&T Adventure Club"—a class handbook on communications issues (naturally).

It makes one wonder why we ever had to pay good money for those stodgy old textbooks. With corporate support, today's *gratis* educational material is not only alive with iambic pentameter, but also comes in a full palette of Nickelodeon-esque colors and stocked with pregnant metaphor.

"To get the beneficial uses of nuclear technology," reads an elementary school teacher's handbook supplied, free of charge, by the American Nuclear Society, "you ultimately will have some waste that has to be disposed of. Anything we produce results in some 'leftovers' that are either recycled or disposed of—whether we're making electricity from coal or nuclear, or making scrambled eggs!"

Adios, Addison-Wesley; hello and welcome to Lifetime Learning Systems, the new corporate archetype for education materials. "Kids spend 40 percent of each day in the classroom where traditional advertising can't reach them," explains its promotional literature. "Now *you can enter the classroom* through custom-made learning materials created with your specific marketing objectives in mind. Communicate with young spenders directly and, through them, their teachers and families as well."

Modern Talking Pictures Services and Scholastic, a venerable educational publishing company with 70-plus years of noncommercial credibility built into its reputation ("experience the power of trust with Scholastic") have also plunged into the booming ads-as-education business. "If there's a cardinal rule in preparing sponsored material," admits Modern's Ed Swanson, "it is that it

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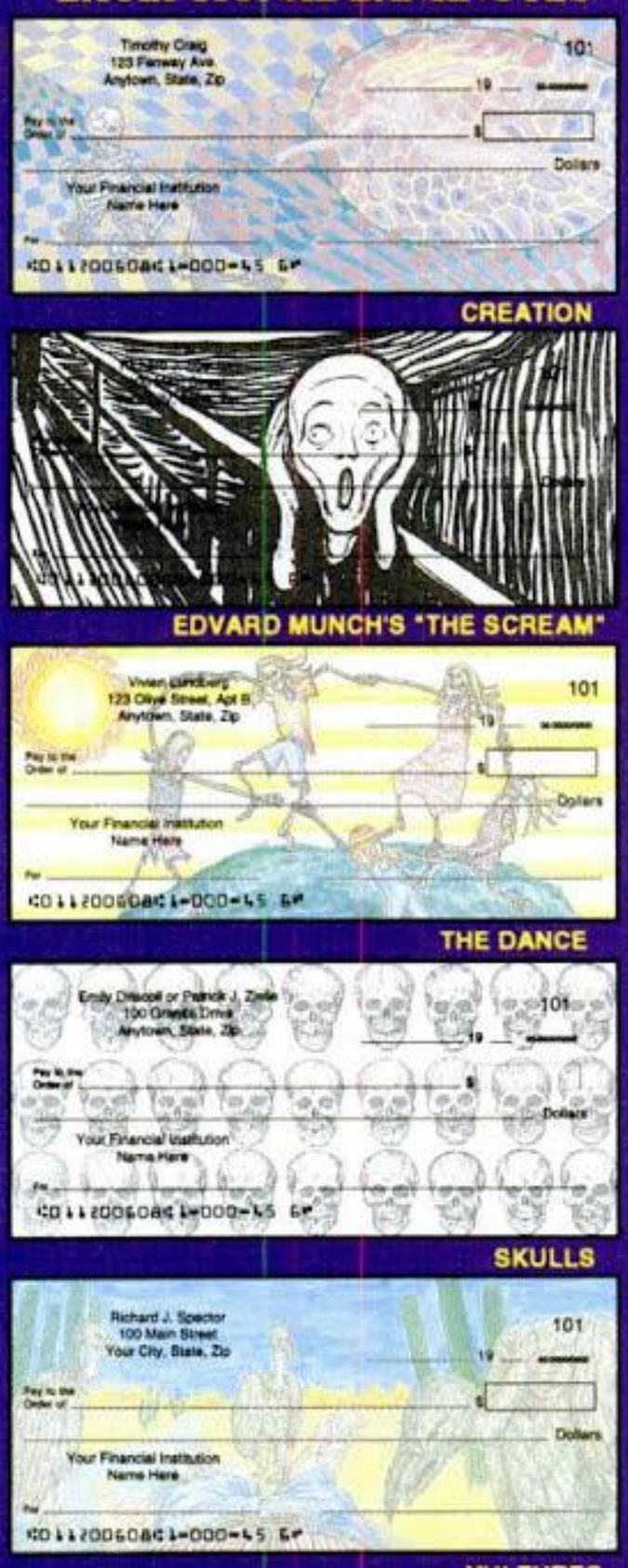
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must serve the needs of the communicator first. But it also must have *perceived value* in the classroom." [Emphasis added.]

Smut and its peddlers have always been around, though, and always will. It's the corporations' eagerness to penetrate the last great commercial-free zone, the classroom, that has enabled these niche marketing ogres to thrive. Now that the floodgates have opened, companies find the opportunity simply irresistible. Imagine—your target market not only reads your ads, they get tested on them.

"They are going to be part of this [school] system, whether they like it or not, for the next 12 to 16 years," explains Don Baird, president and CEO of School Properties USA. "When you have a captive audience, the message you give them can be [heard] for the next 10 years in a positive environment. It's not a 10-second thing."

P&G, the company that invented the soap opera as a vehicle to sell their wares, has (not surprisingly) already distinguished itself in this new field. Their box-o'-curricula is a teachers' lounge grab bag, with a little something for everyone: the Civil War; The Great Depression; World War II ("Attention tends to focus on…great deeds and battles.... Add depth to your discussions…by helping students discover the lesser-known role of the business community," i.e., the U.S. army engaging P&G as a secret munitions manufacturer); and more modern, practical topics such as "Facts about dishwashable surfaces."

FROM P&G'S "HOW TO CLEAN" TEACHER'S HANDBOOK: *Choose the Right Product to Save Time and Money*

Ask the students to do the following:

▶ Describe a laundering and a cleaning job they regularly do. What kind of products do they use…how do they decide what product to use?

▶ List four specific cleaning jobs and the type of product you would use to remove the soil or stain.

Why *can't* M&M/Mars teach nutrition? Why *shouldn't* a coalition of manufacturers be able to have the definitive word on waste issues, even if their "Waste: A Hidden Resource" pamphlet dodges all incineration issues? Why *shouldn't* Orville Redenbacher be added to the list of history's all-time great inventors, along with Gregor Mendel (father of genetics), Louis Pasteur, and George Washington Carver? (Redenbacher is, according to his own "Kernels of Knowledge" booklet, a pioneer in cross-breeding popcorn). It is, after all, these American success stories that drive our consumer culture and have the most at stake in the future of Generations X, Y, and Z.

"The kids we're reaching are consumers in training," explains Joseph Fenton, director of cooperative marketing at Donnelley Marketing. "You want to reach consumers at their most formative point." Lifetime's invasive kiddie-demographics elaborate on this point in excruciating detail: "Research shows that children begin to make brand decisions at age four.... Teens buy for self-image. They adopt brands as personal trademarks and choose products that carry a built-in sense of style. They care intensely…how a product will affect their social life. Word-of-mouth is a powerful force in all their purchasing decisions."

We have seen the future, and it wears a happy face. In the 21st century school, little consumers discover the virtues of pizza, coal, and polystyrene. Homework is not only easy and fun, it also tastes terrific. The environment is important, but there's no reason to fret; *recycling works, everything is under control.* And students get to experience the first pangs of market competition in a safe environment: while the American Soft Drink Association's curriculum assures kids not to worry so much about sugar and salt—and advises that soft drinks should be considered a part of a balanced diet—Nutrasweet's curriculum argues that the sugar they're getting in snack foods and soda is a real problem.

Who to believe? Break out the samples.

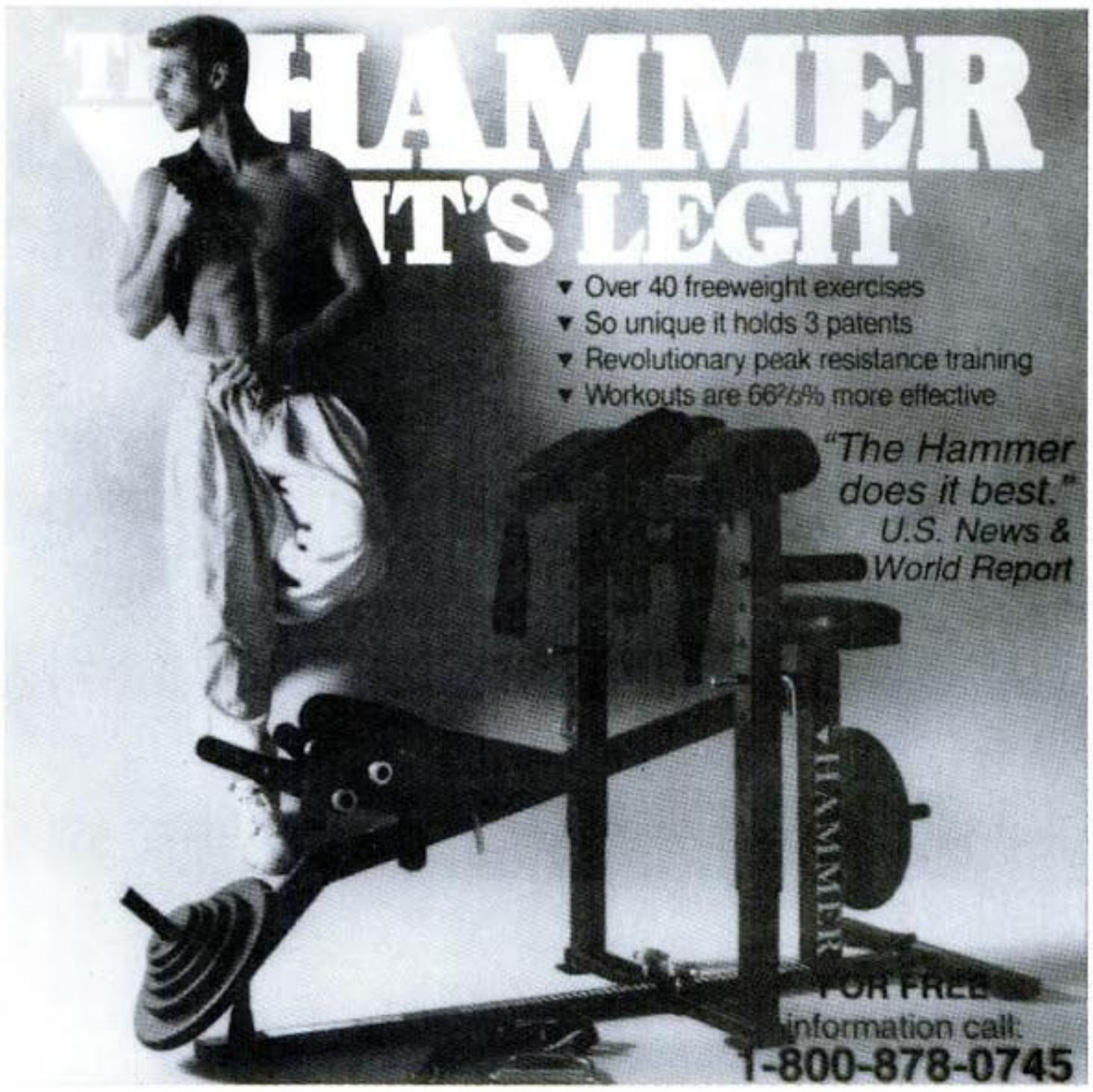
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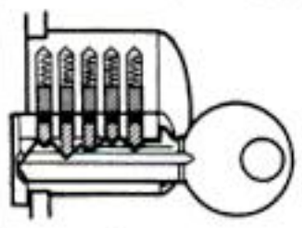
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"People in California do a lot of stupid things. We plant homes in Pacific Palisades knowing that they're eventually going to fall in the ocean.... But no matter what, it's still a great place."—L.A. AUTHOR RICHARD DILLON

When Tinseltown was rocked by The Little One, as the '94 earthquake is now known, studios were forced to delay production on hit television shows like *NYPD Blue* and *Seinfeld*. The bottom line suffered structural damage as days went by and new soundstages were sought out. The industry learned its lesson, however, and by the time L.A. finally *did* fall into the sea shortly into the new millennium, contingency plans had thankfully been made. Sure, there were a few losses—dolphins swam off with Tori Spelling's Lifetime Achievement Oscar—but the show still goes on.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE CARVER

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Which one makes a beer taste great?

- ☐ Blondes in bikinis
- ☐ Sports stars
- ☐ Catchy jingles
- ☐ Snow-capped mountains



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